JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 9, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1434.

NATION-WIDE HEALTH FRAUD SEE PAGES 24 & 25

JOHN BULL

PURVEYORS OF ELECTRIC LAMPS BY APPOINTMENT

EDISWAN

MANUFACTURERS & PURVEYORS OF ELECTRIC LAMPS BY APPOINTMENT

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OTHERS BUY
MAZDA
THE SAFETY VALVE

IN half a second he'll put his foot in it—and break his heart. You might remember that next time you buy a valve. Mazda Valves are—as the cigarette people say—"specially made to prevent broken hearts and pockets." You can trust 'em.

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(73)

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COMPLETE SET BOX

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7/6 DOWN BRINGS YOU THIS RILEY BAGATELLE TABLE

Ensure lasting pleasure during the winter evenings by having a Riley Bagatelle Table to entertain the family and friends. 7/6 down brings immediate delivery of the 6 ft. size, complete with accessories. Pay balance monthly. Cash price £3 10s. 7 ft. and 8 ft. sizes also available. Each size folds away when not in use. Rileys pay carriage, take all transit risks and give 7 days' free trial. Write to-day for complete Art List.

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Send a Postcard (1d. Stamp) to—
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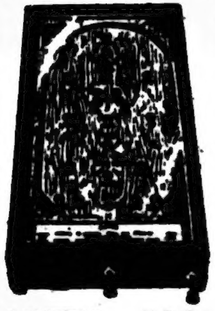
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ALL ROUND VALUE
A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT DEAL

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 43

HOME AUTOMATIC PIN TABLE



Complete with Automatic Mechanism in Metal Fittings. Constructed and designed like a real Pin Table.

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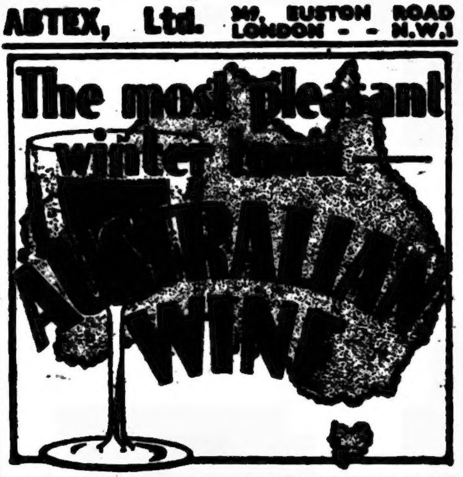
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Sews a perfect lock-stitch as sewing machine, but stronger.

Indispensable for Thrifty Homeworkers.

SIMPLE TO USE.

Quickly Sews Boots, Belts, Bags, Trunks, Harness, Suit Cases, Hoods, Celluloid Screens, &c. Complete with 3 different needles, thread and illus. directions, 2/3, post 4d. Extra waxed thread 7d. skein, 3 for 2/-. Extra needles 3d. each, 2/9 doz.

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is all you pay for a charming PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE. Many other similar bargains in Horn, Hornless, Upright Grands and Consoles with which I give

FREE
(His Master's Voice and Columbia)
RECORDS.

Sent on Approval, CARRIAGE PAID.
Small Monthly Payments.
ALSO ASK FOR A BIG WIRELESS CATALOGUE
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Write for my Free Lists NOW.

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REALLY WONDERFUL VALUE.

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HANDIEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL FORM OF PRIVATE STATIONERY.

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TYPES SHEWN HERE HALF SIZED: Old English, Tudor, GOTHIC, Caslon, GILL SANS

ONE PAD 2/6d. THREE 6/6d. SIX 12/6d. POST PAID. ENVELOPES TO MATCH [illegible]. ADDRESS-PRINTED POSTCARDS, ORDERED SAME TIME, 1/6 PER 100. CASH WITH ORDER. TEL. NOS. INCLUDED FREE. IN ORDERING PLEASE GIVE ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERING.

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Unrivalled for Reliability and Value. It contains: Two finest quality pure White All Wool Blankets of exquisite softness. Neatly bordered, whipped ends, 68x88in.: 7½lb pair. Two lovely All White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60x80in: 4lb pr. Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20x30in.; One Bolster Case to match, 20 x 60in.; Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in., 4lb per pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 70in x 94in.

Complete Bale, Carriage Paid, **42/-**
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Catalogues Post Free.
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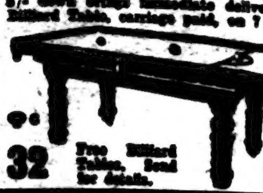
THIS WILL KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME

Let your boys play Riley Billiards and they won't want to go out at nights. 8/- down brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Balance monthly. Write to-day for Art List.



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32 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details.

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MUST BE CLEARED

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Depth 31 in. *Height* 29 in. *Width* 20 in.

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Money returned if not satisfied.

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Fully Guaranteed. Made by one of the leading Manufacturers. All the latest refinements.

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Send no Money

NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED

We will send for your free approval upon receipt of a postcard our famous "SOUTHERN HAWI" UKULELE. If satisfactory you pay 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid. Every Musical Instrument supplied on equally attractive terms. Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue. Seven Days' Free Trial allowed.

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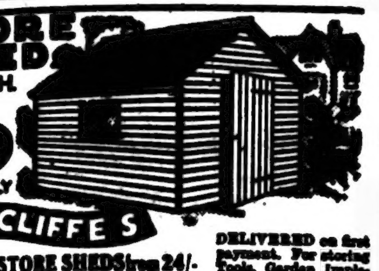

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SMALL STORE SHEDS from 24/-

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash	or 12 payments.
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 1 0	3/9
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DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 6 strong, perfect fitting sections; easily the best value! Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

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FREE SOLID SILVER EFFECT POCKET CHAIN FREE

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This magnificently made genuine jewelled Swiss 8-day pattern 24-hr. Lever action watch is the latest 1933 style flat dress model. The pure chromium finish will last a lifetime. Timed to a minute a month. Guaranteed 10 years. Written insurance certificate given. Outer glass 100% UNBREAKABLE to ensure safety to visible Ruby Jewelled balance staff, always in motion. Cannot be overwound. Non-magnetic. Extra inside dust-proof case. Liquidation offer. 7/6, post 6d. Special offer of Gent's Aircraft Wrist-watch on Milanese bracelet, 9/6, post 6d., also Lady's Model.

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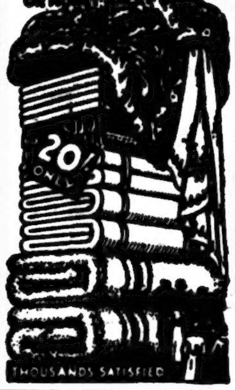

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2 White Woolly Blankets	80x70
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1 Art Printed Bedspread	
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CARR. FREE. 20/- CASH or C.O.D.

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A LOVELY WADDED DOWN QUILT FREE also, if cash with order, Coloured Bordered Under Blanket.

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DON'T DELAY—SEND TO ME NOW AND BE PREPARED. A COMPLETE HOME-MADE LAYETTE FOR 30/

MODERN SHORT LENGTHS or USUAL LONG-CLOTHES. 75 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Em. Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, Long-cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wool Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Binders, Turk Napkins, etc., FROM LAST WEEK'S TESTIMONIALS:—"Full value to the last penny, exceeds all expectations."

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The British X.L. Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment a great new invention that Fits all Sewing Machines. Easily operated. PAYS FOR ITSELF IN TEN MINUTES.

Money back if not satisfied.

". . . . . a wonderful little invention, etc. . . . ." (extract from Weldon's Ladies' Journal, April, 1933).

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Magnificent White Enamel Body. 16-Fold Metal Bound Bellows. Finest Steel Reeds. Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys. 8 Basses. Send only 5/- Deposit. Balance payable 7/6 Monthly, until 92/6 is paid. Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue of models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 26 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass. Etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

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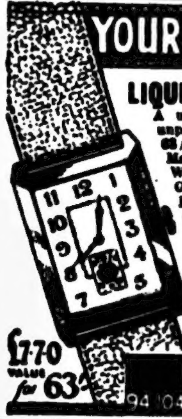

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£4/4/- value for 35/-

An absolutely unheard-of price. Guaranteed perfect in quality. Heavy-Weight Imperial Blankets, bordered, and whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime.

ONLY 35/- for EIGHT Full-Size BLANKETS

Send for this Blanket Bale on approval. See the rich quality. There is no doubt that this is One of the World's Biggest Bargains. If entirely to your satisfaction, balance is payable 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid. Full cash within 7 days, 35/- only. The Whole Bale of 8 Blankets sent on receipt of the first Deposit of 1/6 An unequalled Offer.

FREE 30 PIECES OF TABLE PLATE VALUE 35/-

Every purchaser receives our free gift of Stainless Plate as follows:
6 Table Spoons.
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2/8 down—that's all!

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Book No. 46 of Designs FREE!

Comes to you carriage paid, and the whole thing can be erected by a novice in a few minutes. Only six sections to screw together. Constructed of well-seasoned planed framing, moulded weatherboards, roofing felt. Save pounds by sending to Thorn's. Immediate despatch.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.		
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 1 0,	or 3/8	Monthly.
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Carriage paid England and Wales   Many other sizes

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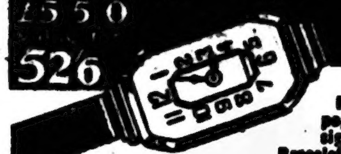

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£5 5 0 VALUE FOR 52/6

Have this popular design Watch Bracelet on Free approval. Genuine 18 c. Gold Cased Rectangular Wrist Watch. Fully jewelled, accurately Timed and adjusted action. Plain opal Dial. Fashionable Melanese Mesh Bracelet adjustable to any size wrist. 10 years' written warranty. Send only 2/6 Deposit for immediate delivery. Balance Payable 2/- Fortnightly until 52/6 is paid. Illustrated List Post Free.

DAVIS & CO 94-104 Denmark Hill LONDON S E 5 Dept. J.B. 15

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£2.2.0 Value for 19/6

Patent Stop Action

Gent's Nickel Silver Centre Seconds Chronograph Lever Stop Watch. Patent Keyless Stop Action. Dial registering 300th part of a minute. Accurately adjusted lever movement. Highly polished cases. Timed to a minute a month. Warranted for 10 years. Reduced price 19/6. Payable 1/6 after receipt and 2/- fortnightly.

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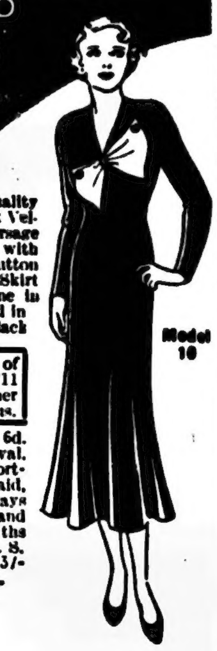

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42/- VALUE FOR 16/6. Fashionable Autumn Model, Produced in Fine Quality Chiffon Finished Twill back Velveteen. Modish Cut High Corsage waist. Raised Seam finish with Self Tie Belt. Stylish Button Trimmed Bow Front. The Skirt has full flare from Knee line in the latest Fashion. Supplied in Navy, Green, Lido, Nigger, Black

Model 10

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Send only 6d. deposit and 6d. for postage for free approval. Balance payable 1/6 fortnightly until 18/11 is paid, or Full Cash within 7 days 16/6 only. All sizes and lengths X. O. S. sizes 3/- extra.

THESE SHOES FREE

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This Milanese Bracelet FREE.

Send 1/6 NOW

for this world-renowned "AIRCRAFT" shockproof watch, Handsome Chromium plated case. Fitted with famous Aircraft non-magnetic, shock-and-vibration-proof movement. Silver Chrome dial or Plain Luminous. Swiss jewelled movement. Fitted with recoil spring to prevent overwinding. 10 years' written guarantee. Lies flat and neat on wrist. Timed to a minute a month. Send 1/6 now. If to satisfaction, forward 2/6 within 7 days and 2/6 or more fortnightly until only 18/- in all is paid. Cash price 16/6. Superior model with unbreakable glass, 23/6; same terms. FREE to Purchasers. Latest fashion Gent's broad U.S.A. pattern adjustable Milanese Chromium Bracelet. On and off in three seconds. 7 Jewelled Chrome Dress Pocket Model, 22/6; same terms. Ladies' Solid Silver Model (with Free Gift of Solid Silver Bracelet), same price and terms.

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YOURS for 6/6 DEPOSIT

£7 7 0 value for 68/6

6/6 MONTHLY

Direct from the manufacturers. The Famous "Jadtone" 3 valve Receiver. Real Figured Oak Cabinet. Entirely Self-Contained: all British Valves and components. British and Foreign Stations Powerfully Received. Cash 68/6, or 6/6 Monthly. 12 Months' Guarantee. Write for Illus. Wireless Catalogue.

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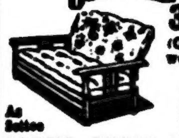
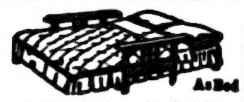




AMAZING BARGAINS

NOW 16/6 (or 1/- weekly)

FULL-LENGTH BED-CHAIRS, adjustable 3 positions, solid Oak frames, polished dark. 3 well-filled velvet cord cushions, any colour. Fitted with our comfortable SPRING SEATS, Patent No. 356995/30, guaranteed not to sag with wear. Carriage and Packing England and Wales 2/6. Call and inspect or send for new Coloured List J.

BED SETTEE WITH SPRING SEAT.

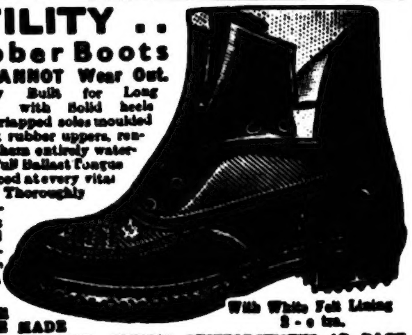
35/- (Or 2/- weekly)

As Settee

As Bed

Oak frame, turned legs, makes bed 41in. wide. Velvet cord cushions. Carr. and Pkg. Eng. and Wales 3/6. Reg. Letter or Cross P.O.'s (no stamps).

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD.,
52, Shaftesbury Av., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1



UTILITY . . Rubber Boots that CANNOT Wear Out.

Specially Built for Long Service with Solid heels and overlapped soles moulded to black rubber uppers, rendering them entirely waterproof. Full Bellows Tongue Reinforced at every vital point. Thoroughly comfortable & lined throughout with coat canvas.

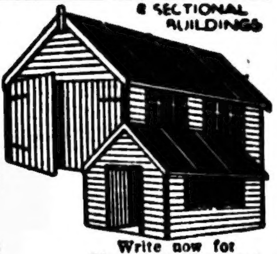
With White Felt Lining 2/- extra.

BRITISH EMPIRE MADE

SIZES 6-11. NOTE SPECIAL REINFORCEMENT AT BACK.

10/- PER PAIR, Post 9d., or C.O.D. *Money refunded if not satisfactory.*

LAMDINS (Mail Order), Ltd.
(Dept JB 57) WOKING, Surrey
Over 54 years' experience.



SOUTH WESTERN HUTS & GARAGES

6 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

UNEQUALLED SERVICE AND A SQUARE POLICY.

GARAGES.
10' x 7' ... £5 8 0
14' x 8' ... £7 10 0

HUTS.
6' x 4' ... £2 1 0
8' x 5' ... £2 18 0
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Planed, Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd., Dept.J., High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771, 2311/2

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NOTHING TO BUY

To introduce our latest list of household bargains, etc., we are giving this superior self-filling Fountain Pen ABSOLUTELY FREE. Simply send name and address with 4d. stamps for post and packing to

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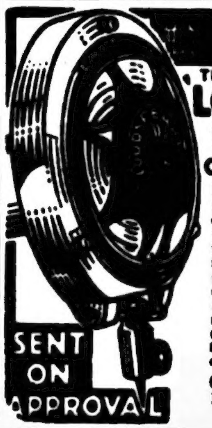

TRY THE WONDERFUL 'LOUDSPEAKER' SOUNDBOX ON YOUR GRAMOPHONE

Don't buy a new Gramophone—your old one, no matter how worn, can be made like a new £25 Cabinet with our latest model Soundbox—the only "Loudspeaker." Amazing volume of sound, and absolute purity in highest and lowest notes (impossible in cheap soundboxes). Approved customers pay after receiving Soundbox 2/- weekly (11/- in all) or 10/- cash down. State if Soundbox fits in or slips over tonearm of your gramophone.

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186, Shaftesbury Avenue,
London, W.C.2.

LIQUIDATION

STOCKS OF SEVERAL HUGE WAREHOUSES FOR DISPOSAL
INCLUDING MAGNIFICENT BEDROOM SUITES IN OAK OR WALNUT

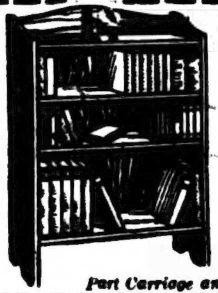
Superb 4 ft. WALNUT SUITE

9 Gns 18 Gns

No. SP 203. Superb WALNUT BEDROOM SUITES, SPLENDID PRODUCTIONS manufactured to be sold at nearly treble our price of 9 GUINEAS!
4 ft. WARDROBE has remarkably well matched figured walnut panels with tasteful inlay of Sycamore Suitably embellished with attractive ornamentations in Green, Gold or Natural Interior fitted with shelf, hanger rail, etc., and large plate mirror. Mounted on Queen Anne legs. **DRESSING TABLE** has three smooth-running drawers, triple plate mirrors. Mounted on Queen Anne Legs. **THREE DRAWER CHEST** has smooth action drawers. **4 ft. 6 in. BEDSTEAD** to match, £3 3s. 0d.

Carriage and Package on Suite 10 - *extra.*

BOOKCASE
With Adjustable Shelves



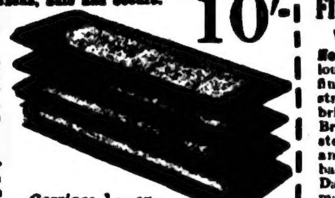
No. 703X. Soundly constructed of Oak and fitted with shelves which can be adjusted to any required spacing by a new patent method. Finely finished a rich medium Brown.
Height 40in.
Width 24in.
Depth. 7in.
Usually 25/-.
10/-

Part Carriage and Packing, 1 9 *extra.*

4 MOHAIR MATS

With Non-slip Backs, Safe and Secure.

10/-

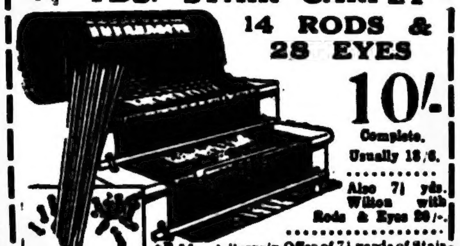


709X.—Four pleasing mats with or without fringes. Warranted for extra long wear. Colours: Black, Gold, Crimson, Green, or Blue. State choice. Size 28in. x 11in. **Previously 20/-**

MOHAIR RUGS in same colours. Size 48 x 24in. 10/-each

Carriage 1 - *ex-*

7½ YDS. STAIR CARPET
14 RODS & 28 EYES



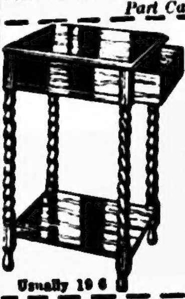
10/-
Complete.
Usually 18/6.

Also 7½ yds. Wilton with Rods & Eyes 20/-.

SP 84. A Bargain Offer of 7½ yards of Stair Carpeting, 18in. wide. 14 Solid Oak Stair Rods polished a rich brown shade, 22in. long, and 28 oxidised eyes for 10/- complete. Carpeting available in Red, Blue, Green or Gold Border, with Mottled centre.

Part Carriage 1/9 *extra.*

OCCASIONAL TABLE
IN SELECTED OAK.



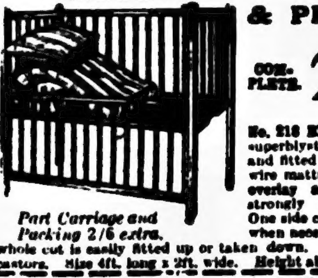
No. SP 21. A general utility table of excellent design, with drawer. Extra strongly made of selected oak. Beautifully finished in a rich Jacobean shade. Real twist legs. Height 26 in. Top 15 in. square.

Usually 19/6.

Packing and Carriage 1/9 *extra.* 10/-

Usually 19 6

COT, MATTRESS, OVERLAY & PILLOW



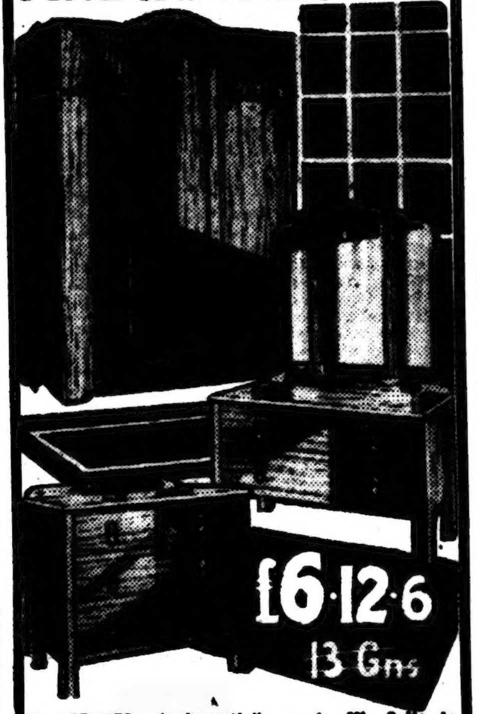
COMPLETE 20/-

No. 218 BX. Sturdy Cot superbly stained, polished and fitted with a strong wire mattress, well-filled overlay and pillow in strongly sewn covers. One side can be dropped when necessary, and the whole cot is easily fitted up or taken down. Mounted on castors. Size 4ft. long x 2ft. wide. Height about 2 ft. 10in.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 *extra.*

82-84, HIGH ROAD, KILBURN.
Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Open ALL DAY Saturday to 9 p.m.

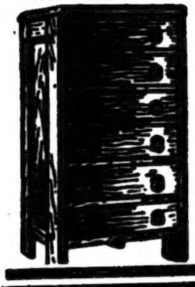
FINE 4ft. OAK SUITE


£6·12·6 13 Gns

No. SP 170. A beautifully made **4ft. Suite** in figured Oak, polished a rich medium Brown. The **Handsome 4ft. Wardrobe** has **plate mirror** on inside of door and is fitted **hanger rail, shelf and hooks.** The **Dressing Table** has **triple frameless mirrors** and **two large drawers. 3-drawer Dressing Chest. 4ft. 6in. Bedstead to match, 20/-. 4ft. 6in. Overlay Mattress Set, 20/-. 4ft. 6in. Spring Mattress, 20/-.** *Part Carriage and Packing* 7/6 *extra.*

FIGURED OAK

6-DRAWER TALLBOY

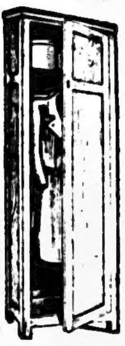


No. 1294 B. Of richly figured oak. Six large drawers, perfectly fitted and smooth and easy in operation provide extensive storing space. Dimensions: Height, 4ft. 4in., width 2ft. 6in., depth 16 in.

Usual Price 84/-.

Part Carr. & Packing 2/6 *extra.* 40/-

WARDROBE OR STORAGE CUPBOARD



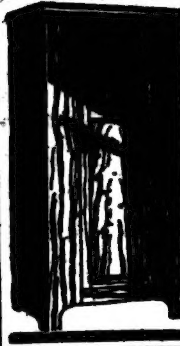
No. 287. A neat single-size Wardrobe in Deal and Birch ply, of high-grade workmanship and fine finish, fitted with nickel-plated hooks, sliding hanger rail and boot rail. All ready for staining and polishing. Size 5ft. high, 2 ft. wide, 16in. deep.

Can also be supplied as a Store Cupboard fitted with shelves.

Carriage 1/9 *extra.*

15/-
Formerly 27 6

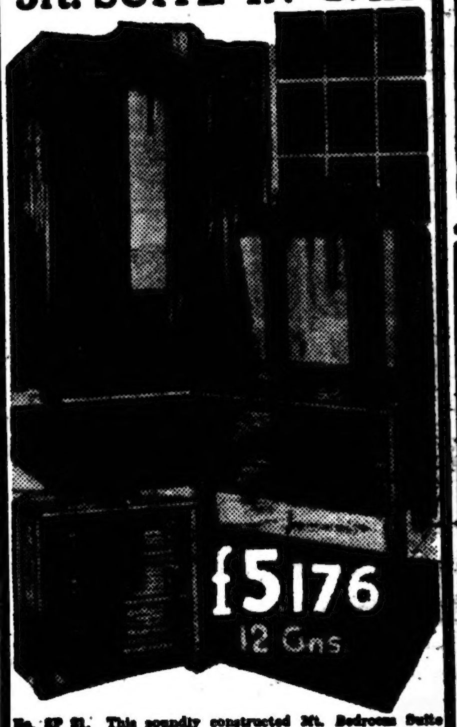
HALL 'ROBE
IN OAK.



R.R. 2. A sturdy Robe of pleasing design, constructed of figured oak, well polished a rich medium brown. Interior is fitted with shelf and sliding hanger rail, and has commodious full-length hanging space. Height 72 in., width 30 in., depth 16 in.

Part Cost Carr. & Packing 2/6 *extra.* 40/-
Originally 75/-

3ft. SUITE IN OAK


£5 17 6 12 Gns

No. SP 81. This soundly constructed 3ft. Bedroom Suite of finest figured Oak is a wonderful example of our supreme values. Extremely well-finished throughout and polished a rich medium Brown. The 3ft. Wardrobe has mirror on front and is fitted with sliding rail and hooks. Dressing Table 3ft. wide has triple mirrors. Dressing Chest has three spacious drawers.

Part Carriage & Packing 7/6 extra.

Wardrobe Separately, £3. Toilet Pair Separately, £3. SPRING MATTRESS, 20/-. OVERLAY SET, 20/-. 4ft. 6in. OAK BEDSTEAD to match, 20/-.

2ft. 6in. FIGURED OAK SUITE

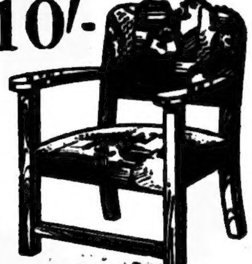
TOILET PAIR
Separately £2-10
WARDROBE
Separately £2

£4·10

No. SP200. A solidly built 2ft. 6in. **SUITE** in nicely grained Oak, polished a rich medium Brown and well finished in every way. The **WARDROBE** has mirror on door-front, and is fitted with shelf, nickel-plated hanger rail and boot rail, and stands 6ft. high. Swing **MIRROR** on **DRESSING TABLE. DRESSING CHEST** has two drawers and useful cupboard below. The greatest value for money it is possible to obtain anywhere.

Part Carriage and Packing 5/- *extra.*

AMAZING VALUE IN FIRESIDE CHAIRS 10/-
WITH SPRUNG SEATS.

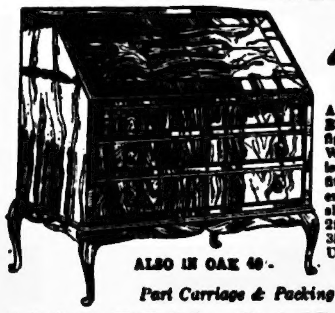


No SP 181. Really marvellous value—a sturdy well-finished Fireside Chair, with strong frame and curved arms brilliantly finished a rich Brown. Seat is fully upholstered with **COIL SPRINGS,** and together with the padded back is covered in durable Damask. Exceptionally well made. Height 29in. Depth of seat 18in. Width 20 in.

Pt. Carr. & Pck. 1/9 *ex.*

Usually 18 6

WALNUT BUREAU



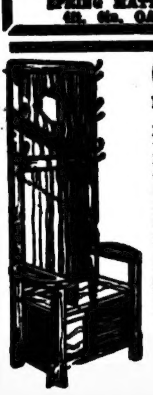
40/-

No. 2222.
A beautifully made **BUREAU** in nicely figured veneered Walnut, richly polished. Interior fitted for stationery etc. Automatic slide action. Width 2ft. 6in., height 3ft. 3in., depth 16in. Usually sold at 84 6s.

ALSO IN OAK 40/-

Part Carriage & Packing 3/9 *extra.*

6 ft. HALLSTAND
IN GRAINED OAK. FITTED MIRROR & HOOKS.



No. SP 24. Well and strongly made of well-seasoned Oak. Beautifully panelled latest Modern Design. Fitted with oxidised hat and coat hooks, with commodious locker below, which also constitutes a convenient seat. Finished rich Jacobean. One of the biggest furnishing bargains ever offered. Height 72in Width 24in. Depth 12in.

Usually 49/6.

Sides fitted with Umbrella Drip Pans. 20/-

Part Carriage & Packing 2/6 *extra.*

MODERN OAK DINING SUITE

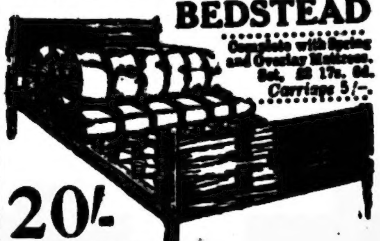
£5.17.6

£5 17 6 INCLUDES 4 DINING CHAIRS. No. SP 112. This fine Dining Suite represents one of London's Greatest Furnishing Bargains. The 4ft. modern style **SIDEBOARD** is solidly built of selected grained Oak finished rich Jacobean and has two spacious cupboards and three drawers. Top is fitted with mirror. **SIDEBOARD** sold separately, 40/-. **DINING TABLE,** 3ft. square, opening to 5ft. x 3ft., sold separately 40/-. **DINING CHAIRS,** with loose seats covered Rexine 10/- each. **CARVER CHAIR,** 15/-. Suite complete with 4 Chairs, £5 17s. 6d.

Part Carr. & Packing on Suite 5/- *extra.*

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. OAK BEDSTEAD



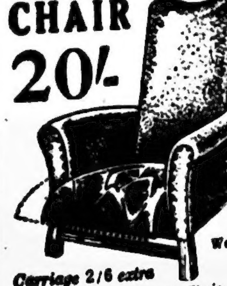
Complete with Spring and Overlay Mattress. Set, £2 17s. 6d.
Carriage 5/-.

20/-
Carriage 2/6 *extra.*

No. DR10. Full Double Size Bedstead with figured Oak ends and strong iron sides with patent fittings. Polished a rich Jacobean Brown. Size 6ft. 6in. x 4ft. or 4ft. 6in. 48-Coil Spring Mattress of the finest and most reliable manufacture 20/- extra. **OVERLAY** Mattress Set, 4ft. or 4ft. 6in., 20/- extra.

ADJUSTABLE FIRESIDE CHAIR

20/-



Were 42/-

Carriage 2/6 *extra*

No. SP 187. High back Chair. Back and arms covered in Hide effect Rexine with Floral Pattern Tapestry seat. Back and seat automatically adjustable. Height 38in. Width 21in. Depth of seat 19in. Height of back from seat 28in.

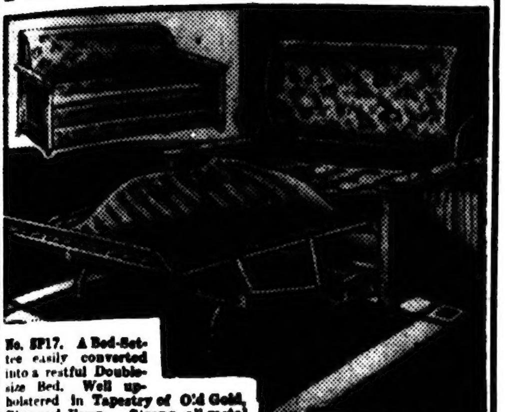
BOLSOMS'

60, OXFORD ST., W.1
Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. *Close Saturday at 1 p.m.*

SALE 50% OFF

A huge clearance of the entire stocks of several warehouses enables us to offer these Sensational Bargains in high-grade furniture. An unparalleled opportunity to secure really high-grade furniture pieces at low prices which are out of all proportion to the high values given. The prices advertised show you a saving of 50% and more. Buy at Bolsoms—Pay Cash—Save half what you intended to spend—and get better values

FINE BED-SETTEE

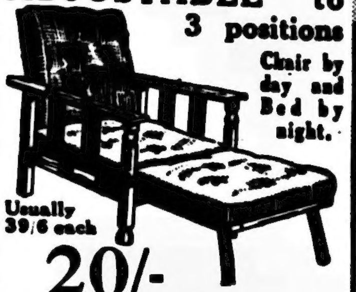


No. SP17. A Bed-Settee easily converted into a restful Double-size Bed. Well upholstered in Tapestry of Old Gold, Blue and Fawn. Strong all-metal folding frame supports well-sprung mattress. Depth of Settee seat 22 in., opens to 6 ft. long, making a really restful bed. Complete with overlay. Settee measures 4 ft. 6 in. wide. Part Carr. 5/- ex.

£5.17.6

BED-CHAIR ADJUSTABLE to 3 positions

Chair by day and Bed by night.



Usually 39/6 each

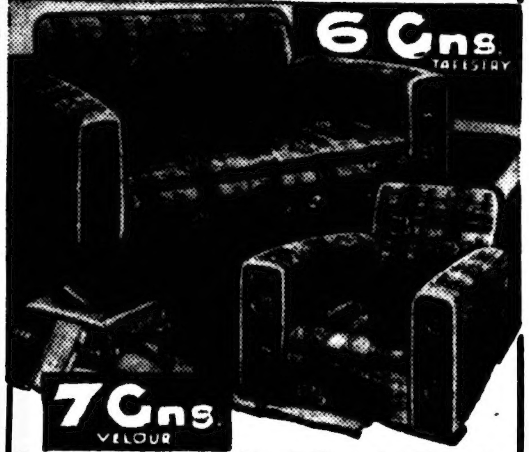
20/-

Useful in any house. No. 169 C. Width 24 in. Depth of seat 22 in. Extends to 5 ft. 8 in. Strongly built. Cushions covered good quality Brown Corduroy. A really good piece of furniture. No ordinary chair!

Part Carr. & Packing 2/6 extra.

A SMALL DEPOSIT
Will secure any suite or article, which will then be stored FREE until required for delivery.

"STRATTON" 3-PIECE SUITE



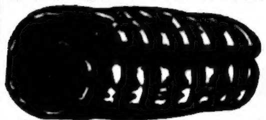
6 Gns. TAPESTRY

7 Gns. VELOUR

No. SP 324. Of high grade materials only. The amply padded seatings are supported by rows of resilient coil springs. Covered in either Tapestry or Velour of modern designs in Fawns, Blues and Greens. Settee measures 54 in. wide. Easy Chairs 33 in. wide. SPECIAL CLEARANCE PRICES. *Part Carr. and Packing 7/6 extra.*

MAGNIFICENT BEDDING VALUES!

4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. MATTRESS



10/-

Part Carriage 1/9 extra.

FILLED LINSEY FLOCK. No. 898. Covered best quality ticking. Filled special hygienically treated high-grade Linsey Flock. Will give lasting and satisfactory service. Usually 18/6.

COMPLETE BED SET

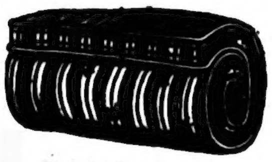
3 ft. SIZE

10/-

Part Carriage and Packing 1/9 extra.

WASHED LINSEY FLOCK. No. 795 CD. Single bed size. Complete with full-size Bolster and Pillow. Superior quality Tick and hygienic Linsey flock filling. Usually 19/6.

3 ft. ROLL-EDGED MATTRESS



No. SP 108. Roll-edge Mattress, scientifically constructed and filled with hygienic Linsey flock. Covered in fine quality striped ticking.

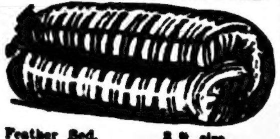
3 ft. Size **12/6**

3 ft. 6 in., 15/-
4 ft., 17/6.
4 ft. 6 in., 20/-.

Part Carriage 2/- extra.

3 ft. FEATHER BED

Feather Pillows, each 2/6. Feather Bolsters, 3 ft. size, 5/-; 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in., 7/6.



No. SP 109. 3 ft. size Feather Bed, amply filled with superior quality purified downy feathers. Covered in FEATHERPROOF striped ticking.

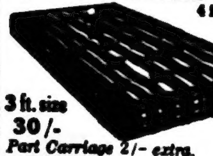
Part Carriage & Packing 2/- extra.

3 ft. size. **17/6**

4 ft. size, 25/-.
4 ft. 6 in. size, 27/6.

ALL-HAIR MATTRESS

4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. size.



No. SP 167. Very superior Mattress with good quality sterilised ALL HAIR Filling with piped edges. Strongly made and covered in finest quality striped ticking.

3 ft. size 30/-

Part Carriage 2/- extra.

4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. **40/-**

LUXURIOUS COIL-SPRING MATTRESS

COIL-SPRINGS THROUGHOUT.

STERILISED FILLINGS.

No. SP 40. Packed with super-resilient coil-springs and generously upholstered with fibre and sterilised Linsey flock. Covered in superior quality Blue or Red striped Ticking. Roll edged.

3 ft. size **30/-**

3 ft. 6 in., 35/-
4 ft., 37/6
4 ft. 6 in., 40/-

Part Carriage 2/6 extra.

2 ft. 6 in. wide Sprung DIVAN

No. SP140. Extremely comfortable Divan, generously sprung throughout with resilient coil springs and covered with hard-wearing material in Blue, Rose, Gold, Green or Mauve. Sturdily built with a well-seasoned frame and stuffed with layer of Linsey flock and fibre. Length 6 ft., width 2 ft. 6 in. Usually 45/-.
Well-filled comfortable OVERLAY and Bolster covered hard-wearing Repp and Head-rest, 20/- extra.

20/-

Part Carriage 2/6 extra.

Divan with Head-rest only, 27/6.

6 ft. x 3 ft. size, 25/-
Complete with Overlay, Bolster and Head-rest, 50/-.

WE MAKE FREE DELIVERY IN THE GREATER LONDON AREA.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED!

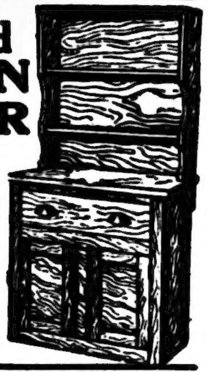
Largest Commission Given!
For full particulars apply—
Dept. No. J. 10,
BOLSOMS' ASSOCIATED TRADERS, LTD.

REAL HIDE 3-PIECE

6½ Gns

No. SP 122. Finely grained Real Hide of a rich Brown shade has been used throughout this suite, and is fitted with four amply filled loose cushions covered Brown velveteen. Easy chairs measure 28 in. wide. Settee 50 in. wide. SETTEE separately, 68/-. CHAIRS separately, 37/6 each. PATENT SPRINGING. *Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.*

Whitewood KITCHEN DRESSER

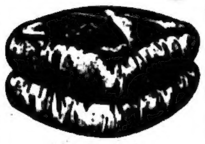


WITH LARGE CUPBOARD. No. 2272. Built of carefully selected timber, every joint mortised and tenoned. Has a laminated birch top which will not warp or shrink. Height 6 ft. Width 3 ft. Depth 16 in. Usually 39/6.

20/-

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

Charming POUFFES



Usually 12/6.

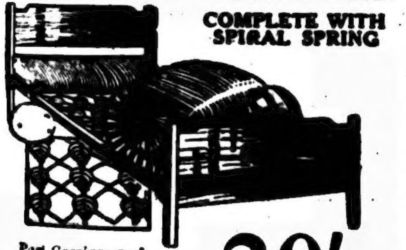
No. XM 94. Attractive Pouffes Circular or Square designs, in Velveteen and Rexine, bound all round with cord Girdle. Measures 16 in. diameter, 10 in. high. Colours: Red, Blue, Green and Brown. Similar Pouffes in various attractive Damasks, Tapestries, etc.

5/- EACH.

Carriage 6d. extra.

3-ft. COMBINATION BED

COMPLETE WITH SPIRAL SPRING



Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

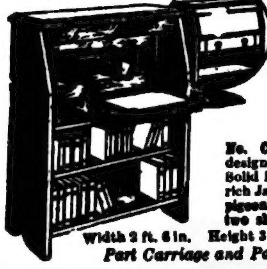
20/-

With Bedding 30/-.

No. SP 138. Strongly built with 1 in. grained Oak Panels, fitted with Spiral Spring Mattress 20/-, Flock filled Mattress, Bolster and Pillow, in best English Ticking, 10/- extra. Usually 40/-. An Amazing Bargain.

BUREAU BOOKCASE in OAK

ALSO ABOUT 60 IN WALNUT



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No. C 315. Handsome design, strongly made. Solid Figured Oak, finished rich Jacobean shade. Fitted pigeonholes, drawer and two shelves.

Width 2 ft. 6 in. Height 3 ft. 4 in. Depth 9 in.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

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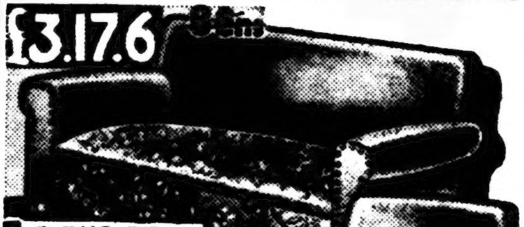

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No. M 14 X. Well upholstered in grained dark Rex with hard-wearing Floral Tapestry covering over the well-sprung seats. Antique studding and ball feet are other details that make this wonderful value for money. Settee measures 50 in. wide, depth of seat 23 in. Easy chair 28 in. wide, depth of seat 22 in. Settee separately, £2. Easy Chairs, £1 each. *Pt. Carr. Pkg. 5/- ex.*

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PATTERNS SENT FREE.

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No. SP 182. Extremely well-built Bed Settee Suite upholstered in finely grained Rexine and a modern Velour seating in Brown, Fawn or Blue. ALSO IN ALL DAMASK. Antique studding and amply padded backs and arms are additional refinements. The Settee is easily converted by a simple operation into a bed measuring 72 in. x 54 in. Settee £4 4s. 0d. EASY CHAIRS, measuring 30 in. wide, Seat depth 22 in. £2 2s. 0d. each. *Part Carriage & Packing 7/6 extra.* 3-PIECE SUITE COMPLETE. **£8·8·0**

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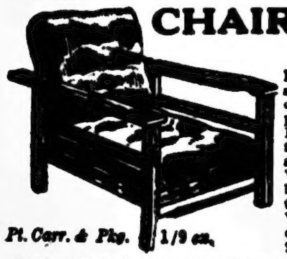

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This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **2/6** in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Available only until December* 30, 1933.

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A Free 5/- Gift Voucher will be accepted as 5/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" **10**/- Writing Set De Luxe. Admire the graceful stream-line of the Pen, the inlaid rolled-gold band, the lever self-filling device also of rolled gold. The Pen, which is unbreakable, has a heavy 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match fitted with propel-repel-expel movement has the same beautiful streamline and is complete with pocket clip and extra leads, this set is enclosed in a sumptuous butterfly-tinted Presentation Case. **Written Five-Year Guarantee accompanies each set.**

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This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **5/-** in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Available only until December* 30, 1933.

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To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. (J.4), 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value **2/6** which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **5/-** Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for **2/6**, plus **3d.** for postage and insurance, making **2/9** in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value **5/-** which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **10/-** Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for **5/-**, plus **3d.** for postage. and insurance, making **5/3** in all.

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

NAME..

ADDRESS ....

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Fine—medium—broad nib (cross out grades not required). Cross Cheque/P.O. / & Co. / and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 9.12.33.

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CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent)..

Address ....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address ....

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.... Date......................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 9/12/33

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Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age..........................

Address ....

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Name and Address of Newsagent. ....

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 9/12/33

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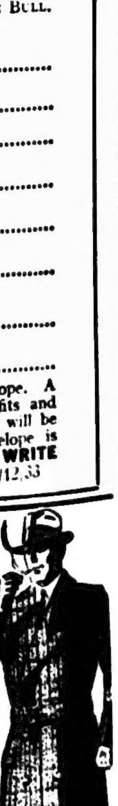
★ A generous sample of a new wonder treatment which conquers all leg troubles and kindred ailments is offered on page 41. Fill in the Coupon.



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XMAS DECORATIONS.—Send for one of the Decorative Lamp Sets illustrated in the "Shop Window" on page 2. Note the price—it's a real bargain.

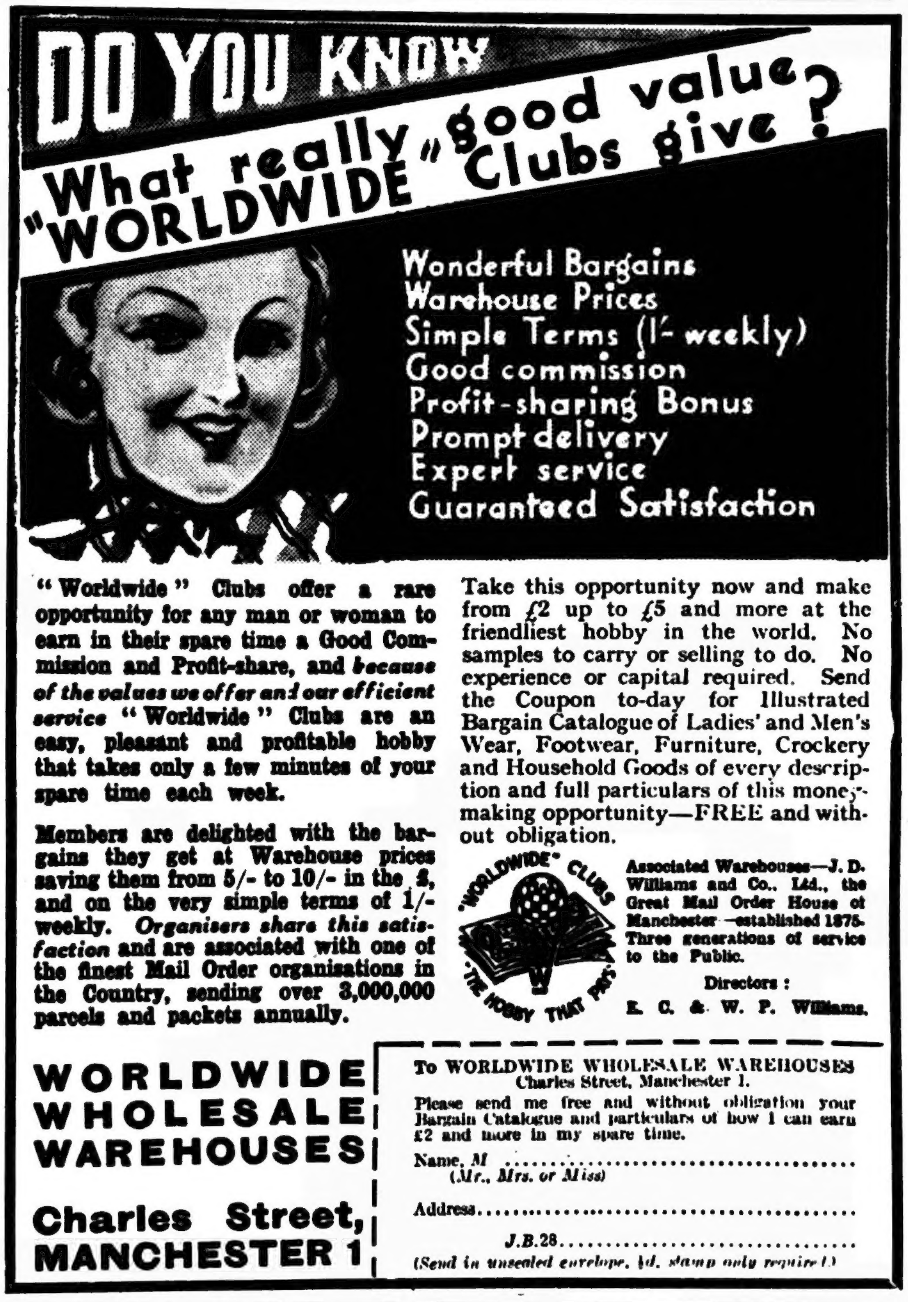
WRITE for free Catlg. of Watches, Jewellery, etc., offered in the SAMUEL advt. on p. 34.

A WONDERFUL new covering for damp floors, etc. Looks like Tudor Tiles, 90 sq. ft. 15/-. Send for free samples and partics. to J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., Walworth Rd., S.E.17.

FILL in coupon in "Berkeley" Chair advt. on p. 33 for illus. Catlg., Patterns and partics. of "Superlax" model offered for 10s. down. For 20s. with order readers can also obtain the "Superlax" Suite, which includes settee and two easy chairs. The settee, however, can be obtained separately if desired. Send coupon now for full details.

3/- secures the "City" Solid Silver Watch illustrated in the advt. on p. 37. Fill in the coupon for free Catalogue, etc.

WRITE to Meccano, Ltd., Dept. A P., Old Swan, Liverpool, enclosing 4½d. in stamps, and receive, post free, a copy of the Hornby Book of Trains, of absorbing interest to every young boy. Turn to the offer on p. 35.



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14/6 a month buys a Boyd guaranteed Piano. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for free Catlg. as offered in the advt. on p. 38.

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DON'T overlook the advt. on p. 41. A sample of "ELASTO" for bad legs and circulatory diseases, together with free booklet, are offered to sufferers. Simply fill in the coupon.

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THOUSANDS of people owe to "Silvikrin" the abundance, health and beauty of their hair. A free sample and booklet is offered on p. 39. Fill in the coupon, and post in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp.

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If you prefer to obtain gifts for your coupons the *full range* of luxury gifts as shown in the Black Cat Gift Book is still available.

BLACK CAT, AS ALWAYS, WILL BE
FULL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY

NOTICE

Packets of Black Cat cigarettes leaving our factory from January 1st, 1934, will not contain coupons, and will be sold as follows:—

Black Cat (Red Band) **20 for 11d.**
Same size—Same weight—Same quality.

Black Cat (Green Band) **EXTRA LARGE 20 for 1/-**
Length increased—More tobacco—Improved quality.

10's, 50's AND 100's PACKINGS WILL BE AVAILABLE FOR BOTH THE ABOVE.

During November and December, 1933, packets of Black Cat cigarettes will contain coupons as hitherto, but on and after January 1st, 1934, packets containing coupons will be generally obtainable until tobacconists' stocks become exhausted.

You are requested to send in your coupons not later than 28th February, 1934.
Send your coupons for cash or gifts to Black Cat Gifts Dept.: Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, N.W.1.

"Five Free Coupon" Vouchers and "Recommendation" Vouchers cannot be exchanged for Cash

"John Bull," 9/12/33.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for week ending Saturday, December 9, 1933. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

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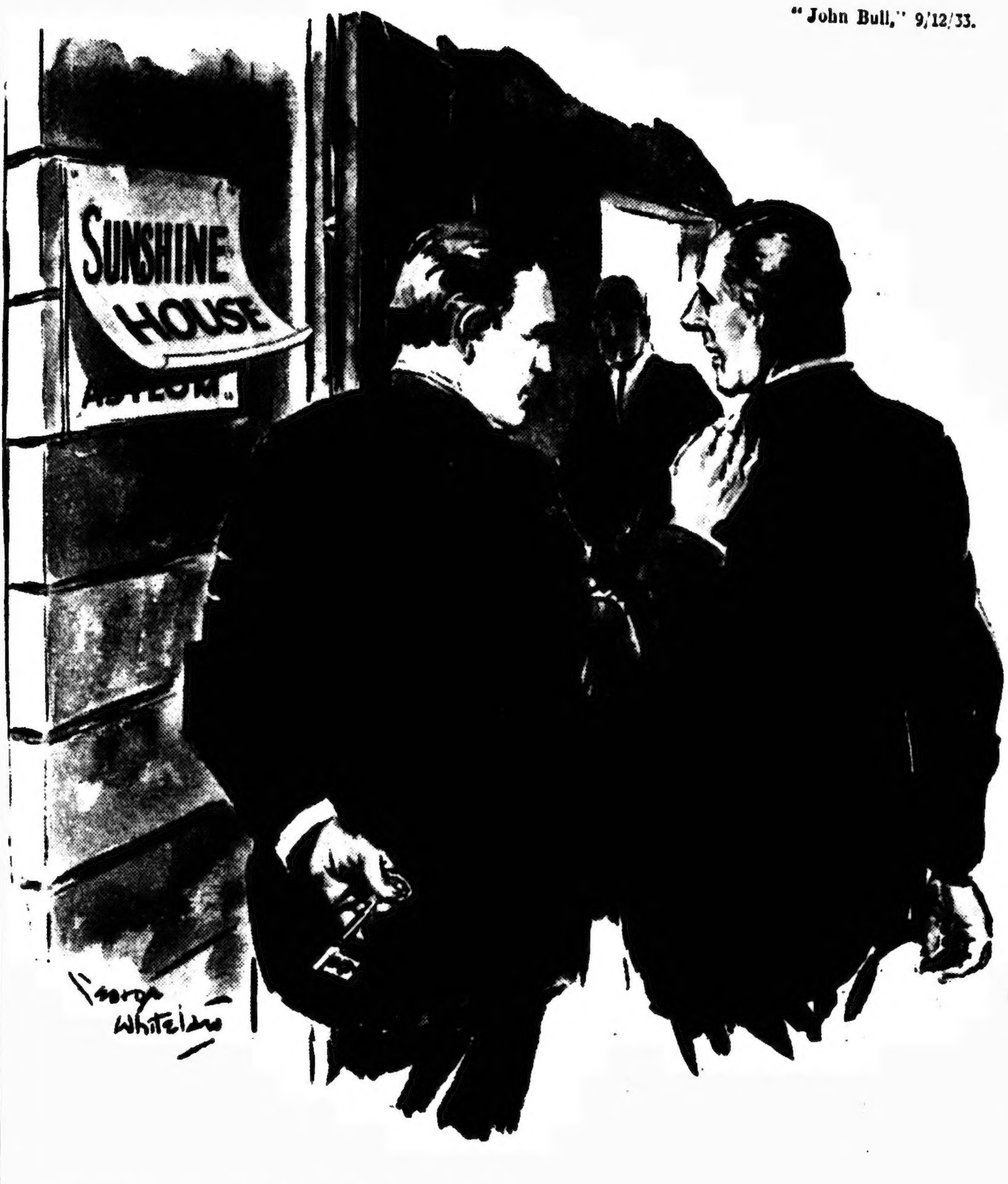
WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR



"Ours is a nice house, ours is," says the Lunacy Boss. But is it?

Cabinet Minister's Astounding Confession

AN official investigation has revealed that during twelve months 1,600 adult persons in this country were improperly declared to be insane and placed in asylums as certified lunatics.

John Bull, by describing individual cases, has again and again accused the authorities of wrongfully making asylum prisoners by force, and of recklessly and brutally applying the lunacy laws of the country against people who were never intended to come within their scope.

Our charges and protests have never once been officially challenged.

Unfortunately, however, Members of Parliament have been slow to waken to the terrible truth. When we presented case after case to them, they declared it was incredible that the costly lunacy administration was running riot.

We need no longer ask them to accept our word for it. The information was supplied to the country a few days ago—*by Sir E. Hilton Young, the Minister of Health.*

One thousand six hundred men and women, he stated, had in twelve months been unnecessarily certified for detention as persons of unsound mind.

And Sir Hilton Young did not include in this estimate the much vaster number of children who every year are now also being consigned to lunacy institutions as mental defectives, solely because they are slow in school work or have been before the courts for some minor mischief.

WHEN Sir Hilton Young made this illuminating admission regarding the haphazard and cruel methods by which battalions of people are being recruited for the asylums, he had another purpose in view.

Founding his statement upon information supplied to him by the Board of Lunacy Control, the Minister of Health used it as an argument to boost the Mental Treatment Act, which his predecessor in office piloted to the Statute Book before a thin and drowsy House of Commons in the early hours of a morning nearly three years ago.

Sir Hilton took no account of the huge number of people who were wrongfully enticed or driven into lunatic asylums in previous years, and who are still lingering in these places.

He spoke merely about the 1,600 persons who had been erroneously put away under certification during the past year, and argued that all of them should have been afforded the privileges and benefits of the Mental Treatment Act.

Privileges and benefits forsooth!

Why, when he was prepared to go so far in telling the hideous story of official blundering and recklessness, did the Minister not face the full facts of this appalling abuse of official powers?

WHY did Sir Hilton not admit that the Mental Treatment Act is an utter failure, and that it stands condemned as a nefarious measure by the medical profession, local authorities and public opinion?

Why did he not also say that the purpose of the Act—the cure of voluntary neurasthenic patients in hospitals and rest-places—cannot be realised because the Sunshine Houses which were promised for cases of the kind have never been built?

"Ours is a nice house, ours is," Sir Hilton said in effect when inviting such people to enter it of their own free will. What he did not explain is that the house is a lunatic asylum.

The Minister, in fact, might have been used as a mouthpiece for the propaganda of the egregious Board of Lunacy Control when he pleaded for the Mental Treatment Act to be utilised for finding a large part of the future asylums population.

The true position is that if this Act does not begin soon to achieve its object, the Board of Lunacy Control will perish. The Act was a clever device to save the face and preserve the tremendous and terrible powers of this omnipotent bureaucracy.

Before it was passed, a Royal Commission had damned the system by which asylum prisoners are made, and recommended Parliament entirely to recast the whole organisation.

It had become common knowledge that the asylums were being largely filled by people who were certified as insane, although they were suffering only from nervous strain.

The Board of Control saw the whole of its structure about to collapse. Its experts framed the Mental Treatment Act as a "get out."

The entire public case for this Act was that people suffering from early nervous disorder would no longer have to endure the stigma of certification and its consequences. Instead they would submit themselves voluntarily for temporary treatment in *special hospitals.*

BUT when the Act was passed, no such hospitals existed and no provision was made for them being built. It was as bad a piece of legislation as has ever been imposed on the country.

Men and women who innocently sought the supposed benefits of the Act found themselves cast into the old asylums.

Great play was also made of the fact that the Act provided that a person who had become a voluntary patient could obtain freedom at any time simply by giving seventy-two hours' notice.

What was not detected until too late was that the lunacy authorities had reserved to themselves the power, when the patient made this application, to declare that he was incapable of knowing what he was doing and that he must remain a prisoner!

The Act has failed because of the public's fear and alarm and its distrust of the Board of Control.

What use, then, the Minister of Health appealing three years afterwards for acceptance of this terrible Act? There cannot be public faith in the mental administration of Britain until its policy becomes cure, not detention in places which are worse than prisons. That policy will never be realised until the system represented by the Board of Control is destroyed.

But Sir Hilton Young, by his own confession, has a clear and still more urgent duty to perform.

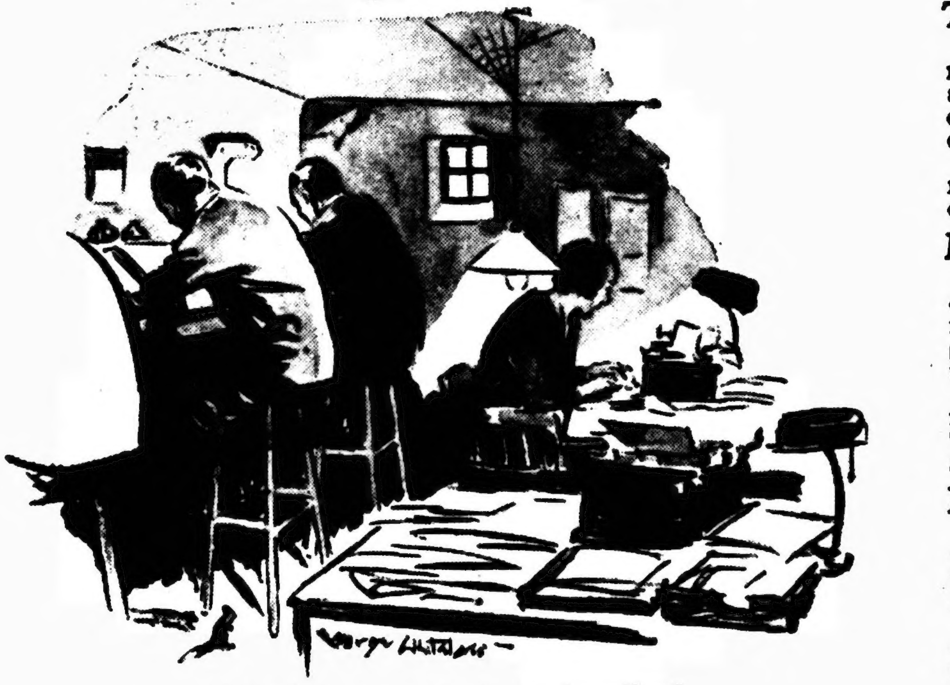
It is to order the immediate release of those of the 1,600 unfortunate people who, he says, were erroneously certified as insane last year and who are still in captivity.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Office Workers in Slum Conditions

The Real Roads Tragedy

Starving the Doctors



If slum houses are to go, why not slum offices?

ONCE again there is a slender ray of hope for the great army of office workers who, all over the country, are having their health undermined in ill-ventilated, badly-lit, rat-infested and damp premises.

Mr. Will Thorne, the veteran M.P., is going to ask Parliament to bring office conditions under the same strict supervision that is applied to factories—at least, so far as young persons are concerned.

Nightmare hovels

The Government probably won't thank him for that.

Hundreds of its own clerk and typist employees work in basements that are utterly unfit for human habitation.

We could tell you of Government offices that are overrun with rats, beetles and bugs. So overrun that the staff has periodically to cease work in order to carry out rat-hunting raids.

One week too much

We could tell you of basement offices that have no proper sanitary arrangements, so bad that the ordinary Government inspectors are not admitted, so bad that doctors insist on the staff spending only one week in them before being removed to an upstairs floor!

But after that week upstairs, they have to go back to these nightmare basements for a further short spell of work there.

Excellent excuse

If these conditions actually exist in Government premises, is it surprising that unscrupulous private employers, notably in London and the other great cities where there is much overcrowding, deny decent conditions to their "black-coated" workers?

We know of private offices that any medical officer would condemn and that are a perpetual menace to the health of their occupants.

Shameful disgraces

There are offices that are filthy with the dust of years and where no glimpse of daylight is ever seen.

There are evil-smelling premises that are more fitted for the vermin that infest them than for human beings. Some are heated in winter only by open gas-rings—or are not heated at all, while in summer they are almost unbearably hot.

When are such abominable disgraces to be removed?

M.P.s yawn

Time after time Bills have been introduced into Parliament to do so; yet time after time M.P.s have yawned and turned to other matters.

We hope Mr. Thorne will induce them to give this fresh attempt the earnest consideration it deserves. And we hope he widens the scope of his Bill to include all office workers.

The scandal of death-trap offices must be ended.

Opening their eyes

But once again **JOHN BULL** has opened the eyes of M.P.s to another scandal.

So impressed were they by our recent disclosures of the revolver and "toy pistol" menace that not a single voice was raised against Mr. Thomas Levy when he introduced a Bill to enforce stricter control over firearms.

We hope the Home Secretary shows similar enthusiasm and gives facilities for passing the measure into law.

Japan's trap

Here's one thing the Government must not do. Japan will shortly propose that it should get the support of the British Navy if war broke out in the Pacific.

In return, Japan would withdraw some of its unfair trade competition that is hitting us so badly.

The Government must find other ways of stopping Japanese dumping. We cannot afford the risk of being dragged into somebody else's war.

Mr. Parker's impudence

We'd much rather have a little war with our old enemies, the official Nosey Parkers.

The local council at Beckenham, Kent, has sent to householders a long questionnaire which includes such perky requests for information as "Do you over-eat?" and "Do you wash food down or eat fast?"

Well, if we ever give booby prizes for sheer, stupid impertinence, we shall earmark the first award for the Beckenham Council.

Hospital of peril

And if we had a black-list for hospitals, the first entry would be the Jessop Hospital for Women, Sheffield.

There the beds are so close together that the patients infect each other!

As its honorary surgeon remarks bitterly, it isn't practicable for the unhappy sufferers to wear gas-masks. But it is possible to build a new hospital.

When is Sheffield going to do so?

Ruining the doctors

On the other hand, Manchester's health authorities are at last stirring in their slumbers.

Doctors in that great city who give treatment to people on public relief are getting as little as 2½d. or 3d. a consultation! Is it surprising that some cannot afford to continue?

Unless the others are to be beggared, Manchester had better get a move on with the improvements it is now considering.

Past hope

But we have no hope of seeing an end to the meanness of Bolton's bigwigs.

We have already told how they refuse proper boots to the unemployed who have to dig rain-sodden ground before they draw relief. Well, a year ago sixty out-of-work men were given uncultivated land to develop into allotments.

The land was free, but now that the men have done the hard work and got the allotments into trim they are to be charged rent!

Mercy hides her face

We must protest, too, against the harsh treatment meted out to a young soldier, Arthur Bonny.

He was on leave when his wife and family were evicted from home. He "forgot he was a soldier, and remembered only that he was a father."

So he overstayed his leave, for which he has been sentenced to eighty-four days' detention. We know that Army discipline must be enforced, but is it necessary to ignore mercy in the process?

Family party—new style

In lighter vein, there is the story of the "Mother and Daughter Week-End." Arranged at Kettering by the local churches to encourage friendship between mothers and daughters, it began with a banquet prepared and served by husbands and brothers.

We hope the cooking was as good as the idea. Seriously, we should like to hear of other parsons trying such experiments to bring old and young together.

Showing the way

And let us pay tribute to the parsons of Camberwell.

For months the London County Council and the local council have been squabbling about which authority should clear Camberwell's slums. The squabbling continues and so do the slums.

But now the parsons in the district are forming a building society and hope to rehouse many families that are overcrowded. That's a fine bit of practical Christianity.

Mere man's victory

Something new, too, was the award of £300 and costs to the man who had paid that sum to his fiancée on condition that she married him. She agreed, but afterwards jilted him.

She deserved to have the costs awarded against her. We dislike breach of promise cases, but so long as women continue to bring them it is only fair that a jilted man should occasionally win the law's favours.

Sacrificing life

The road accident census proves clearly enough that a large number of people are killed on roads that have no footpath, at "blind" corners and on roads that have bad surfaces.

We have often called attention to this fact, yet lives continue to be sacrificed because officialdom won't act.

We say again that all roads should be provided with proper footpaths and that other obvious death-traps should be swept away. There is not a single reason why this should not be done.

The real tragedies

Think of the stark tragedies that are disguised by those matter-of-fact accident figures. Think, for instance, of little Willie Powell, a South Wales lad.

Last week he started work at the pit. He drew his first week's wages on his mother's birthday and hurried home full of joy at being able to give a little help to his out-of-work family.

He was almost on his own doorstep when he was knocked down and killed. Could you find anything more tragic in any novel?

The last meeting

Think, too, of the Welsh mother who rushed forward to throw her coat over a little girl of six who had been knocked down and killed—and found that the child was her own daughter.

These and dozens of similar stories must be remembered by those whose duty it is to improve our roads.

Danger from the air

And what of the perils of air accidents? Last week, for instance, a 'plane narrowly missed crashing into a gasometer. It isn't difficult to imagine the terrible disaster that would ensue.

Yet large numbers of aeroplanes are not insured against third-party risks. This, too, is a scandal that should be speedily remedied.

Not worth it

Having talked about land and the air, we might as well pass to the sea—to the triumph of the nine-year-old Bristol girl who swam five miles in five hours.

A triumph, certainly; but we also applaud the Bristol Baths Committee for doing all it can to prevent other children repeating the effort.

"There will come a time," says the chairman, "when some delicate child will do that swim and suffer for it." We think so, too.

England expects—

But will there ever come a time when the Ministry of Pensions does its duty and prevents much needless suffering?

Last May we told how a West London man, Arthur Whitcomb, was unable to work because of tuberculosis—the result of his wartime injuries. Yet he was refused a pension in respect of that disability.

When Mr. Whitcomb was again called before the War Pensions Committee, a copy of our article lay on the table. The Committee, confirming its previous recommendation, said he would hear from the Ministry in due course.

—justice for the sick

"Due course" may mean fifty years hence; anyway, the Ministry has not yet sent *any* communication to Mr. Whitcomb. He is still unable to work; he has to try and keep his wife and five children on a few shillings a week.

Do you wonder why we are so bitter about our precious Ministry of Pensions?

Starting young

Though we are not kill-joys, we were sorry to read of the crowd of boy bookmakers that hang around the greyhound track at St. Helens.

And we are glad the police have determined to end it, a fifteen-year-old "bookie" having been fined as a start.

But we regret there can be no penalty enforced against the real culprits—adults who patronise the lads.

Snowed under

During the last few weeks we have been almost overwhelmed by an avalanche of letters from readers who want information about all sorts of Christmas "draws." So many letters, in fact, that we cannot reply directly to all of them.

Let us point out that these "draws" are illegal, and when tickets are sent out indiscriminately all over the country the integrity of the organisers has to be taken on trust.

We advise readers to be *mis*-trustful.

Artful

Finally, let us warn you against a new dodge. Advertisements tell you that if you send 2s. 9d. for a packet of tea, you will be presented with a "solid silver free gift." There is a picture of a teapot, and most people would think they were being offered a silver teapot.

They get instead a small charm in the shape of a teapot. The company running this little game is the Queen Tea Co., of St. Paul's House, London, E.C.

by Marjorie BOWEN
the famous novelist

Have a Good Daughter!

"There is still a large number of wives and mothers in the world . . . so there would be a certain amount of domesticity for my daughter"

HAVING, unfortunately, no girls of my own, my knowledge of the question of modern feminine education does not come from actual experience. Nor does the recollection of my own case help me.

My mother and my grandmothers were what was once named "accomplished ladies"; an expensive English high-school training was supplemented by "finishing" abroad. This very painstaking education was almost exactly the reverse of what is given now to middle-class girls, concentrating as it did on decorative detail.

I remember my grandmother's album of music, of drawings, of essays, her exquisite handwriting, her incredibly fine needlework, and my own mother's comment—"All I can recall of her is a figure in a shawl lying on a sofa."

One suspects that the sincerely careful schooling for girls of the last century did not include any sound knowledge of hygiene and health and very little mental training, while an orthodox theology came down as a snuffer on all spiritual flames.

With their elegance, their air of breeding, their charming handicrafts, could these Victorian women handle life so as to extract from it the maximum of usefulness and happiness? I wonder.

I wonder also if modern education can, even with its immense opportunities, its wide scope, its knowledge of so much that former generations were ignorant of or forbidden to know, solve the peculiar problems of the individual. Do we not each work out our own destiny independent of either education or environment?

Training for marriage

I HAD no schooling whatsoever, family circumstances left me reduced to a minimum of "home lessons" and what I could "pick up" from free libraries. And certainly no one ever dreamed of studying my character, temperament, mental or spiritual needs, or worried over my complexes, phobias or inhibitions, so that I had neither an old-fashioned nor a modern education.

I do not know if I am any the worse for this, and I am sure that I am a much happier woman than either my grandmothers or my mother, who were trained with such meticulous care.

With these recollections behind me, what education would I give my daughters if I were lucky enough to have any?

Not the usual schooling modelled on that of a boys' public school, not co-education. These methods are often splendidly successful, and may be most suitable for many girls, but I would not choose them.

I would not train my daughter in anything that is natural to boys but has to be forced on girls, or that men excel in and women don't (unless she showed some strong inclination or definite gift towards some masculine sphere).

I would try to emphasise in her all her feminine qualities. I do not mean weak or foolish ones, but strong, definite feminine qualities.

I know that there are women who do not care for domesticity, nor for children, and that, married or unmarried, many women must be wage-earners, and I should try to bear these facts in mind. But there is still a large number of wives and mothers in the world, and will be for a long while yet, no doubt.

Some people think that marriage is a dying institution, but it will probably survive the next generation, and personally, unless my daughter were a genius, I would prefer for her that compromise that isn't so difficult as it sounds, a home, a certain amount of domesticity, and a certain amount of "career" or work beyond the home, and I would train her accordingly.

First, health, and as a consequence, beauty, then the open mind that comes from "general knowledge," wide reading, and, if possible, an especial devotion to one of the arts, but no training as an executant if there is no talent.

Then a practical acquaintance with housework, with emphasis on cooking; but this need not be taken too seriously; it is not difficult to learn nowadays, and can be a most amusing hobby.

It is ignorance that makes some women in terror of a day alone with "the pots and pans." Once learned, the domestic arts can go into the background of the mind—they are an invaluable stock-in-trade.

Sewing and embroidery (*not* "fancy work") are a soothing pleasure to many women, and supply the urge to create with one's hands. If my daughter had any liking for these, I would have her properly taught from the first; many an aptitude, or even talent, peters out because of the disgust attendant on "muddling through" without proper instruction.

For exercise—riding, swimming, dancing, tennis. If one can't afford these, or much of them, well, it is quite comforting to think that walks and housework can keep most women fit. No sports nor games beyond the above; feminine athletics are too unbecoming, and the effect on the health too doubtful.

As for amusement, not so much "fun" in the early years as to jade or to develop a silly taste for excitement, and not so little as to risk a starved desire surfeiting when it gets the chance.

The same with masculine society. I should not like a cynic at seventeen, neither should I like that austere self-repression that made "a first dance" a devastating, hysterical experience.

I would try to see that my daughter did not regard men as either dull creatures or as demigods. One does not want to rub the bloom off sex by getting it down to the text-books of biology, nor does one want to leave it quite confused by the glory and the dream. The task would be to see that the immortal illusion did not become the commonplace delusion.

Courtesy is a virtue

WE can hardly teach virtues, but manners can be acquired, and courtesy *is* a virtue, and a beautiful one. I would try to inculcate it in all its manifestations, from quiet, considerate behaviour in public places (how often lacking!) to especial thought for the old or the less fortunate.

Really fine manners can hardly cover coldness or selfishness—the exercise of courtesy teaches kindness, sympathy, serenity, self-possession—one cannot feel awkward or an "inferiority complex" if one is being genuinely courteous.

I would not encourage much stress on *modernity* or "up-to-dateness"; there is rather too much of that just now. Fundamentals are much what they ever were, and youth is not especially important, nor especially attractive, just because it is youth, any more than to-day is better than yesterday or to-morrow just because it is to-day.

I would like my daughter to understand that she must make the very best of herself in every direction — health, beauty, dress, usefulness, elegance, courtesy, and not rely on being "Miss 1933," who is not so different from "Miss 1833" as to boast of it.

Machine-made character

I WOULD suggest some social service, even a few hours a week, some giving of time, care or intelligence to some welfare work. This can be done nowadays without any self-consciousness or "Lady Bountiful" nonsense.

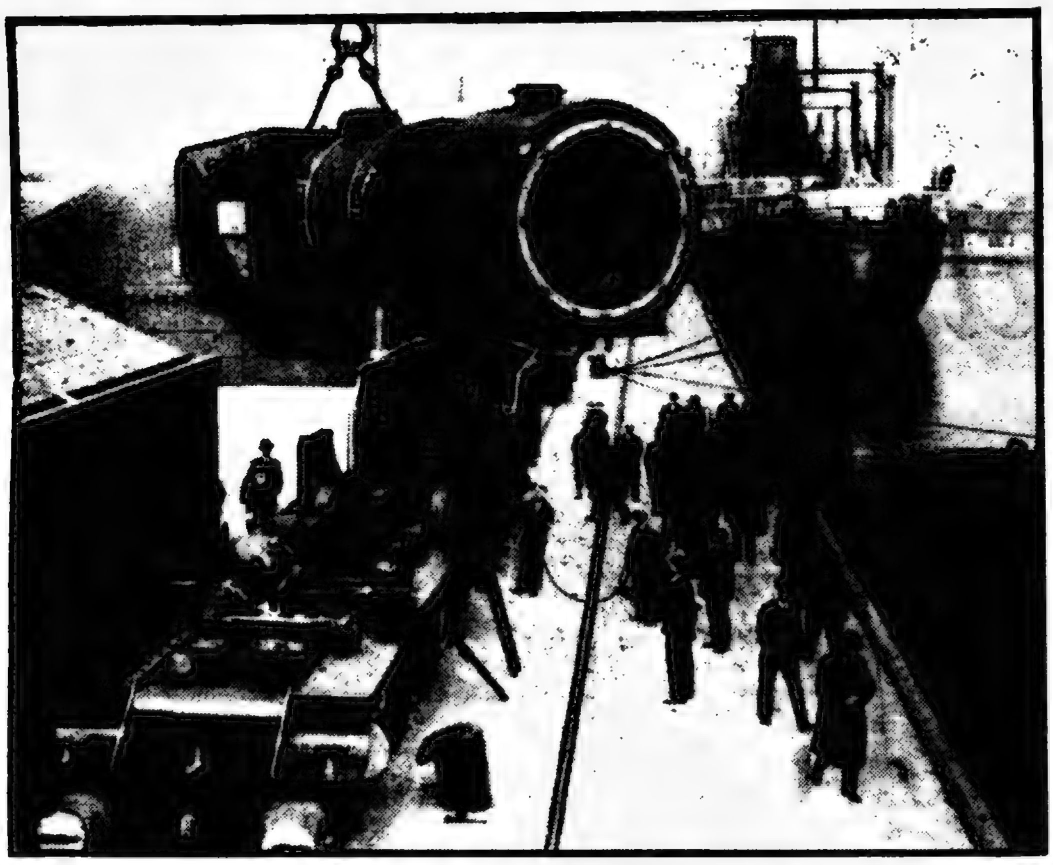
In conclusion, she should attend classes, have lessons, etc., but not go to school or college unless there was some obvious trend in a scholarly direction, and I should not worry if she missed "friends of her own age, school competition, games, and so on."

All these, which are usually put forward as the not-to-be-missed attractions of school life, often result in a scattering of energies and a blurring of character, which result in a mediocre or machine-made personality.

Her own home can still supply a full life for a girl until, through work or marriage, she takes her own way through life.

And though I should hope for her continual friendship I should "let go" completely as soon as I could, and not be offended if she took everything into her own hands and, as soon as she was independent, entirely reversed my ideas. Her own might be better.

The ENGINE that



"Just a dismantled engine, yet in seven months it has reconquered America"—hoisting the huge boiler on to the "Beaverdale" at Tilbury

LYING, in three parts, in the hold of the C.P.R. cargo steamer *Beaverdale*, is one of the greatest ambassadors this country has ever had.

It is just an engine—"Loco. No. 6,100" to railwaymen and the "Royal Scot" to admiring laymen.

It doesn't even look like a locomotive, and it is spread about incongruously, its 24-ton boiler straining to roll off a pile of timber, and chocks restraining its 77-ton undercarriage and 28-ton tender from gliding away and crashing through the side of the ship.

Just a dismantled engine . . . yet in the short space of seven months it has reconquered America.

Mr. Rufus Dawes predicted that America would accept it as "a very dear friend" when he persuaded Sir Josiah Stamp, head of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, to send it over with a train-load of coaches for the Chicago World's Fair, of which he was to be president.

Neither of them could have guessed at the time, but it was predestined to be immensely more than that.

It has lit the United States with enthusiasm from one end to the other in a way that would be difficult to explain. It has kept millions of people out of their beds—even on nights of driving, soaking rain—for the simple privilege of seeing it flash past in the night.

Lonely farm workers have travelled hundreds of miles from their isolated little world to touch it and see it. People amused by such things as the shrillness of its whistle have laughed, and exiles from Britain cried over it.

Puffing ambassador

It has been received with greater crowds everywhere and more fervid lionising than any human visitors to America this century, with possibly half a dozen exceptions.

Yet its appeal has gone much deeper than that. As it moved about over the face of the whole American continent it left a trail of smashed records behind, and has created an admiration for things British such as used to exist when America was one of our finest customers.

More. In parts of the Middle West that have only seen a few monocled British "softies" sent out by their families in the hope that an open-air life would make men of them, America's hardy farming stock have awakened to the fact that these young ne'er-do-wells are not typical of the British race.

They have seen a new type of Briton. And they know, now, that he and his like are representative of the millions of working men they have left at home.

There is "Bill," or Driver Gilbertson, a regular "Royal Scot" driver, fifty-nine years old, who often takes the Royal train. He is a sturdy, stocky man, so intelligent that he might pass as a solicitor or doctor.

There is his fireman, John Jackson, aged forty-two and coming, like "Bill," from Carlisle. A leaner man, and no wonder. He must shovel 33 lb. of coal every mile, even at 80 miles an hour.

And there is Fitter W. A. Woods, aged thirty-eight, of Crewe. He can repair or adjust anything that travels on wheels, and can act as driver or stoker as well.

Brass band occasion

Fine, intelligent, steady-going British working men, all three of them. There are 120 like them on the company's list from which a final choice was made, and these three were picked, the company says, because "at least there's nobody in the world better, and it had to be somebody."

Picture them as scores of American and Canadian communities have seen them, fresh from a record run. . . .

Crowds line the track for miles on each side of the town as thickly as if it were a racecourse. The station precincts are crowded with privileged ticket-holders. The Mayor, local officials and possibly the best brass band in the district, wait in a rope enclosure at the spot where the engine will come to a standstill.

A thrill of high-tension electricity at the cry of "Here she is!", the more so because there is no clang of bell, rattle of wheels, cough and clatter of engine, as she approaches, as in the case of the heavy, cumbersome American trains to which they have been used.

This is nothing like a train to them. It is something more like a monster greyhound, racing along noiselessly, uncannily.

You have seen a British express, and know something of its thrill. Add a little because the "Royal Scot" *is* the "Royal Scot" and a little more still because the crew is doing its fighting best, and you can imagine how it looks on this day the district will never forget.

No torrents of smoke, as they expected. No spitting tongues of steam. No fuss or noise of any kind.

She moves as if she had just come out of the workshops in which she was made and has never had a pint of water or a pound of coal in her, but is just being pushed along by an invisible hand at a speed never attained on these lines before.

And holding her speed to the very last she comes to rest without the squeak or grind of a brake as easily as if she had been pulled up by terrestrial magnetism.

Yes, a record. Now let us see how these British folk treat it.

That vast American crowd sees the "Royal Scot" engine-driver as *you* have seen express drivers who have carried you to Euston, St. Pancras, Paddington and Victoria, just rubbing his hands on a piece of cotton waste and looking round to see what all the fuss is about.

It sees a fireman without a sign on his face or form of his task of shovelling tons and tons of coal into the monster fire-box.

They know that Fireman John Jackson puts every piece on by hand, whereas on American trains it is done automatically. And they know, too, that when he was allowed to drive an American "crack" train and found he was not expected to do any shovelling, he looked quite broken-hearted about it.

All America knows that story. And everybody who has seen Fireman Jackson has realised that thousands of Americans have had entirely wrong conceptions about Englishmen.

That picture of the "Royal Scot" reaching an American town is typical of what has happened throughout the tour of the "Royal Scot." And what a tour it has been!

When Sir Josiah Stamp yielded to the persuasion of Mr. Dawes to send her to America it was agreed that, in travelling down from Montreal to Chicago for display, she should do a semi-circular trip of 3,181 miles and visit thirty-nine cities.

But America would have torn her to pieces rather than allow her to get away with it so easily. And so she had to bring her travelling "under her own steam" up to 11,194 miles, stopping at far more than a hundred towns.

And if all the invitations that showered in from towns and villages all over America, and from railroad companies anxious to have the world's most famous train travel over their rails, had been accepted, the "Royal Scot" would have been travelling all over the American continent for three years, eight months, twenty-four days.

Sizzling, freezing . .

No train crew could have done it. Not even that hardy crew of this train that has set America alight. For think of a few of their experiences, and ask yourself whether theirs was entirely a joy-ride.

One day they were travelling along at nearly eighty miles an hour in a temperature of 110 degrees in the shade and a week later at eighty-three miles an hour with the thermometer twenty-two degrees below freezing.

No British engine has ever been made for so high a temperature, nor for so low a temperature.

You don't have to be an engineer to realise that the contraction and expansion was so great that only an engine

The "Royal Scot" in the Canadian Rockies

Gala day in Chicago—"the right royal train" greeted by enthusiastic crowds. Says the American caption-writer: "This crack train has magnificent furnishings that the most finicky of kings wouldn't turn his nose up at!"

"Showed the World"

Driver "Bill" Gilbertson (left) and Fireman John Jackson in the cabin of the famous American train they piloted on a record-breaking run. But "Bill" soon wanted to get back to his own engine . . .

without the minutest flaw of any kind could stand up to it.

Nor do you have to be a professor of anatomy to realise that the human body is not designed to drive or stoke a train in two such vastly differing temperatures.

But as for the driver and stoker, they said it didn't matter, really, when the company insisted on sending over a relief driver-cum-fireman, Tom Black, to give them a hand for the extension of the tour.

And as for the British workmanship, it hasn't been necessary to break the seal on the truckload of spare parts taken over in case of a breakdown.

Another strain was that imposed by the fact that the "Royal Scot" was compelled to slow down to walking pace at every station along her progress, people often standing on the line to compel her to slacken and give a good view of herself.

Despite these delays, and despite curves and gradients such as are never met in this country, and which she was never designed to surmount, she invariably reached her halting-place for the night ahead of the scheduled time.

4,000,000 rubber-necks

The fact that nearly four million people stood in queues to pass through her from end to end, and that forty million people stood for hours waiting to see her pass, gives but a small idea of the enthusiasm shown at different places.

On her journey down to Chicago thirty thousand people stood out all night in the pouring rain to see her cross Niagara, which, despite the fact that she had just been put together after her ocean journey, she did at seventy-three miles an hour.

At New York she was the showpiece of the week. "Scottie" shirts and hats became a men's fashion of the town.

Everybody within twenty miles of the line down which she went to Chicago, and often people from hundreds of miles away, went to the track to see her pass, the crowds in the different small townships being so great that traffic, and in some cases the work of the place, was stopped for hours.

At Mendota scores of thousands of coins had been put on the line so that, flattened, they could be kept as a memento of her visit. At Louisville the life of the town came to a stop for the day. Syracuse made her go through the streets, along a goods line.

Chicago greeted her by sounding all its factory hooters and declaring a day's holiday for every school child. And Hoisington, hearing her thin, fluting whistle, so sharp in contrast with that of American trains, greeted her with shouts of "Oeanuts!" although everybody in the town fought to go through her.

At San Francisco, where an arterial road runs parallel with the railway, it was arranged that all the cars of the town should follow the "Royal Scot" out of the district to the boundary line, three miles from the station.

As there was real peril in the confusion on the road, Driver Gilbertson showed a clean pair of heels to everything, shaking off even the fastest cars within a few minutes. And afterwards San Francisco agreed it was for the best.

Revelstoke, in British Columbia, heard with dismay that the train would have to pass through on a Sunday night without stopping. The schedule would not permit of delay. But Revelstoke had methods of its own.

The population poured out of church at an earlier hour than usual and tried "silent appeal" from the side of the track, the church bells of the town joining in with their invitation to the "Royal Scot" to stop for an hour.

And stop it did. It had no difficulty in making up the time, later.

At Hamilton the police were inadequate to deal with the crowds, which got out of hand when they realised that there wouldn't be time for everybody to pass through the coaches. In the end the express had to move out of the town for its own safety.

There was both pathos and humour everywhere she stopped.

At every town the crew were called on to answer such questions as:

What does it cost to travel in her?

What do the 1's and 3's mean?

Where do you put the grips? (luggage).

Do you have to be a Scottie to work on her?

What does she weigh?

What have you done with her noise?

Don't need catching!

Practically every American wanted to know why she had no cow-catcher. One, seeking to be humorous, asked whether she was too slow to catch a cow. "Not at all," said Driver Gilbertson. "But our cows are better behaved than yours."

Quite the most pathetic moment was when, in Indiana, an old man begged permission to touch the controls.

He spoke with a Scottish accent. And when they asked him whether he had ever been to Scotland, he told them that he, too, had driven a famous Scottish express at one time in his career. He was an ex-driver of the old Caledonian railway who had gone to America to make his fortune in 1880, but who had never made enough to go back to see his homeland, and probably never would.

Then an old married couple, born at Dumfries, and who had never seen "home" since before the Boer War, asked at the station if they could "touch a bit of old Scotland," weeping silently together after they had done so.

Record-making was the least important aspect of the tour, as far as the London, Midland and Scottish is concerned. Yet America naturally "wanted to see what the 'Royal Scot' could do."

Driver Gilbertson showed them.

In Colorado they supplied him with a pilot because "there was a gradient ahead that had never been done before single-engine," and they thought he might want help in negotiating it.

"Where's this gradient?" asked Gilbertson after a time.

"Why, didn't you know?" replied the pilot. "*You passed it some time ago.*"

Although geared for British lines, on which exceptional gradients are unknown, the "Royal Scot" engine had no difficulty in climbing the Colorado Mountain Divide at 6,100 feet and the Canadian Rockies at nearly 6,000 feet, without the assistance of another engine.

Even the American and Canadian engines made for such country don't do that.

Once the Americans let Driver Gilbertson take their "crack" train on its record-making run from Chicago to Elkhart, Indiana, a 101 miles' journey scheduled to take 107 minutes. He had no difficulty in clipping two minutes off the time, but said, when the run was over, that he wanted to get back to his own engine, "the finest in the world."

Well, now the "Royal Scot" has finished its triumphant tour—somewhat the worse off for it.

Where once was white enamel on its roof are now thousands and thousands of signatures, written there by enthusiasts. Everything that could be filched from it has been taken, including hundreds of ash-trays and 500 electric light bulbs. Not by thieves, of course, but by keepsake hunters.

Note of tragedy

Its carpet has been worn by the passing of four million people, its leather blackened by the vast multitudes who "had to see what it was like to sit down in her." Yet good enough, still, to "show the world" what a British locomotive can do between Scotland and London.

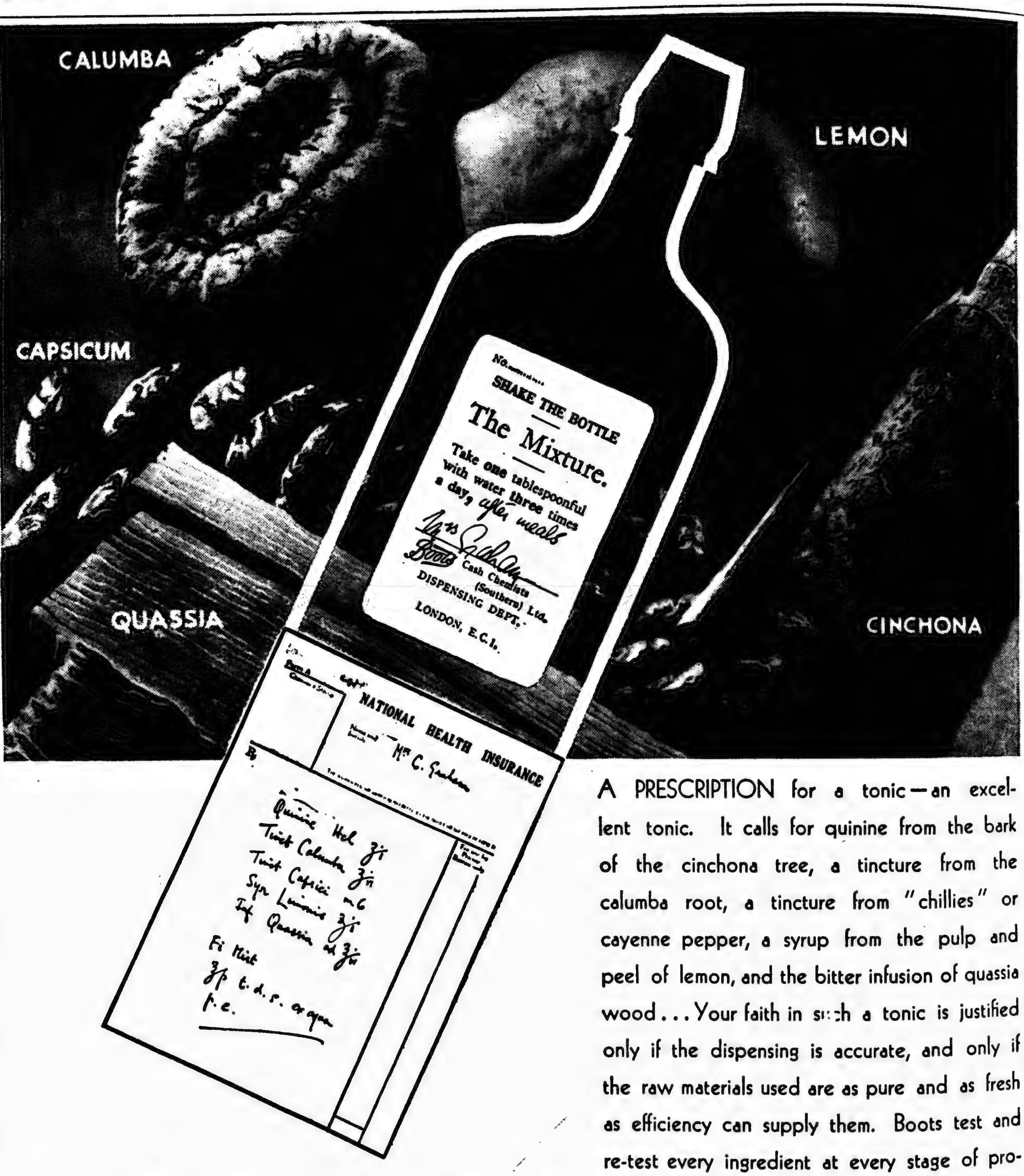
But there is one note of tragedy about that. Fine ambassador as the "Royal Scot" has proved to be, she has come home to find herself supplanted.

She—"No. 6,100"—was the first of the "Royal Scot" type, of which seventy have now been built.

While she has been away the first of a newer and better type has been built, one that can take 500 tons with the same ease that she takes 440 tons, and which is faster and smoother than she.

And it will be the still bigger and better engine's job, in future, to pull the "Royal Scot." Some day she, too, may go to America and set a continent alight.

If she does, "Loco. No. 6,100" won't care Great as she is, she has already taken second place. That is how the British supremacy in engineering that gave her birth is maintained.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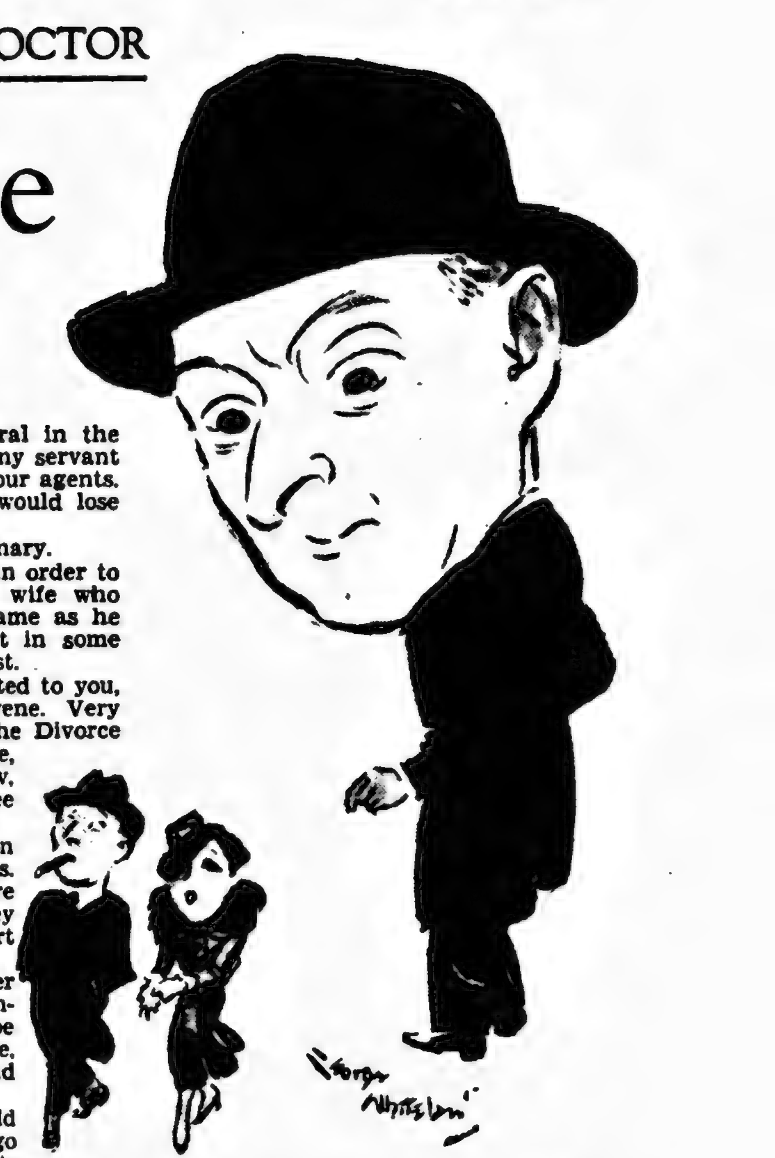
Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to The NEW KING'S PROCTOR

You should be the LAST



DEAR SIR THOMAS BARNES,—So you are the new King's Proctor. You occupy, at the age of forty-five, an almost incredible position.

"The King's Proctor intervenes . . ." we often read. It means that two people who wanted to be divorced must go on being married to each other. It means that the King's Proctor has discovered that there was collusion, or that some petitioner in a divorce case has been indiscreet. And so it means that a marriage that is not a marriage must continue.

Who gets an advantage because of this no one ever knows

Now I have a friend who, in order to be divorced from a wife with whom he had nothing whatever in common, had to spend a night with a woman in an hotel, sign the hotel register as though she were his wife, and then, in the morning, inform his wife's solicitors that he had been unfaithful, when he had not.

I knew all the circumstances. I knew beforehand what he was going to do. He confessed to me that he, an honest man, and a good man in the moral sense, was being compelled to do something shameful in order that he might be parted from a woman whom he did not love and who did not love him so that he could marry a woman he did love and had loved for some years.

* * *

Now what ought I to have done? If I had behaved as some people behave, I should have gone along to the office of your predecessor and seen one of his minor officials and told him that my friend was conspiring to make three lives happier than they were before Had I done so, I should have inflicted upon my friend a continuance of his marital misery, and I should have prevented his new wife, who is a friend of mine, just as the old one was, from being married to a man she loved.

The result would have been that I should have ruined three lives. I should have forced on my friend a life of immorality, from your point of view. Yet so far as I can see, I should have been behaving in no way that was unusual.

Your predecessor, Sir Maurice Gwyer, obtained the rescission, on an average, of forty-four divorces a year. He did so by means of a system which is unbelievable. Every policeman on his beat was one of his agents. The chief constable in each district is given the address of a resident who has obtained a decree nisi and is waiting for it to become absolute six months later.

The Divorce Court has decided that he is entitled to a divorce, that indeed the State would be better off if he and his wife did not live together any longer. Evidence has been heard, a story of misconduct has been told. But then, for six months, neither of the parties can marry. The innocent wife or husband must live six months of absolute virtue or else he or she is sent back to someone who does not want him or her.

Meanwhile the other person can do entirely what he or she likes.

Is it really true that the innocent person in a divorce case is spied on by your officials for six months? Surely it cannot be true? Yet such is the idea all over England.

I know of a case of a young and beautiful actress who recently obtained a divorce from her husband who in no way was fitted for her. When she was asked to a party the other night she said, "Oh, no, I've got to be good for six months." She was afraid she would be followed to the party and then followed home.

* * *

Now this young woman has lived for years a Bohemian life. That means that what would be considered in the suburbs an act of grave impropriety is something to her that is merely normal.

For instance, if she went home from a party with a man and gave him a drink in her flat at four o'clock in the morning—a thing most natural in the world in which she moves—any servant or hall porter could inform your agents. And for all she knows, she would lose her decree.

This seems to me extraordinary.

Then, I know a man who, in order to obtain a divorce from his wife who wanted a divorce just the same as he did, had to spend the night in some hotel with his lawyer's typist.

Now if this had been reported to you, you would have had to intervene. Very naturally, the President of the Divorce Court, who, like everybody else, can only administer the law, would have to stop the decree absolute from being granted.

But this collusion is forced on many people by circumstances. They hate it. Unless they were good and proper people, they would not have to take part in it.

Therefore, and for other reasons too numerous to mention here, your office should be abolished. You will, I am sure, fill it with great discretion and with great judgment.

The Attorney-General told Parliament a few months ago that he was not prepared to abolish the King's Proctor and his department. He said that Judges of the High Court had, from time to time, directed the King's Proctor to intervene in divorce cases.

But, ultimately, as Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, K.C., one of the most eminent counsel practising in the Divorce Court, has argued, "in their present state, the divorce laws are ludicrous and illogical. They contribute to the perpetuation of marital unhappiness."

So far as public morality or any other useful purpose is concerned, the money spent on your department is wasted.

I am sure you will be a very good King's Proctor. But I hope you will be the last one.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN GILMOUR,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I hope you will rap the knuckles of the bright lad in your Department who was responsible for the latest piece of official impudence.

To ask school teachers to spend two hours a day as traffic controllers was to ask for a rebuff, and I'm not surprised your Ministry got it.

The suggestion I'd welcome would be that the teachers' salary cuts should be restored. JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCILLORS,
Fife

GENTLEMEN,—Poor children in your county must be struck down with pneumonia or show some other sign of bad health before they can be given a coat or a pair of boots from the public funds.

Well, if all poor children have to go barefoot and coatless during the bitter winter months, I can imagine that some of them will not survive to enjoy your unwilling grants.

Is that what you want?

JOHN BULL.

Rev. HAROLD WILDE, M.C.,
Lincoln

DEAR MR. WILDE,—Once more the loneliest island in the world, Tristan da Cunha, is to have a parson.

That parson is you. You will have to face privation and be not only priest, but doctor, dentist, magistrate and general adviser to the islanders.

Allow me to wish you Godspeed in your noble and arduous task.

JOHN BULL.

The CIVIL SERVANTS,
Whitehall

GENTLEMEN,—I often have to criticise the meanness of your departmental "bosses," but I have never doubted your sympathy for the underdog.

You have just shown that sympathy by subscribing to a fund for the people of Escomb, in Durham, who are officially recognised as Britain's poorest community.

That's a good example of the Christmas spirit—one that will make the whole public wish you a very happy Christmas.

JOHN BULL.

Most Rev. WILLIAM TEMPLE,
Archbishop of York

YOUR GRACE,—In future, candidates for the ministry in your diocese must have a university degree.

Mere book-learning is the last thing I should look for in would-be parsons.

JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM BOWLES,
Enfield, Middlesex

SIR ORACLE,—"That's no reason why you should beg," you said when a street singer complained that he had no work, "dole" or relief. And you told him there was no shortage of work about Enfield.

How the 1,200 unemployed Enfield men must wish that were true! And I wish you would verify your facts before letting your tongue run away with your head.

JOHN BULL.

THOMAS JONES,
Oulton, Yorkshire

BRUTE,—Tying a stone to the neck of your dog, you threw it forty feet down a disused quarry into the water below.

After many futile attempts, a policeman rescued it, and you have been let off with a fine of £1.

Now I hope it will bite you—if only to show that it has a better sense of justice than the local Bench.

JOHN BULL.

HARRY WEATHERBY GIBSON,
Llandudno

GIBSON,—Any decent motorist who had knocked down a four-year-old boy would have taken him home. But you are not a decent motorist.

Though he was crying bitterly and covered with bruises, you merely gave him a glance and drove on, failing to report the accident.

The Brighton magistrates fined you £2 in your absence. That may persuade you to learn the rules of the road, but it's also time you learned the unwritten rules of common decency.

JOHN BULL.

ARTHUR MAKINGS,
Brierley, Yorkshire

ARTHUR,—You certainly have the makings of a fiend. Since your wife was taken to a mental home, you have often thrashed your four-year-old boy with a belt.

"You could murder him and he would not cry," you boasted.

Well, you have no reason to cry now that you have been rewarded with three months' hard labour.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. H. G. WILKS,
Upper Thong, Yorkshire

DEAR VICAR,—Because you produced and played a leading part in a variety show you received a pile of abusive letters.

But your efforts delighted the audience and you intend to ignore your critics.

Well, godliness and jollity were never incompatible, no matter what the Dismal Jimmies may think. So—carry on!

JOHN BULL.

ANTHONY GIBBONS,
Weymouth Street, London, W.

HOTHEAD,—"Your whole idea was to enjoy a novel kind of sport," you said, when fined for shooting wild duck from an aeroplane.

You said that you had intended to shoot over water, but were carried away by enthusiasm.

In future, don't let your eagerness for the novel and your enthusiasm make you think that the whole world's made for you. JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Secretary for Mines

DEAR SIR,—Your enquiry into the working of overtime in the coal industry should not take long.

There have been cases recently where men have been kept at work underground for fifteen hours at a stretch.

Surely it is possible to avoid this sort of thing when there are 330,000 miners unemployed? JOHN BULL.

Mr. TOM SANDELL,
Camberwell, London, S.E.

DEAR TOM,—I'm glad that, despite all the pessimists, you are still alive.

The first time it was said you had died suddenly. Then, when you were in hospital, you were again reported to be dead. And the other day a policeman called at your house and announced your death in a road accident.

Keep smiling, Tom!

JOHN BULL.

CYRIL FRED MOSELEY,
Levenshulme, Lancashire

MOSELEY,—You stole £280 from the bank that employed you as cashier; not because you were in trouble, but just to squander.

Still, your girl's father offered to give you a job, and the magistrates completed your luck by binding you over.

Thank your lucky stars—not merely now, but every time you read of some hungry person sent to jail for stealing food. JOHN BULL.

Col. J. T. MOORE-BRABAZON,
Chester Square, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—The monster petition you presented to Parliament on behalf of officers of the Merchant Navy deserves the closest consideration.

Months ago I told of the deplorable conditions of our mercantile marine, and an enquiry into its officers' plight is long overdue. JOHN BULL.

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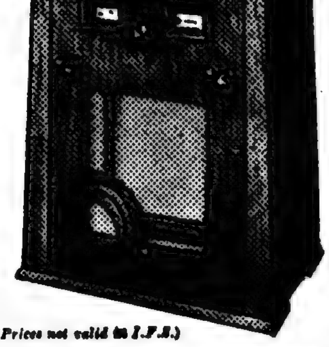
11 GNS.
or by gradual payments.



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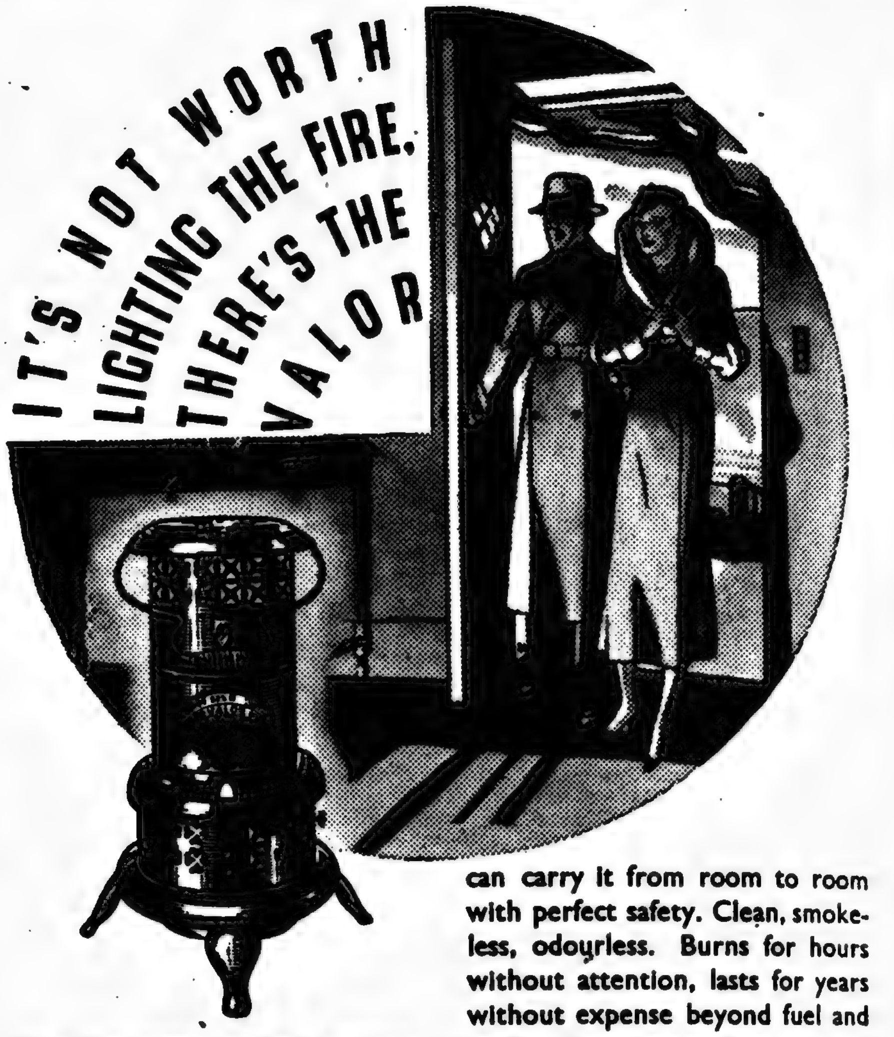

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IN DANGER OF BREAKDOWN

Women on Verge of Collapse

The sort of thing that specialists describe as neurasthenia or nervous debility is very common among women of to-day. Many are so overstrung, in fact, as to be verging on collapse. Is it any wonder, when you consider the cares and worries of the average wife and mother?

The housewife is too often overworked, but, more devastating than her round of daily duties are the many worries to which she is subjected. These often have serious effects upon her system, causing sleeplessness, headaches and depression.

If this state of thing is allowed to go on, a nervous breakdown is bound to result. When this nervous exhaustion threatens you, then you need Dr. Williams brand pink pills, because they are a powerful nerve tonic. The strengthening action of these pills on weak nerves is due to the fact that they enrich the blood, and it is through the blood that the nerves are fed.

All traces of nervous weakness soon disappear under the tonic influence of Dr. Williams brand pink pills; sleep becomes sounder, your worries diminish and your work seems lighter. (JR)

You can now buy Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (large size 3s. 0d.). This remarkable blood enricher and nerve tonic is thus brought within the reach of all sufferers.

SHAW on the ROCKS

by A. G. GARDINER

If Mr. Shaw only knew it, it is he himself who is "on the rocks"—shirt or no shirt!

MR. GUY FAWKES SHAW has decided to blow up Parliament and establish a dictatorship in England's green and pleasant land. That seems to be the only conclusion one can draw from the avalanche of talk he has poured out in his latest non-stop drama, "On the Rocks."

"The only man that ever had a proper understanding of Parliament," says Hipney in the play, "was old Guy Fawkes. Mark my words, some day there will be a statue to old Guy in Westminster on the site of the present Houses of Parliament."

And if there is one thing that Shaw loathes more than Parliament it is the democracy for which it speaks. Democracy was all right as an ideal. As a reality it is all bunk.

"Democracy was a great thing when I was young and we had no votes," says Hipney. "It was a dream and a vision which lasted until they dragged it down to earth, as you might say, and made it a reality by giving everybody votes."

Any colour will do

And if Parliament and democracy are swept on to the rubbish heap, what remains? Nothing but a dictator "You can't frighten me with a word like 'dictator.' . . . Better one dictator standing up responsible before the world for the good and evil he does than a dirty little dictator in every street responsible to nobody, to turn you out of your house if you don't pay him for the right to exist."

But having decided to make a bonfire of Parliament, throw democracy on the scrap heap and live under a dictatorship, the question arises—how do we choose our dictator?

Shaw's answer is simple. You don't choose him. He chooses himself. "The Jews," says Hipney, "didn't elect Moses. He just told them what to do and they did it. Look at the way they went wrong the minute his back was turned."

If you ask what is to be the colour of the dictator's shirt, black, red or brown, Shaw says it's all the same to him. What he wants is a man who will tell us what to do and see that we do it, let him be Communist, Fascist, Nazi or what you will.

Fell for Mussolini

Give him a strong man, with an iron will, a big fist and the courage to use it and all will be well. The shirt is a mere detail. Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Kemal—what matters on what pattern our dictator is planned so long as he will dictate?

Shaw's conversion to despotic government is no new thing. He has always levelled his buffooneries at Parliament, for he cannot tolerate the idea of anybody talking except himself. But his positive enthusiasm for dictatorship began when he visited Italy.

There he fell under the glamour of Mussolini, who knew his weakness for flattery, gave him a roaring time and sent him home to sing the praises of the Italian dictator.

It was a sad blow to his Socialist friends, to whom the name of Mussolini was as the name of the devil himself. And when later Shaw went to Poland, and, having been given another triumphant reception, proclaimed the glories of the Pilsudski dictatorship, his faithful comrades of the Fabian camp gave him up for lost.

Soon came home

But his visit to Russia did something to redress the balance Here the flattery was so overwhelming that he became almost hysterical. Russia under Stalin was as near heaven on earth as the mind could conceive. True, there was nothing to eat, queues stood in every street before the empty shops, and labour was disciplined and regimented like soldiers on parade.

But what of that, so long as there was a Moses at the top to tell the people what to do and see that they did it? He was so impressed by Stalin that it was hinted that he would never come back. But he was soon home again in this Parliament-ridden land, and he is as likely to leave it for Russia or Italy as he is for his native Ireland, which he loathes with a peculiar intensity.

It is unfortunate that he has not paid his respects to Hitler in Germany or Kemal in Turkey, but if he does so I have no doubt that he will grovel before them as he has grovelled before the rest. For in this idolatry of the strong man there is no discrimination. All alike are divine, or at least semi-divine.

It is significant of Shaw's contempt for Democracy that the hardest knocks in his play are aimed at Labour He has gone Fascist rather than Communist in his brand of despotism, and the most human and convincing figure in his play is Hipney, the veteran Labour leader, who declares that the Labour movement "is rotten with book learning." He is sick of democracy and is ready to back any dictator who will "do something."

It is the head of a Convervative Government—perhaps Mr. Walter Elliot—whom Shaw nominates as dictator. His programme is to nationalise everything—except women—and to conscript labour. This is too much for the unemployed, and the play ends with a mob smashing the windows in Downing Street and singing "England arise," while the dictator inside is preparing to shut up Parliament and turn England into a despotism.

Tell us, G.B.S.!

The short answer to Shaw's arraignment of Parliament and Democracy is that, by every test that can be applied, the country which has survived the world convulsion best is that in which Parliament and Democracy have weathered the storm. Is there any sane man, with knowledge of the facts, who would swap England to-day for any country on earth—for the Germany of Hitler, the Italy of Mussolini, the Russia of Stalin, or even the America of Roosevelt?

Is there any other country in which life, property and, above all, liberty, are as secure as they are here? Our budget is balanced and the menace of national bankruptcy does not darken our sky. Will Mr. Shaw point to any great country on earth, from the United States on one side to Japan on the other, of which that can be said?

We have our unemployed problem, but what country hasn't? And where else has that problem been handled with such justice and humanity? Of what other country can it be said that, in a time of unprecedented catastrophe, the direst afflictions of poverty, absolute want, absolute starvation, are unknown?

Nothing doing!

Personal liberty, the most precious attribute of life, is enjoyed here when it has been suppressed in every country of Europe from the Rhine to the Urals and from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. As the *Manchester Guardian* remarks, English is almost the only country "where Mr. Shaw would not be in jail or scutiting for the border."

All this we owe to the fact that Parliamentary government has saved us from the wreck that has overtaken less fortunate countries. All this would be lost if we were mad enough to hand ourselves over to the tyranny of a dictator.

It is not we who are "On the Rocks." It is the dictatorships that are on the rocks. Mr. Shaw waves his wrecker's lantern to lure us to the same fate. But he will wave it in vain.

Not from the B.B.C.—P.C. 449 Intr-duces—

OUR CULTIVATED COPS

KINDLY salute when you see me,
And don't call me "Bertie," I pray!
For Cecil's my name,
And respect I must claim
From those who may come in my way.

This traffic is rather a nuisance!
One's uniform's covered with dust!
But one who's in blue,
One's duty must do,
Must one not? Why, one certainly must!

The scoffers may call me a "copper,"
But vainly you'll search for a sign
Which identifies me
With that vulgar P.C.
Who was known as P.C. 49!

True, we are both policemen, but there, I hope, the resemblance between the old P.C. 49 and the new P.C. 449 is at an end.

For I am a student at Lord Trenchard's new Police College, where we all look forward to the day when no person who has not known that *alma mater* will be permitted to lay hands on a crook or demand the production of his licence from a motorist.

There is, I know, a tendency to scoff at the examinations the undergraduates are required to pass before they can, so to speak, obtain their "blue"; historical subjects, such as "The Decline of Holland" and "The Ambitions of Louis XIV." being pointed to as having little to do with the increase of burglary in Laburnum Grove or the ambitions of Bill Sikes.

But the object all-sublime of our Commissioner is to make the peeler of to-morrow a man of all-round culture. Do not, however, imagine that he will be a bespectacled person whose intellect has been developed at the expense of other qualities.

Lessons in deportment are to play an important part in the college, and one need only glance at the official list of things with which candidates must provide themselves to see that the Beau Brummel ideal has not been lost to sight.

This little list includes a dinner jacket, four dress shirts, a pair of patent shoes, a cabin trunk, a clothes-brush and a toothbrush. Strangely enough, handkerchiefs are not mentioned.

This, however, is merely Lord Trenchard's tact, since he knows that a fellah who owns four (4) boiled shirts can be relied upon to provide himself with an embroidered handkerchief, don't you know.

P.C. four-hundred-and-forty-nine
Is a type entirely new.
I take a high and a haughty line
And homage exact as due;
I'm not at all like the old-time cop,
With a friendly nod at a traffic stop;
I'm something straight from the shelf on top—
A superman in blue!

I sit in my room and burn a lot
Of the finest midnight oil;
I read a lot and I learn a lot,
And I take care not to soil
My dinner jacket or shining shirt
Or patent shoes, which would surely hurt
A peeler's feet—all these assert
My freedom from vulgar toil!

I am the cop of the days to come
In the sweetest by-and-by;
Dressed and drilled in the ways to come,
With a brow that's, oh! so high!
I and my colleagues upon the beat
I feel quite sure you will think *too* sweet,
When you see us, looking so nice and neat,
Wearing the old school tie!

FREE GIFTS for everybody

FOR BOURNVILLE
COCOA COUPONS

48 COUPONS

DO YOU PLAY TABLE TENNIS ?

Black metal posts, strong net (4 ft. 6 ins.); two bats (one face cork) with rounded handles: eight match-quality balls. That's all you need for table tennis; that's all you need for a lot of fun. The complete outfit comes to you for 48 coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville; for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including many fine games and toys.

BUILT FOR HARD WORK

You will like this handy attache case. It is made of good quality compressed fibre and will stand up to really hard daily usage. It is attractively lined and fitted with two secure locks. When you send your 30 Bournville Cocoa coupons state whether you prefer a blue or brown case. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Toys and Games, Ladies' Leather Handbags, Suitcases, etc., etc.

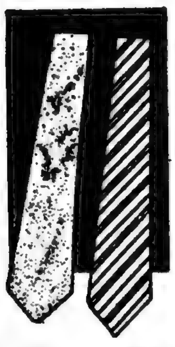
30 COUPONS

HERE ARE THE HOLIDAY SNAPS!

Keep all your photographs together; all in their right order; ready to show your friends—in this photograph album. There are 48 pages. Send only 15 Bournville Cocoa coupons. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Stationery, Fountain Pens, Boys' Stockings, etc., etc.

15 COUPONS

Fashionable Silk Ties



Take your choice of a wonderful selection of fashionable silk and art. silk ties! There are brown, blue and maroon ties in attractive patterns or plain. State your preference when you send your 16 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Flannel Trousers, Handkerchiefs, Shirts, etc., etc.

16 COUPONS

DO YOU WANT SOME BOOT BRUSHES?

Those old boot brushes are wearing out, why not get some new ones by collecting your Bournville Cocoa Coupons? For only 43 coupons you can have this set of 3 boot brushes. They are made of good quality bristles and finished off with polished wood backs. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including lovely toys for the children Tea Sets, Skirts, Ladies' Pyjamas, etc., etc.

43 COUPONS

20 COUPONS

KEEP WARM!

Why not have a warm pullover for the winter? This sleeveless pullover is yours for 20 Bournville Cocoa coupons. It is knitted from good quality yarn grey, with a contrasting colour at neck and armholes. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including "Valet" Razor Sets, Raincoats, Socks, etc., etc.

HOW DELICIOUSLY CREAMY!

CADBURY'S DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE

Of course you can taste the cream in Cadburys Milk Chocolate! There's a glass-and-a-half of rich, full-cream dairy milk in every ½-lb. block. Send 13 Bournville Cocoa coupons and you will receive a ¼-lb. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate and a ¼-lb. block of Cadburys Nut Milk Chocolate. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Table Forks, Aluminium Saucepans, Art. Silk Stockings, etc., etc.

13 COUPONS

BOURNVILLE COCOA

NOW 5½D. PER ½LB. TIN

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

WHAT IS IT THAT STANDS ON HIS HEAD?

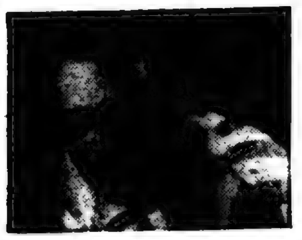
What a good idea—it stands on its head!
How smart it looks on the bathroom shelf!
It tastes so good, you could almost eat it!
You feel so *fresh* after using it!
It makes your breath so pleasant!
Even those obstinate tobacco stains soon go!
Your teeth are a joy to look at!

People don't merely *prefer* Milton Toothpaste—they're downright *enthusiastic* about it. The above remarks are just typical of what thousands of users are saying. And if you will get a tube of Milton Dental Cream and *try* it—you are almost certain to agree.

It is over two years ago that the Milton people set out with the deliberate purpose of producing a toothpaste which *on every score* would be better than any in existence. The tube itself was to be smarter and more convenient in design. The flavour was to be so delicious that it would make the brushing of your teeth a real pleasure. It had to be capable of whitening and brightening the teeth and removing all trace of stain—after only a few days' use. And yet—it had to contain nothing harmful or abrasive which would injure the enamel.

And now—Milton Toothpaste is here. A joy to use—it will do all that a toothpaste can (and more than a toothpaste has ever done before) to preserve your teeth from germs and decay. It is sold everywhere at all the usual places. And it costs only sixpence (or a large tube, containing 2¼ times as much, can be had for 1s.).

Warded off INFLUENZA..



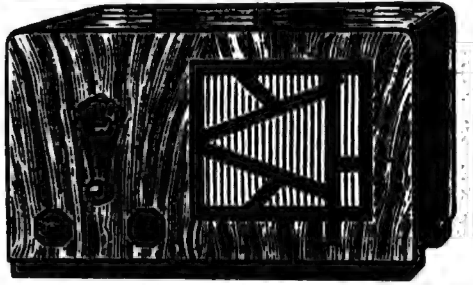
"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."
—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

● ● ●

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing . . . going . . . gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND
MUSTARD OINTMENT
Made in England
Musterole's Fine Products Company, Limited
4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



The GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set is a triumph of Radio skill & enterprise. Every component the best of its class.

All-steel Chassis, Special Coil Circuit using iron-cored radio frequency coils, Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker of advanced design and natural tone. British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Cabinet 17 x 10½ x 8½in. beautifully figured Walnut. Complete with Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Carriage Paid £6.16.0 or 8/- monthly No charge for Easy Terms

8/- NOW

Catalogue Free. Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass Super Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Now in 3d. boxes

Best for Throat and Chest

The new vest-pocket box of GRIPS is a boon and a blessing to those whose throats are troublesome In 2d., 6d. and 1/- boxes, loose by weight 2½d. per oz.

'GRIPS' FIRST AID PASTILLES

Castols

NO MORE CASTOR OIL

THE Chocolate Laxative
with 24 years' reputation

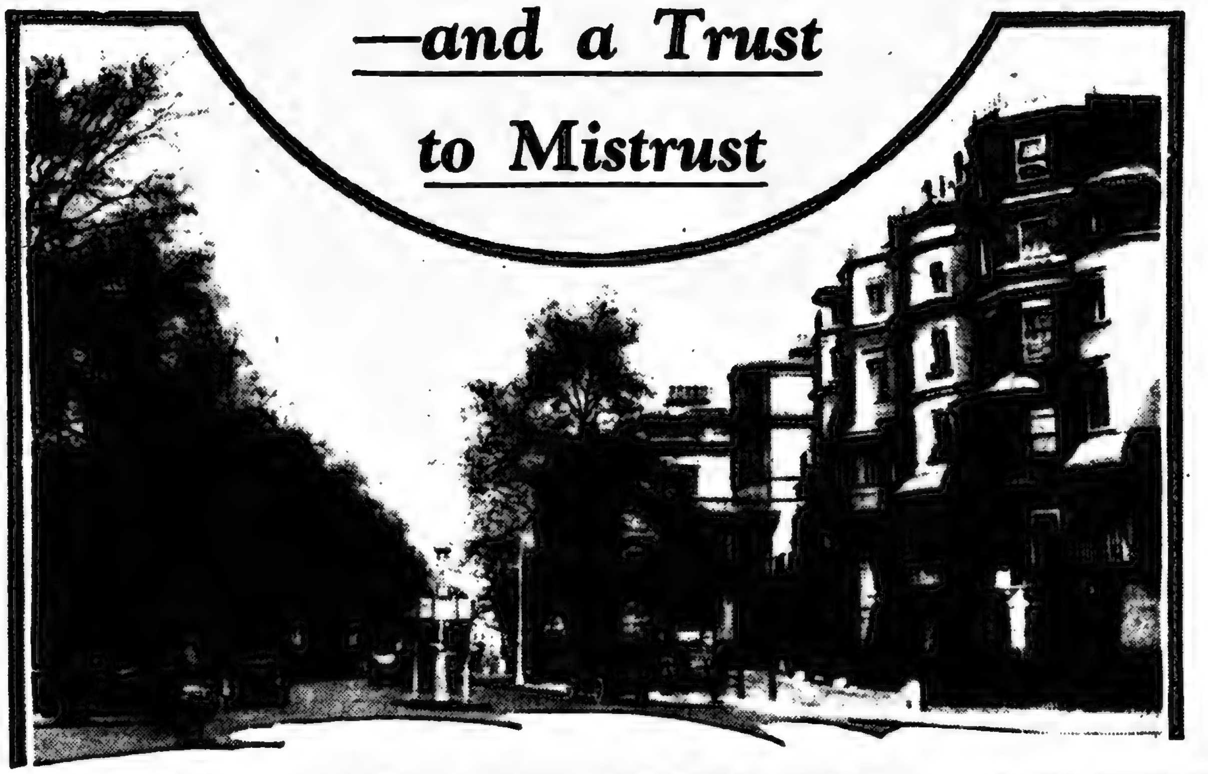
Castols were first brought out in 1909 and have proved perfectly safe and satisfactory under the severest test of all—the test of time. Your chemist will recommend them with the confidence of long experience.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

TEST TO-NIGHT—
FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

The Rogue of Park Lane

—and a Trust to Mistrust



Park Lane, street of millionaires, also houses the adventurer here exposed . . .

THE co-operation existing between our readers and the Investigation Department of JOHN BULL has enabled us to unravel the tangled affairs of yet another rogue, whose career of deception should be officially ended as soon as possible.

We refer to Arthur Egerton Brookes, a resplendent adventurer who lives in luxury in the vicinity of Park Lane, London, W., and whose associates boast of a great fortune he is supposed to have made in the Australian bush.

With his earlier days we are not concerned. Although knowing him to be a much-travelled man, we very much doubt the stories of his Australian fortune.

If he did once possess any such money, he must have squandered it long ago, since his more recent operations stamp him as a person who has, at times, been associated with criminals, and who is not in the least scrupulous as to how he obtains some of the cash he spends so freely.

Guiding light

At the moment he is the guiding light of the General Property and Investment Trust Co., which, with offices in Dover Street, Piccadilly, London, W., has for its chief aim the financing and general development of sound business propositions.

Although the title of this concern sounds so impressive, its name is very similar to that of a reputable firm in the City of London which, of course, has no connection whatever with it.

We first heard of Arthur Egerton Brookes when looking into the affairs of another venture.

This required a number of travellers of good appearance and education to "push" its various productions.

An employment agency advertised for likely men on its behalf, and in due course a number of applicants were engaged.

Each person appointed, it should be noted, had to invest money in the company, ranging from £100 to £250, in order to obtain the positions, all of which were stated to be of a highly lucrative character.

As there is no direct evidence to show that Arthur Egerton Brookes had any connection with this concern, we will not mention names, but one man, who was wise enough to make a few enquiries before handing over his money, discovered several facts of a disquieting nature about its financial foundations.

So he secured a further appointment with the employment agency concerned, and, relating the facts he had learnt, intimated that he was not prepared to risk his slender capital.

He was then introduced to Arthur Egerton Brookes, who regaled him with stories of the supposed work of the General Property and Investment Trust Co., and agreed to give him a good position at once, provided he put up a substantial sum of money as an investment.

So impressive was Mr. Brookes, and so business-like did his proposition appear to be, that the man parted with a cheque forthwith.

He has since discovered that most of the stories told by Brookes were flights of fancy, and that several other people were pressing him for money respecting debts he had incurred.

One of the men who recently sought to obtain redress from Brookes, originally got in touch with him some time ago at an office in Coventry Street, London, W.

Brookes, with an air of magnificence, suggested that he could raise a loan for the man in connection with an estate deal, and believing the transaction would go through successfully, the latter signed over to Brookes certain valuable documents.

Undefended

When Brookes' promises concerning the loan did not materialise, and certain other disquieting complications arose, which we will not go into here, the client found that he had to bring an action against Brookes in the High Courts.

Although he subsequently obtained judgment against Brookes, with costs, he has been unable to recover any money.

Brookes did not even bother to defend the action!

His financial career has been very shaky for some time, and numerous judgments have been obtained against him for varying amounts.

One of his recent schemes concerned the manufacture of a collapsible table, the commercialising of which was going to revolutionise the furniture trade.

In this connection, he is the director of a trumpery limited company, the last registered office of which is shown in the official returns as being at an address in Grosvenor Square, London, W. This, actually, was a flat he rented!

Certain people who have been persuaded to support him in this venture have, so far, seen nothing to justify his very enthusiastic stories.

Not long ago he was concerned with a scheme to assist struggling British farmers. He set out to float a "loan and trust" company, which, apart from incurring debts and obtaining financial support from one or two people, made no real headway.

The extent to which he allows his audacity to run may be gauged from the fact that, in connection with the flotation of this "loan and trust" venture, he actually used the notepaper of a West End solicitor for letters, which he both dictated and signed!

Some of these are in our possession, and, while the signature purports to be that of the solicitor, Brookes' initials—"A. E. B."—are scrawled underneath.

Curiously enough, these letters are addressed to a man who has been the subject of police enquiry as the result of complaints from people who have been swindled by him in certain companies.

It is said that a man should, quite apart from his own personal operations, be judged by the company he keeps.

From observations which our staff has kept for some time on the movements of Arthur Brookes, we can reveal that he keeps very bad company indeed.

Harold Brown, the man exposed last week for the despicable part he played in the white slave traffic, was a personal friend of Brookes; so also is Walter Kirby, the notorious company promoter, whom we denounced a few weeks ago for running an impudent ramp called the Somerset Oil Syndicate.

Best left alone

In his spare moments Brookes passes as an estate agent, and in this and other guises his name has often cropped up in the course of police enquiries.

His real name is believed to be Frank Egerton, and he has also been known by the alias of Edwardes.

Brookes, in any guise, should, in our considered opinion, be left severely alone. So, also, should any company with which he is connected.

The ROOF that FELL

WITH the snow already on the mountains of Perthshire has come an anticipation of Christmas, and more particularly, New Year, in every cottage.

Homes have taken on a new warmth and snugness in the joys of preparation.

But in one home that a few weeks ago was as cheerful and happy as any there is no such bustle. Its roof has been burnt away by a recent blaze, leaving its gutted interior at the mercy of wind and storm.

It was a disaster that is still the talk of the district.

Neighbours, seeing crimson shapes making fancy patterns in their room in the early morning, looked out and saw the roof of the cottage blazing, its occupants asleep beneath it, oblivious of their peril.

By the time the fire brigade arrived the roof had collapsed before the eyes of the rescued family.

To-day, with the New Year coming (and the New Year is more important than Christmas in a Scottish home), that family has not lost hope.

They have received a cheque to restore their loss, because they had signed a form like one you can turn to to-day on page 6, a simple act which cost nothing.

And with that . . . Well, let the wife complete the story.

"Please accept our thanks for the handsome cheque you sent us," she writes. "It will be a great help to us to get our home together again in the coming winter. Only for JOHN BULL it would have been a very sorry one."

Only for JOHN BULL—and the foresight in signing that coupon!

Perilous Partnership

A MUSWELL HILL reader in urgent need of employment in his normal capacity of chauffeur, was tempted to respond to an advertisement inserted in a daily newspaper by Gerald Ryan, described as a "general merchant and manufacturers' agent," of Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

His experience should be a warning to those invited to invest their savings in concerns regarding which they know very little.

Ryan required an investment of £125, in return for which he was ready to pay a salary of £3 10s. a week, plus a share in the profits.

Learning that our reader possessed only £100, Ryan accepted this amount, and an agreement was drawn up and signed.

An understanding was immediately reached that the balance of £25 due to Ryan should be deducted from the salary to be paid at the rate of ten shillings a week.

At this time our reader was in poor health. Three days after he had entered into partnership with Ryan, he was compelled to take to his bed and call in a doctor.

Ryan expressed his regret, adding that he was able to attend to everything in the meantime, so his partner was not to worry.

But in spite of this our reader could not help feeling anxious for the safety of his little capital.

In the brief time he had been employed in the office rented by Ryan he had seen few signs of the boasted prosperity.

He was ill for three weeks, and he was paid his salary as usual; but immediately on his return to Shaftesbury Avenue, Ryan began to avoid his company.

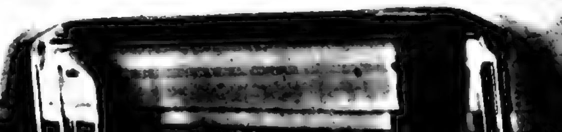
The first shock came at the end of the fourth week, when Ryan confessed that he was unable to find the £3 due.

On the following Monday, when the partner reported, Ryan could not pay his full money, and on the next day both Ryan and his secretary were missing.

Then the anxious partner received a letter-card bearing a Dublin postmark, which, purporting to come from Bellandine, in Galway, explained that Ryan had gone to see his sick father.

Forty-eight hours afterwards, Ryan wrote again—presumably from his Irish address—saying he would be unable to return to London at all.

Meanwhile his partner, penniless and disillusioned, is forced to resume his search for work.



"SKYSCRAPER RADIO"

ABSORBINGLY INTERESTING TO BUILD
70 STATIONS TO CHOOSE FROM
CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT
FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

What greater gift for any home?

GREAT LISSEN CONSTRUCTIONAL CHART TELLS EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH EVERY SINGLE NUT AND SCREW!

FIRSTLY, there is the absorbing interest of watching the "Skyscraper" develop under your own hands from a box of parts to a clean, glistening, all-metal radio receiver. **THEN** the thrill of trying it out—of bringing in stations you have never heard before—of being able to pick any programme you like from your Christmas newspapers and bring it in with certainty—of dancing all Christmas if you like to bands from the ends of Europe.

Lissen have published a Constructional Chart, giving the most detailed instructions ever printed for the building of a wireless set. You can't go wrong—you are told exactly what to do—every part, every wire, every terminal is identified by photographs. Everybody without any technical knowledge or skill, can safely and with **COMPLETE CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS** undertake to build this most modern of radio receivers from the instructions given and the parts Lissen have supplied.

THE ONLY KIT YOU CAN BUILD YOURSELF EMPLOYING METALLISED S.G. HIGH MU DETECTOR AND ECONOMY POWER PENTODE VALVES

COMPLETE IN CABINET WITH LOUDSPEAKER £6·5s or 11/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 10/6

This Lissen "SKYSCRAPER" Kit set is the only one on the market that you can build yourself employing a Metallised Screened Grid Valve. High Mu Detector and Economy Power Pentode. Around these three valves Lissen have designed a home constructor's kit the equal of which has never been before. Why be satisfied with whispering foreign stations when you can **BUILD WITH YOUR OWN HANDS** this **LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER"** that will bring in loudly and clearly distant stations in a profusion that will add largely to your enjoyment of radio?

You can get the Lissen "Skyscraper" Chart **FREE** from any radio dealer, or by posting the **COUPON** below direct to factory.

To-day you can buy the **LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" KIT** on Gradual Payment Terms.

The LISSEN SKYSCRAPER
complete with valves 89/6

COMPLETE WITH VALVES
89/6
OR 8/6 DOWN AND 12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 7/6 EACH

"Skyscraper" Chassis Kit, complete with Valves. CASH PRICE 89/6. Or 8/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 7/6.

"Skyscraper" Kit complete with Walnut Cabinet and inbuilt Loudspeaker, as illustrated, £6 5s. CASH. Or 11/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 10/6.

To LISSEN LTD., Publicity Dept., ISLEWORTH.
Please send me FREE copy of your "SKYSCRAPER" 3 Chart.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....

ASK YOUR DEALER OR POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE CHART

LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" KIT 3

BANISH THAT COLD, 'FLU OR RHEUMATIC ATTACK BY SIMPLE MEANS THE 'ASPRO' METHOD HELPS NATURE

SPECIAL
STOP THAT COLD WITH 'ASPRO'

We are getting back to an age of common sense and simplicity. 'ASPRO' has brought this truth vigorously to the front. It is one of the reasons for its great success. It has long been recognised that one of Nature's most effective ways of getting rid of illness in an individual is by throwing out poisons through the hundreds of thousands of pores in the skin. This is one of the reasons why 'ASPRO' not only soothes away the pain but helps to attack the cause by promoting the action of the skin and getting rid of the poison. 'ASPRO' action is not one of suppression. It is a throwing-out or eliminating one. Apart from its characteristic of promoting healthy action of the skin 'ASPRO' is also, after ingestion in the system, an antipyretic, an internal antiseptic and a powerful germicide. So you see 'ASPRO' can assist Nature:—

TO THROW OUT THE POISONS BY THE SIMPLE METHOD OF ELIMINATION

FAMILY BENEFITED BY 'ASPRO'

68, Oliphant Street, Queen's Park,
London, W.10.

Dear Sir,
I must write and thank you for the relief of neuralgia and rheumatism, my family and I have received great benefit from your 'ASPRO.' It is a sure remedy for almost any complaint.
Yours truly, J. WISEMAN.

COLDS QUICKLY DISAPPEAR

H.M.S. Danae,
America & West India Station.

Dear Sir,—It's a great pleasure to me to write and tell you of the great benefit I have derived from your tablets. Many a time I have felt a bad cold coming on, but after taking a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets it suddenly disappears and I feel O.K. again. I think it is the finest medicine ever made, not only for colds, but many other things.
I remain, Gratefully yours,
F. J. WARNE.

INFLUENZA COLD GOES THANKS TO 'ASPRO'

57, Farleigh Road,
Cardiff.

Dear Sirs,
I feel I must let you know of the benefit I have received from your wonderful tablets. I have just got over an influenza cold thanks to 'ASPRO.' I was advised to take them by my wife, who is a firm believer in 'ASPRO' for headaches. In future I will not hesitate to recommend them to anyone.
Yours sincerely, E. J. WOODS.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE
Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make a very excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

All leading Chemists stock and display 'ASPRO'

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6
EXTRA TABLETS FREE!
The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains ten extra tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO.' The next cheapest way is the 1/3 packet, which contains two extra tablets.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.
Agents: GOLLIN AND CO. PTY., LTD.
('ASPRO' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: Slough 663.
No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.
Made by ASPRO, Ltd., Slough, England.

The EYES MEN from the EAST

A BUNCH of DARK DUD DOCTORS EXPOSED

"THOUSANDS of eyes are permanently blinded annually by unscientific attempts of ignorant practitioners to cure cataract."

Although this statement was made by Col. R. F. Baird concerning India, at a recent sitting of the India Joint Committee, it also strikes a warning note regarding a menace here in our midst.

For there has lately been a positive invasion of Indian eyesight quacks to this country, and they are losing no time in establishing themselves in London and the provinces.

We receive numerous letters from readers of JOHN BULL enquiring about the treatment offered by these dark-skinned "eye specialists."

As a rule, they advertise largely in the provincial Press, and undertake to treat all eye diseases by means of a wonderful Oriental method.

They make the most pretentious claims, though most of them possess no recognised qualifications at all.

One of the most active of these self-styled experts is Mohamed Bogh, of Fenton Street, Leeds.

Cure-all humbug

This charlatan is without any qualification, degree or diploma that is recognised in this country.

Yet he has the brazen effrontery to advertise that he can cure bad eyesight or catarrh without an operation. "Don't neglect your eyes. Come and consult me now!" is his impressive slogan.

His activities have already got him into trouble, yet he carries on as brazenly as ever.

Not long ago, when Bogh was sued at Leeds County Court by a printer whose bill he had not paid, Judge Woodcock asked him: "Don't you think you have probably done enough mischief?"

Bogh muttered an inaudible reply. But the judge's remarks on this occasion have apparently had no effect on him, for he is still advertising that he will cure anything, from bad eyesight to a cold in the head.

Yet he is a positive danger as an eye specialist, as the following case shows:

A poor woman went to him for eye treatment, and he diagnosed "cataract in the second degree."

And for treatment and advice he charged a fee of two guineas.

The patient became dissatisfied with the treatment, and wisely went to a qualified specialist, who promptly informed Bogh that his diagnosis was entirely wrong, and accused him of obtaining the fees from the woman by false pretences.

Mohamed Bogh, in this case, decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and returned the fees.

Another group of Indian eye specialists, who advertise "Amazing Eye Cures," trade as Dean Brothers, of St. George's Road, Bolton They also attend patients at addresses at Manchester, Bradford, Rochdale, and Keighley.

"I am convinced that this treatment can do no conceivable good whatever," he said—Judge A. T, Crosthwaite

The principal of Dean Brothers is Hm. F. M Dean, who promises in his advertisements to strengthen weak eyesight to such an extent that those who receive his treatment can dispense with their eyeglasses.

Some hope!

"We have cured people suffering from practically all the eye diseases, so don't lose hope," is one of the flamboyant claims made in the advertising sent out by these Oriental "specialists."

"Take your opportunity, or it may be too late, because the older a disease gets, the harder, and, in some cases, it becomes impossible to cure. Consult us now."

People who go to Dean for eye treatment are given a special Indian ointment as part of the cure.

"Almost blind people cured in many cases," announces this unblushing Eastern quack as he searches for patients who can provide the necessary fees.

Another of the Dean family, Gulam Gudae Dean, of Bolton, made an inglorious appearance at Bolton County Court before Judge Crosthwaite, who had some pungent comments to make during the hearing of a case.

It was brought by a grocer's warehouseman, who received treatment for short-sightedness at the hands of Dean. He had paid £4 1s. in fees for treatment.

This warehouseman stated in court that Dean told him that he could effect a perfect cure and take the glasses from his eyes, but, after lengthy treatment, his eyesight was actually worse.

Dean had treated this man's eyes with an ointment made from pills alleged to have come from India. These were crushed and mixed into a paste, which was applied to the eyes.

Judge's indictment

Though judgment was given for Dean, as he had not committed himself to an actual warranty, it is significant that Judge Crosthwaite made the following comment:

"It distresses me to think that people like defendant can set up in Bolton, and by treatment which I am convinced can do no conceivable good whatever, deprive people of their hard-earned wages."

Yet another member of the Dean Brothers concern is C. Dean, who usually attends patients at Drake Street, Rochdale.

This wretched quack boasts that, after treatment, "the blind see," and advertises a testimonial to this effect.

Enough has been said to show that the Dean brothers, who are not recognised optical practitioners, are a positive danger to eye sufferers who may entrust themselves to their care.

Yet another name can be added to the list of Indian "Eye Specialists" who are at present favouring this country with their presence.

It is that of Jahangir and Sons, of Francis Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, who boast that they are of "professional standing for centuries," whatever that may mean.

Jahangir and Sons likewise claim some amazing "cures." They offer "Indian eye treatment for all eye diseases," and actually state that weak eyes may be strengthened, "so that glasses can be discarded."

One of their clients, they announce in an advertisement, received three months' "painless" Indian eye treatment at their hands, no less than twenty years ago—and, strange to relate, "he still maintains his eyesight"!

Another client, according to a printed testimonial, claims a lasting cure, after wearing glasses for twenty-one years.

It is with such advertisements and such testimonials that Jahangir and Sons carry on the work of snatching fees for treatment from poor people who can ill afford to spare the money. They are lured on with the promise of reasonable charges.

Positive menace

Enough has been said to prove that these Indian "Eye Specialists" are a positive menace to the community, and we fail to see why they should be tolerated in this country

It is obvious that persons suffering from eye trouble of any kind are running grave risks in submitting themselves to treatment at the hands of these dark-skinned quacks

We urge our readers to avoid all contact with Indian charlatans who pose as eye specialists.

A SEER SLIPS UP!

PROFESSOR CONTI, of 6, Conduit Street, Mayfair, London, W.1, claims to have astonished thousands of his patrons by the amazing accuracy of his astrological predictions.

But surely none can be more amazed than three JOHN BULL readers in Malta, who sent along their fees to the professor hoping to become masters of their fate, and to acquire expert advice and guidance.

One, born in March some thirty years ago, was flattered when she found herself under the same "dominant influence" of the planets as Dame Ellen Terry and Lord Birkenhead.

She was likewise delighted to discover that her guiding star is that which governs Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and which also exercised a magic spell upon Lord Nelson.

* * *

Professor Conti is most interested in the future. The resources of Chaldean Astrology and of Empirical Science are at her disposal, and a full life reading is offered to her for a further fee.

The self-styled "world-renowned" professor winds up two closely typewritten pages of trash with his best wishes to one from whom he hopes to hear again.

But, strange to relate, an exact reproduction of the cyclo-styled letter despatched to the first reader—born in March—has been sent to a second reader who was born in August, some years later

The same "very dominant" planet which influenced the life of Dame Ellen Terry, born in February, 1848, it appears, influenced Lord Birkenhead and governs George Bernard Shaw, both of whom were born in July.

* * *

It likewise casts its fateful beam on Rudyard Kipling, born in December, as it did upon Lord Nelson, hero of Trafalgar and the Nile.

And Professor Conti is able to indicate many interesting events likely to happen to yet a third reader, born in September, who has been favoured with an identical reading!

No doubt it saves the professor a great deal of trouble to send out a stock "reading" in this way, but it reflects on his powers as a seer that he could not divine that his three latest clients are near neighbours!

Will-o'-the-Wisp SMITH

SOME rogues work and travel quickly. A month ago we exposed a man named Raymond Smith, who excels in opening bogus businesses for the sole purpose of duping unemployed men.

In the guise of "Smith and Partners," he caught several people while operating as a "business consultant" from an office in Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and the object of our previous article was to demand his arrest.

But he is still playing his old, profitable game with skill.

At Great Yarmouth he opened up another business and, with an office in Blackfriars Road, advertised for canvassers to conduct a house-to-house campaign selling a new stain remover which he was anxious to put on the market.

* * *

Applicants, however, had to deposit £10 with Smith as a sign of good faith, and against samples they would carry and moneys they would collect in the course of their duties.

He had come up against so much dishonesty amongst canvassers that he was reluctantly compelled to make this stipulation to safeguard himself.

He safeguarded himself all right, for he simply did his usual trick of disappearing the moment he thought it unwise to remain any longer in the town, where he duped shopkeepers and canvassers to the extent of £200.

From Great Yarmouth he went to Swansea, where he has during the past few days repeated his stain-removing operations, and, having succeeded in getting further dupes, disappeared once more.

In every instance his dupes have been amazed by his duplicity, because he impressed them as a genuine business man, with valuable concessions.

"Raymond Smith" is, we find, only an alias for a notorious adventurer named David Norris, who has quite a colourful past "history."

BUY WISELY

ARMY CLUB

THE BEST OF THE SHILLING CLASS—BUT

20 for 10½D

Splendid value in the old days at 20 for 1/-
Extraordinary value now at 20 for only 10½D

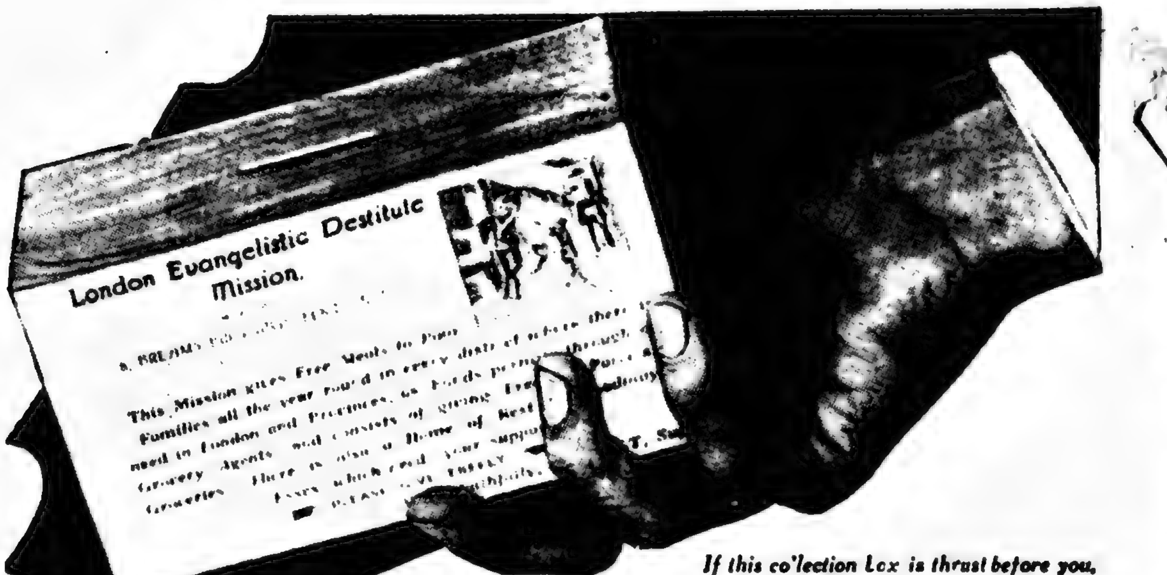
FULL SIZE
FULL WEIGHT
FULL QUALITY

IDEAL FOR CHRISTMAS

Decorated tins of fifty, packed ready for the post, 2/2

TESTED JB

A MISSION of MISCHIEF



If this co'lection Lox is thrust before you, look the other way . . .

"Knows every trick of the money-raising game"—Pastor Daniel Hurst

A MEMBER of Parliament came to JOHN BULL a few days ago to ask for information regarding what he believed to be an important national religious and philanthropic organisation, which is wholly dependent on public support.

The M.P. is a man of great business experience, well known also for his generous benevolence. He brought with him a quantity of literature describing the far-spread charitable activities of the society about which he was enquiring.

Appeal to M.P.s

He had been so impressed by this literature that he actually contemplated making a private appeal to the members of both Houses of Parliament to subscribe to the charity before they went on Christmas vacation.

It is named the London Evangelistic and Destitute Mission.

A file of information which we possess regarding this so-called Mission was shown to the M.P.

Great was his amazement indeed when he examined it. He confessed that, for all his experience, he had no idea that it was still possible for a bogus charity to operate on such a scale without intervention by the police.

Unfortunately, too many Members of Parliament seem to have no knowledge of the astounding feebleness of the law in respect of charities administration, or of the extent to which the kindliest instincts of the community are being exploited.

Gigantic drive

There is hope now, however, in consequence of this M.P.'s visit to our office, that he will take the first opportunity to introduce a private member's Bill in the House of Commons to end this kind of gross and widespread imposition carried on in the guise of religious endeavour.

It was fortunate for this purpose that, until he approached JOHN BULL, the M.P. had himself been deceived by the London Evangelistic and Destitute Mission Of all the nasty charities in this country to-day, it is the most undesirable.

The public has special reason to be on guard against it at this season when purse-strings are about to be loosened for the Christmas festival.

A gigantic drive is being made over the country to fill the coffers of the Mission in the next two weeks.

Its appeals may be flashed on the screens at kinema theatres, followed by collections among the audiences; high-sounding, nobly-phrased literature will be delivered at private houses; collectors will call with money boxes and subscription books at homes, offices, and workshops; and envelopes will be left to be filled with donations.

The money, it is stated in leaflets now being showered on the country, is required not only to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and relieve distress, but funds are specially sought to provide free Christmas dinners and teas and children's Christmas trees.

In the London Evangelistic Mission and its pretensions to dispense lavish relief of the needy is to be found a perfect example of the astounding tolerance by the law of the most despicable type of cheating.

Any sneak can to-day found a charity agency and pocket £999 19s. 11¾d. out of every £1,000 of revenue so long as he can prove that he has applied the odd farthing to the objects of his supposed charity!

He is under no control or supervision—Scotland Yard cannot even demand the production of particulars—there need be no responsible body of management, and accounts can be compiled and issued or withheld by the whim of the promoter.

The London Evangelistic Mission is solely owned and conducted by an individual calling himself Pastor Daniel Hurst, who not only knows every trick of the money-raising game, but who is adept in evasion and sophistry.

50% commission

Daniel Hurst, who is not, of course, a recognised clergyman of any denomination, pays prodigal remuneration to the army of collectors, whom he has let loose in the land to find funds for him.

They are allowed to deduct ten shillings out of every pound they gather in, and have the extraordinary privilege of opening the collecting boxes themselves!

Without check or enquiry, Hurst is willing to accept just what his minions care to send to him.

One set of instructions issued to them was that if they remitted money to him by postal order or cheque it should be made payable not to the Mission, but to him personally and sent to his private address!

Pastor Hurst has not the slightest fear of the police. Indeed, in one set of orders just issued to his agents in the Midlands it is audaciously boasted that this bogus organisation always works in complete harmony with the police!

Hurst is quite indiscriminate in selecting the people whom he pays so liberally for his intensive cadging campaign.

Jailbird friends

Paupers and dishonest people are enlisted, but this fact is not altogether surprising when it is known that at different periods of his life Hurst's partners in the charity ramp have been sent to prison for fraud.

His legion of collectors, now being advertised for and engaged in so many areas of the country for the great Christmas swoop, are asked to produce testimonials as to character. "But," it is added hintingly, "this is purely a matter of form."

The London Evangelistic Mission has not even a permanent address. It has had numerous supposed headquarters, but all of them have been merely accommodation addresses or the private lodgings of Pastor Hurst.

He is a specialist in advocating the claims of and appealing for money for mythical societies and institutions.

We have information about him seeking widely for finance for a home for motherless children, and what he calls an Eleventh Hour Home in which the aged poor might spend the twilight of life. The foundation stones of both have been laid only in his imagination.

For the present, however, there is enough reason to be concerned with the assault he is making upon the generous public at this Christmastide. Chief constables everywhere should observe it closely and, if possible, smash this nation-wide imposition.

Homely Wisdom

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

ZERO HOUR

DR. HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND tells a fine story of the comfort he was able to give on one occasion to a young fellow at the point of death. He was but a young man himself at the time, but he could not have acted more wisely or effectually if he had had twice the amount of experience at his command.

A ship had caught fire at sea in the night, and the young engineer on duty fought his way through the flames to save his chief, whom he imagined to be asleep in his cabin.

The chief was not there, and the would-be rescuer, after searching for him in vain, had to make his way back to his companions through what was now a roaring conflagration. He was so shockingly burned that his death was inevitable, though he was rushed to hospital as soon as he could be landed.

Dr. Sutherland did his best to minimise the dying man's bodily pain. Presently the latter, who was fully conscious, said: "I know I am going, doctor; do you think I shall be punished for my sins on the other side?" The doctor replied: "I don't know what will happen to the rest of us, but you are all right."

"How's that?"

"Why, man, you are lying here because you have done the greatest thing that any man could possibly do with his life. And don't you remember what the Bible says about that? 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'"

"I never thought of that."

"Well, think of it now."

"I will."

I am not quite sure that I have the wording of the conversation exactly right, but it is near enough to the facts. Dr. Sutherland does not realise that the story redounds to his own credit at all, but it certainly does. He said just the right thing to give a fellow-man peace of mind in his last hour.

Doctors, nurses and clergymen see more of men and women in physical extremity than other people do, and they receive confidences at such times that would not be spoken at other times. It is a great responsibility that they bear, and members of these professions need to have wise heads and tender hearts.

But is the end of life the most troublous time in life? Not with most of us, I think. Every one of us comes to a moment soon or late, perhaps at successive crises, when we feel drained of hope and energy, and know not what course to take or whither to turn for relief.

What we need then, above all else, is something to hold on to that will not fail us, something whose nature is to calm and strengthen and reassure our fainting soul; something to think of, and keep on thinking of while storm and darkness last.

What shall that something be? I know nothing surer and stronger than that to which Dr. Sutherland advised his sinking patient to cling. The love in our own hearts is matched by the love of Heaven, and there is no good we can do that is better than the good that life has in store for us when we do our best.

TWO MORE DAYS!

Hurry, grown-ups! You have only two more days in which to make a child supremely happy with the most wonderful children's Christmas gift of all time. If you have not yet sent in your reservation form for the marvellous "Children's Wonder Book," you must do so by not later than Saturday, December 9.

Final reservation forms for this great volume were published last week.

Complete your form and send it by the very next post if you have not done so already.

Delightful stories are told in these 768 large pages and pictured in nearly 400 exciting illustrations. There are scores and scores of treasures from the imaginations of the world's greatest writers of children's stories.

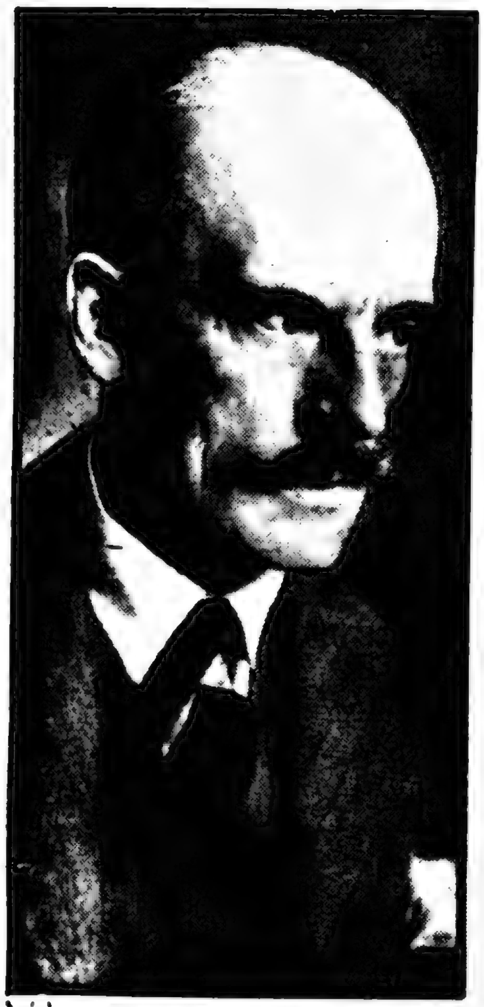
JOHN BULL has made it the easiest thing in the world for everyone to secure this magnificent volume. It can be obtained just as quickly by two easy payments instead of paying for it all at once.

Don't hesitate. Cut out the Reservation Form in last week's JOHN BULL and post immediately.

Major-General SIR WYNDHAM CHIL S

unearths a

NATION-W MEDICAL FRAUD



Sir Wyndham Childs: "Gladly I take up the challenge"

A GREAT network of medical fraud is spreading through the country — a carefully organised business of peddling alleged remedies for common ailments, and of selling treatment for afflictions by post.

The headquarters of this traffic is the Natural Health Institute at Bournemouth, but branches are operating at Leicester, Derby, Burton-on-Trent and elsewhere.

Some idea of the extent of this business may be gathered from the mere recital of a list of towns, from which I have received, during the past few weeks, complaints and enquiries about the "Master Quack" who is the principal in this medical treatment factory. These towns include:—

Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Blackburn, Boroughbridge, Bournemouth, Bristol, Bury (Lancs), Cardiff, Cirencester, Crewe, Darlaston (Staffs), Derby, Devonport, Gateshead-on-Tyne, Glasgow, Gloucester, Gourock, Hull, Leeds, Leicester, Leytonstone, London (many districts), Ludlow, Manchester, Middlesbrough, Newquay (Cornwall), Normanton, Pontypridd, Portsmouth, Rochester, Rotherham, Salford, Southsea, Stockport, Tarlieb, Dumbartonshire, Wellingborough, Wellington (Somerset), West Bromwich, West Cornforth (Durham), and Wotton-under-Edge (Gloucestershire).

A public menace

Of late, the business has developed into a serious public menace, constituting, as it does, a fraud in its pretensions and a danger in its application.

I shall show in this article how essential it is that official action should be taken to suppress this spurious concern and its offshoots.

In a recent issue of JOHN BULL I exposed the sham of the Natural Health Institute, Winton, Bournemouth, with its bogus consultant, "Bertram Baker," and its "honorary assistant, Lawrence Dennison."

To patients who wrote to the so-called Institute concerning my article Bertram Baker has had the impudence to send a letter in the following terms:—

"It grieves me to learn that your faith in my cure has been shaken by a scandalous article which is wholly untrue. The article in JOHN BULL is directed against a Mr. L. Dennison, who left this business three months ago; the present proprietor is Mr. H. Davis. I would mention that a purely personal attack is no justification for the good work carried on by me at this Institute. The so-called 'Quack' is curing more people in one week than the whole of the medical profession can effect in years."

Gladly I take up the challenge implied in that letter, for the statement is just a plain lie.

Lawrence Dennison is still connected with the Institute. In fact, he alternates between the personalities of Dennison, Bertram Baker and H. Davis, as occasion may serve.

Actually, neither Bertram Baker nor Lawrence Dennison exists. These two names are aliases for Arthur Lewis, one of the most plausible and unscrupulous rogues in England.

The three men associated with the Natural Health Institute are:—

Arthur Lewis, the chief. His real name is Abraham Gittleson.

H. Davis, brother-in-law to Lewis, at one time a phrenologist in Brixton Market.

Frank Gibson, another relative, otherwise "Professor Gibson."

Fake Testimonials

While directing the mail order "cures" by post from Bournemouth, Lewis is also practising valueless treatment for the deaf at centres in the Midlands. All these different undertakings are connected with him.

He is the man who draws the largest proportion of the receipts.

To indicate the fraudulent pretensions of Arthur Lewis, it is best to step behind the scenes of the Natural Health Institute—his finest profit-making venture.

I say this with emphasis:

The majority of the testimonials printed in the ridiculous literature of the Institute, and on which business is secured, are completely bogus. They are bought and paid for; given by people who have never tried the Institute treatment.

Many of these testimonials were secured through a press agent in London, who has been described as the "Testimonial King." This man, on the payment of a stated scale of charges, will obtain testimonials for any kind of remedy. He was offered £40 for his services by Lewis.

Testimonial-givers of the bogus type are paid a definite sum for their first letter of recommendation, and their photograph for publication, and then, in addition, they receive a small fee for any enquiry they answer from a prospective patient.

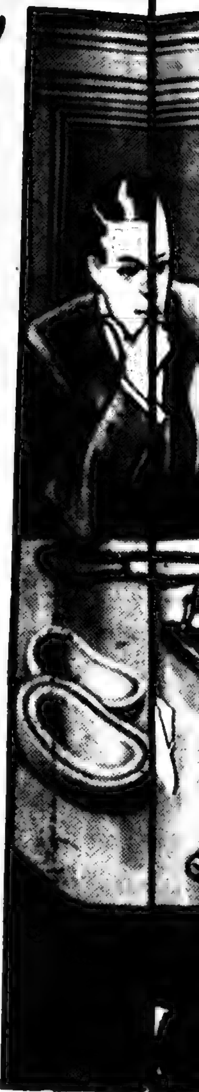
Well-known people, who have written testimonials for Lewis—although they have never taken any of his medicines—have been paid £10 for the use of their names.

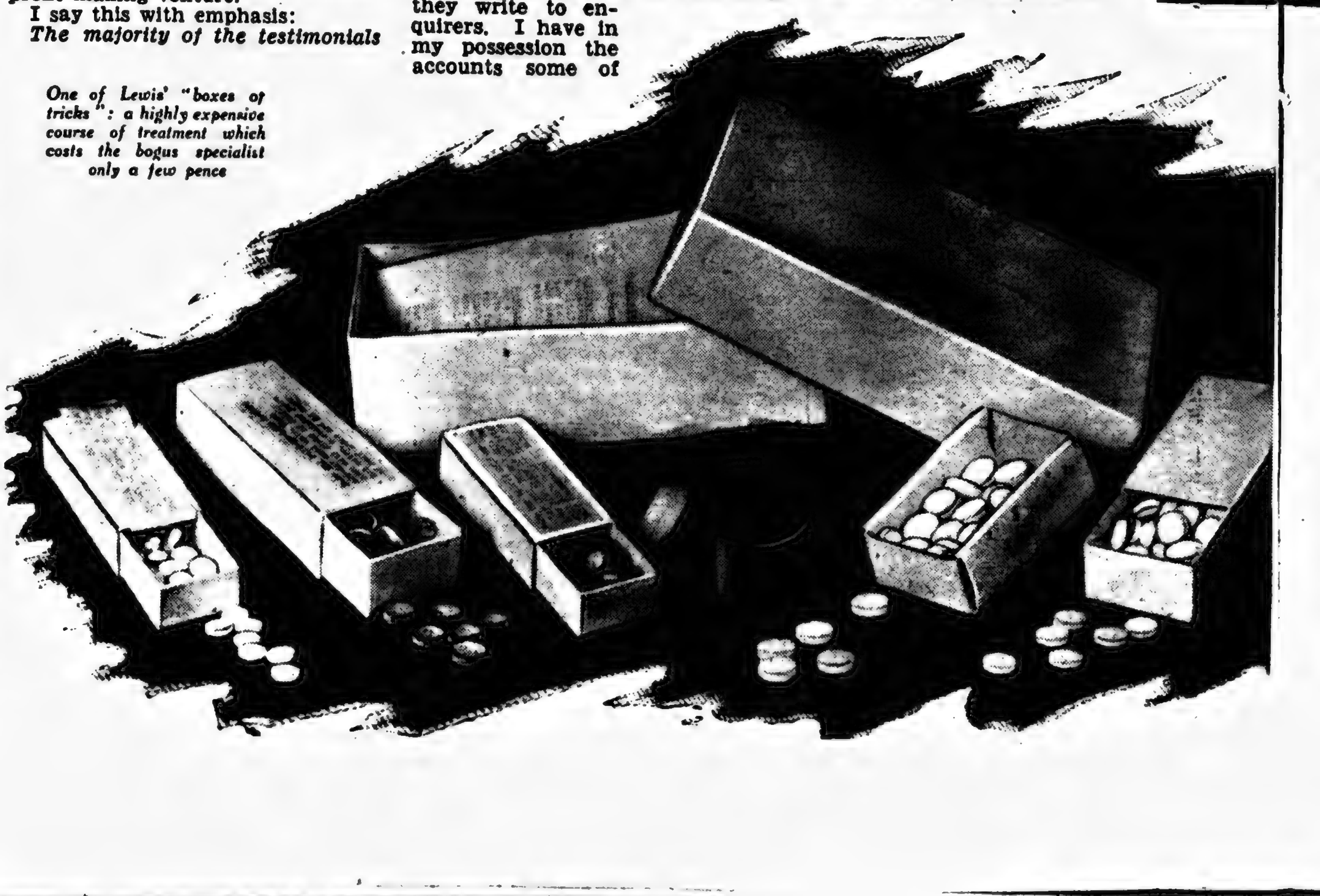
Some of the ordinary unknown people who write testimonials receive £1, with 2s. 6d. for each letter they write to enquirers. I have in my possession the accounts some of these individuals have rendered to the Institute.

There is no truth whatever in the statements made by Lewis in his advertisements and in his literature that patients receive individual attention; that each case which comes in is diagnosed separately, and a special treatment is prepared for every sufferer.

Everything at the Institute is on mass production lines. Communications from patients and their "diagnosis forms" are passed over to young girl typists to answer. There are set forms of duplicator-printed letters for different ailments—one set of letters for deafness, another for asthma, a third for catarrh, and so on.

It is the same with the medicines despatched to clients. These are received in bulk quantities from a small firm of manufactur-





One of Lewis' "boxes of tricks": a highly expensive course of treatment which costs the bogus specialist only a few pence

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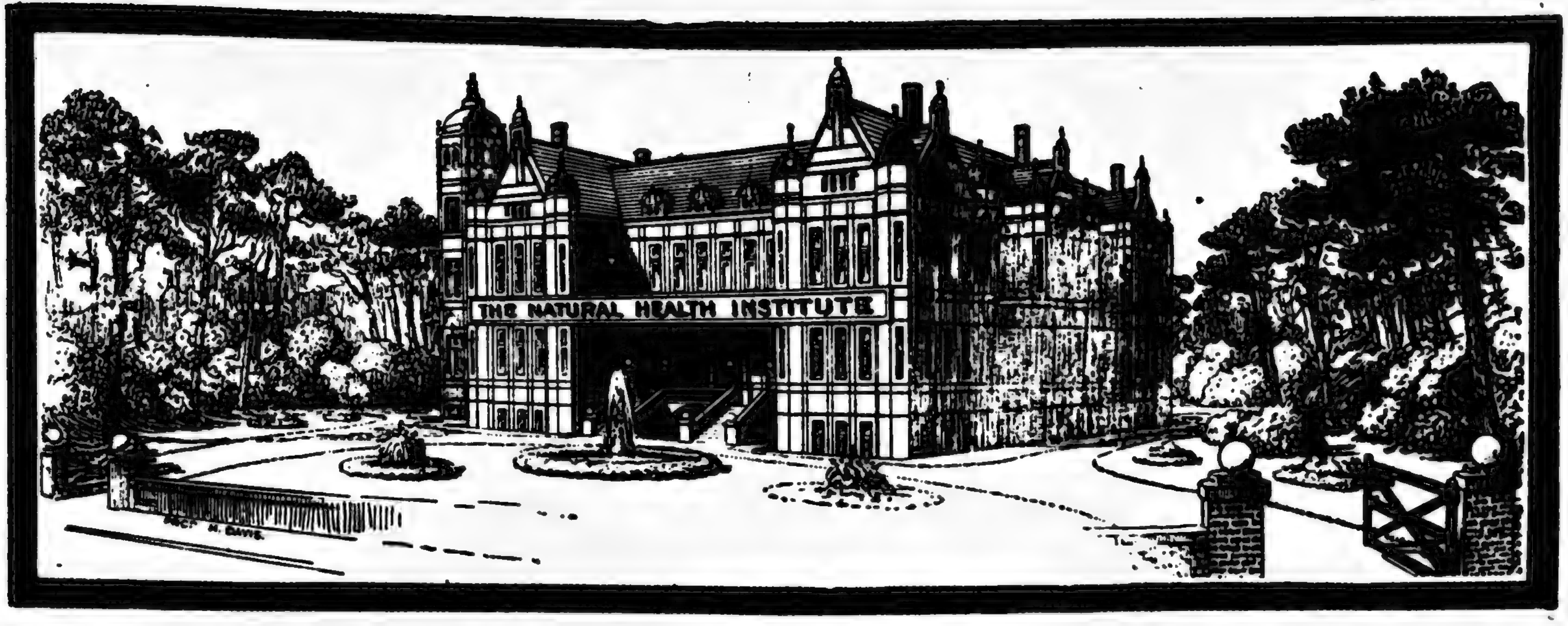
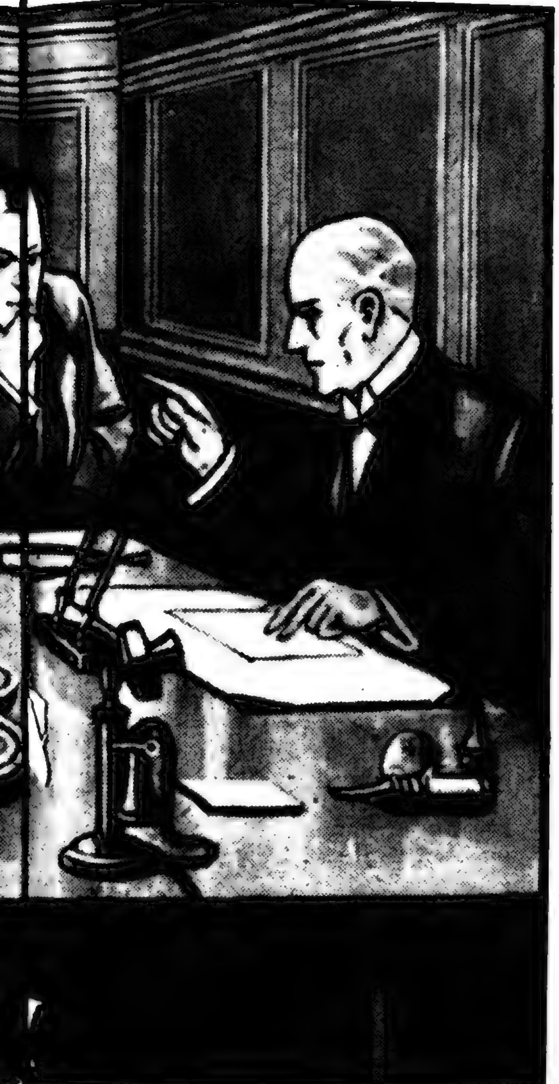


This sketch is spread across the top of the notepaper used by the Natural Health Institute, thus giving an utterly false impression of its extensiveness,. Actually the Bournemouth headquarters of the Institute is a double-fronted villa rented by Lewis



"The Consulting Room" is Lewis description of this drawing which appears in his advertisements. Surely it is remarkable that there is no published photograph of any of the activities of the Natural Health Institute—they would be very much more convincing!

ing chemists in Islington, London, and then repacked in small parcels by girls ready for the post.

No proper supervision is given to the girls who do the packing. They work in the kitchen and scullery of the small house in Charminster Avenue, Bournemouth, which is the "Natural Health Institute."

Quite commonly the various pellets and pills get mixed in the packing, but that does not matter to Arthur Lewis. His only concern is the money received.

Medicines are posted with quite contrary instructions pasted on the boxes, so careless is the work.

Here is an example:

Directions on one side of the box:

Take two tablets, washed down with a glass of hot water, any time when noises are troublesome, but never more than four in one day.

Directions on the other side of the same box: Take one pilule half an hour after food, twice a day. Wash down with a glass of hot water, with the juice of half a lemon and half a teaspoonful of honey.

Yet this is an institute which pretends to give serious medical treatment to sufferers from grievous illness.

On occasions, two packets of medicines are sent to the same patient. There is no kind of order or regularity about the business. The plain mail-order side of the Institute of Natural Health is not moderately efficient.

Two guineas is the price which Arthur Lewis asks for his "cures" for deafness, asthma and catarrh, but, if the patients are poor—as most of them are—he takes instalments of 2s. 6d., or even 1s., a week.

There is a special "part payment" department in his offices, in which girl clerks keep tally of the instalments that are due.

Preposterous charges

His charges, compared with the cost of his medicine, are preposterous. Each treatment costs Lewis in chemical material about a shilling.

Lewis, when at Bournemouth, lives at the Institute, and sleeps in his office on a divan bed.

The feminine staff of the establishment numbers about thirty. Some of the typists and clerks were engaged through a reputable London employment agency at a salary of £3 a week, but when they had been at Bournemouth a short time their wages were reduced to £2 a week.

Others of the young girls were obtained from a series of advertisements in a local newspaper for girls to learn business methods in an up-to-date office.

This, of course, was just a means to secure staff without paying them adequate wages. A typical method of Lewis.

I have the strongest reason for saying that Lewis is—apart from his business character—an undesirable employer for inexperienced girls and young women.

The money which Lewis gains from his medical treatment business is very considerable. His gross earnings for eight months of this year were nearly £8,000 from his different ventures.

His autumn advertising campaign in the national and local daily newspapers on behalf of the Natural Health Institute has been an unexpected success.

Highly coloured

He must have received through those highly coloured, untruthful advertisements more than 15,000 replies from prospective customers, and money has been coming in to the Institute at the rate of £600 a week.

In addition, there is the revenue from his present deaf "cure" lines in Derby, Leicester and elsewhere.

Although his unsavoury business has been so successful, Arthur Lewis is not paying all his creditors. He owes large accounts to advertising agents and printers and wholesale chemists.

I turn to the medical aspect of the treatment for deafness and allied complaints which Lewis retails.

Incalculable harm may be done by his methods. Patients are "treated" without any regard to their general health or disabilities Drugs are sent to patients for self-administration with reckless disregard whether the medicines are suitable or not.

His dupes

His letters are scandalous because of the way in which he uses fear as an instrument for obtaining fees.

Below are examples of the manner in which he endeavours to instil overmastering dread in the minds of his unfortunate dupes:—

"Your trouble is due to chronic catarrh, which has congested the middle ear, blocking the delicate tubes which must be free to ensure perfect hearing. This type of deafness is progressive, and there is no doubt that if you had left your deafness unattended through this winter, you might easily have lost what hearing still remains.

"It is unnecessary for me to picture what it would mean to you if you were forced to lead the lonely and miserable life of the stone deaf. You would be cut off from conversation with your nearest and dearest; afraid to talk to anyone for fear you might misunderstand what was said. You would discover that although the blind receive the sympathy and care they deserve. the deaf are only too often ridiculed.

"I know you do not want to run that risk, so I am going to prescribe a course of special treatment for you."

Scandalous letters

This letter to a sufferer from asthma:—

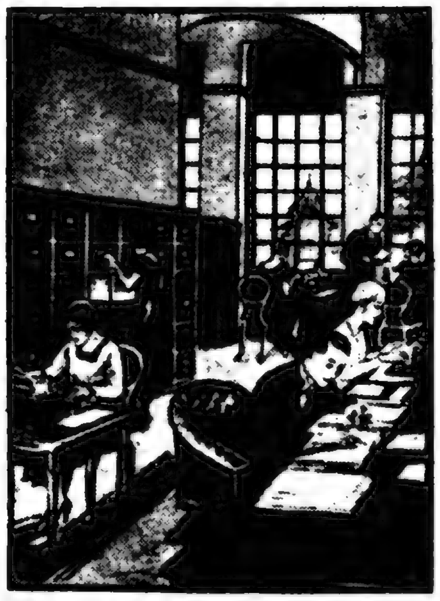
"The second and, in the medical eyes. the most serious aspect of asthma, is that although 'asthma' never appears on a death certificate as the cause of death, 'cardiac trouble' does, and small wonder. Next time you have an attack feel your heart thumping during and after the attack; the strain is terrific, and as each attack strains and weakens the heart, it is only a matter of time until the heart refuses to withstand the strain."

And a third letter on the subject of catarrh:

"Catarrh is an infectious disease which, once gaining a hold on the system, breaks down the body's reserves and leaves its victims open to attack from deadly complaints such as bronchial pneumonia and consumption.

"I would not be doing my duty to you as an adviser if I did not solemnly point out that you expose your nearest and dearest to infection as long as you leave your catarrh unchecked, and run great risks where your own life is concerned."

Remember that such letters are sent to poor, suffering people by young typists, working on the instructions of Arthur Lewis, a man who without the aid of his employees cannot express a letter in grammatical form, and whose handwriting is in the crudest uneducated style.



The mail order department as depicted by the Institute brochure—but it isn't a bit like this really

It is a matter for consideration by the police whether these letters from the Natural Health Institute do not constitute a common law offence, having regard to the character and antecedents of Arthur Lewis, and the grave misrepresentations he makes.

Lewis has not the slightest medical qualifications or skill. That fact raises another important point. He is prolific in the use of the words "consultant," "specialist," and "special treatment."

The whole tone of his literature and his letters gives the impression to patients that they are dealing with a practitioner on the medical register instead of with a swindling mail order house.

Arthur Lewis is a most slippery customer, and he must be watched by the authorities and by his creditors with the utmost care. Otherwise he will escape them, as he has done in the past.

The worst quack

The man possesses two passports, one in the name of Arthur Lewis and the other—issued for some extraordinary reason by the Irish Free State—in the name of Lawrence Dennison.

He has ample funds for a sudden disappearance, for he has been locking away large sums of money in a London safe deposit. He speaks German well and French passably, and has been recently learning Spanish. Also he has been talking about a prolonged absence from England.

Undoubtedly he realises that the country will soon be too hot to hold him. But he is staying on while the flow of money continues.

I demand here and now that Arthur Lewis, the worst and most dangerous "quack" in the land, be brought to book.

"A real hot breakfast for me!"

These treacherous chilly mornings nothing can take the place of a hot *cooked* cereal for breakfast, the most important meal of the day.

Let a dish of delicious hot Quaker Oats fortify you against chills and ills.

Cold breakfast foods and warm milk will not keep out cold and put health and energy in, like freshly cooked Quaker Oats—served hot.

Most economical too—the large packet of Quaker Oats costing only 8½d. gives 40 nourishing helpings.

Quick Quaker especially made for quick cooking, is the no-trouble breakfast—ready in 3 or 4 minutes.

Housewives everywhere know—there's nothing so good so cheap—nothing so cheap so good as a hot Quaker Oats breakfast.

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Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker

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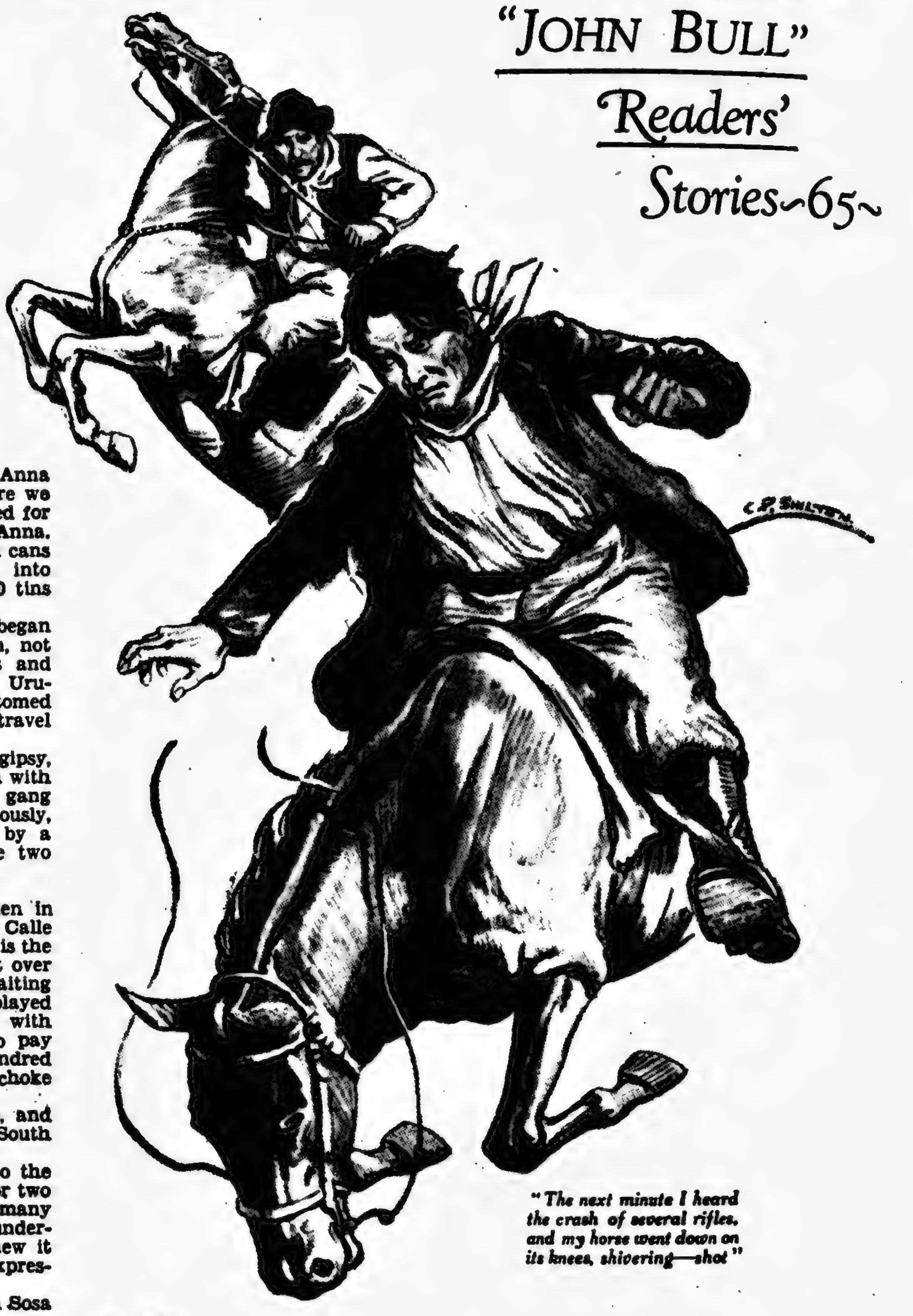
"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories—65—



"The next minute I heard the crash of several rifles, and my horse went down on its knees, shivering—shot"

SMUGGLER for a Night

THEY tell me that smugglers are busy on the South Coast of old England. Well, I've no doubt that the game is exciting, but not half as exciting as is the same occupation on the Brazil-Uruguayan frontier.

I landed at eight o'clock on the first night of carnival in the town of Sant' Anna, in Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil. At ten o'clock that night I was deep in conspiracy with an Irishman who, like myself, was looking for something both thrilling and profitable. We hit on the tobacco and *caña* (white rum) racket—smuggling the stuff into Uruguay.

The following day we left Sant' Anna by rail for the town of Bagé, where we purchased the tobacco and arranged for it to be shipped down to Sant' Anna. There were about a thousand small cans of "Mercurio" brand packed into wooden cases, containing about 150 tins in each.

Back in Sant' Anna again, we began to look around for mules and men, not to mention some useful weapons and the necessary ammunition. The Uruguayan mounted police are accustomed to shoot on sight at smugglers who travel across the plains by night.

Pat had run across a Spanish gipsy, who volunteered to put us in touch with three men who had worked with a gang of smugglers some months previously, but had been almost wiped out by a troop of Uruguayan cavalry some two hundred strong.

WE arranged to meet the men in a billiards café in the Calle Sarandi, in Rivera, which is the twin town of Sant' Anna, but just over the Uruguayan frontier. Whilst waiting for our future allies, Pat and I played a queer game of skittle billiards with the gipsy, who, when he went to pay for drinks, pulled out a roll of hundred gold peso notes big enough to choke a horse.

He was a coppersmith by trade, and had travelled over the whole of South America with his tribe.

As we played, his wife came into the establishment, and for a moment or two the couple slanged each other in Romany—very picturesque, but I didn't understand a word of it, although I knew it wasn't complimentary by the expression on their faces.

Pedro Sosa, Chico Sosa and Juan Sosa—three brothers born into smuggling, as their father and grandfather had been smugglers before them. They were giants of men, and as they strode into the café together the *patrón* glanced at them nervously.

We shook hands, ordered a bottle of wine, and sat around the table to discuss business. They looked desperados, but nevertheless there was something about each one that made me like them—they were men.

We spread out a map of the district which Pat had obtained from the commander of the Brazilian Government, who thought he was an English geologist!

We marked out a "jumping-off" place just at the foot of a mountain named "Cerro de Chapeo" (Hat Mountain), which lay about a quarter of a mile from the frontier, way out from town some five miles or more. Hat Mountain is about 300 ft. high and looks like a hat.

THE summit is perfectly flat and grassy, and there is a path which leads up from the trail, so that we could take the pack-train up there, see that the coast was clear, and then make our way down towards the frontier.

Pat and I were to take three-fifths of the profits and the brothers were to divide the remainder equally.

On the night of June 16, 1931, we started off from Sant' Anna on horseback. The pack-train was awaiting us at a wayside *boliche* near the Hat Mountain The Sosa brothers were armed to the very teeth with knives, revolvers and fine Winchester repeating-rifles.

When I remarked upon their war-like equipment, Pedro Sosa laughed: "We do not intend to pass the rest of our days roasting on the 'Island of Flowers' (the Uruguayan convict settlement), neither do we wish to lose our cargo."

From the top of the Hat Mountain we looked down on the plains. The lights of the twin frontier towns could be seen in the distance, while away to the south the Southern Cross hung low in the sky.

We descended the other side of the mountain, and in a few minutes were crossing the frontier line into Uruguay.

For two or three kilometres the silence of the night was broken only by the creaking of the pack-train and the soft hoof-beats of the animals. Now and then the doleful call of the *terú-terú*—the Uruguayan land-gull—sounded dismally across the sodden plains.

After an hour we came to the river. Here our three new allies had arranged with a friend to ferry the cargo across with a small boat. We rode slowly down to the water's edge and Pedro whistled softly to his dog.

"Tooka," the black dog, entered the swiftly-running river unhesitatingly and swam swiftly across to the other bank, leaving quite a wake behind him.

We began to unload the boxes of tobacco while Chico remained at the top of the bank to keep watch.

Somehow or other I could not bring myself to realise that there was any possibility of danger down in that solitary spot by the river—it seemed thousands to one against any police patrol coming across us, and I began to think that the excitement of smuggling was greatly overestimated.

ABOUT half an hour later we heard a sound on the opposite bank and a canoe slipped noiselessly across the river—the black dog sitting proudly in the bows.

Jose Ximenes—the man in the canoe—had a small farm just across the river. When he saw Pedro's dog at his door dripping with water he knew that the "gentlemen" were awaiting his boat on the far side.

Quietly we loaded the canoe until the river threatened to come over the gunwale. Jose Ximenes slipped over to the other side, and for a few more minutes we stood there listening to the dull thuds

(Continued on page 28)

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in a favourite flavour
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PRESENTS

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"Then one day at Mrs. Jones's I picked up a little book called 'Secrets of Lighter Pastry.'"

"Mrs. Jones wouldn't part with her copy for worlds, but she said I could get one for myself simply by sending up a coupon from a Stork advertisement."

"Imagine how thrilled I was next time I made pastry. I did everything according to the Stork Cookery Book, and the jam tarts certainly looked lovely."

"Well, that evening there was no doubt that I'd 'arrived' as a pastry maker; and, thanks to Stork, I've never had a failure from that day to this."

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AND GET THE STORK COOKERY BOOK

FREE! 32-page book—"Secrets of Lighter Pastry"—quite free. Write your name and address on the margin of this page and post the page to Van den Berghs & Jurgens (Sales) Ltd., Dept. 288, Unilever House, London, E.C.4.

JS 229-71-66

From all quarters – praise of NEW FOOD DISCOVERY

Enthusiastic reception among housewives—

Women everywhere are delighted with the new discovery which points the way to better health *through better digestion.* Scientists in a London hospital discovered that what we drink is of vital importance to digestion. They found, too, that Rowntree's Cocoa is so digestible it helps digestion of other food. Give *your* youngsters Rowntree's Cocoa. Trial size, 3d., at your grocer's; ¼-lb. tin, 5½d., with 3 free gift coupons; ½-lb. tin, 10d., with 6 coupons. Send to Rowntree & Co. Ltd., Dept. J.B.20, York, for free gift booklet.

"A GODSEND TO ME"

says Mrs. MIDDLETON, 1a Spencer Road, Herne Hill, London.

"The whole family enjoy Rowntree's Cocoa. Doreen (shown above) has it regularly and certainly thrives on it! I have it myself for supper and it's been a godsend to me as I have a rather easily upset digestion. This cocoa suits me admirably."

"DONE HER A WORLD OF GOOD"

says Mrs. GREEN, 55 Burnley Road, Dollis Hill, London, N.W.10.

"My little girl suffered from general nervous debility and indigestion — she was far from her usual self. I started giving her a cup of Rowntree's Cocoa for breakfast and it's done her a world of good. I shall never be without Rowntree's Cocoa now."

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

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actually helps digestion

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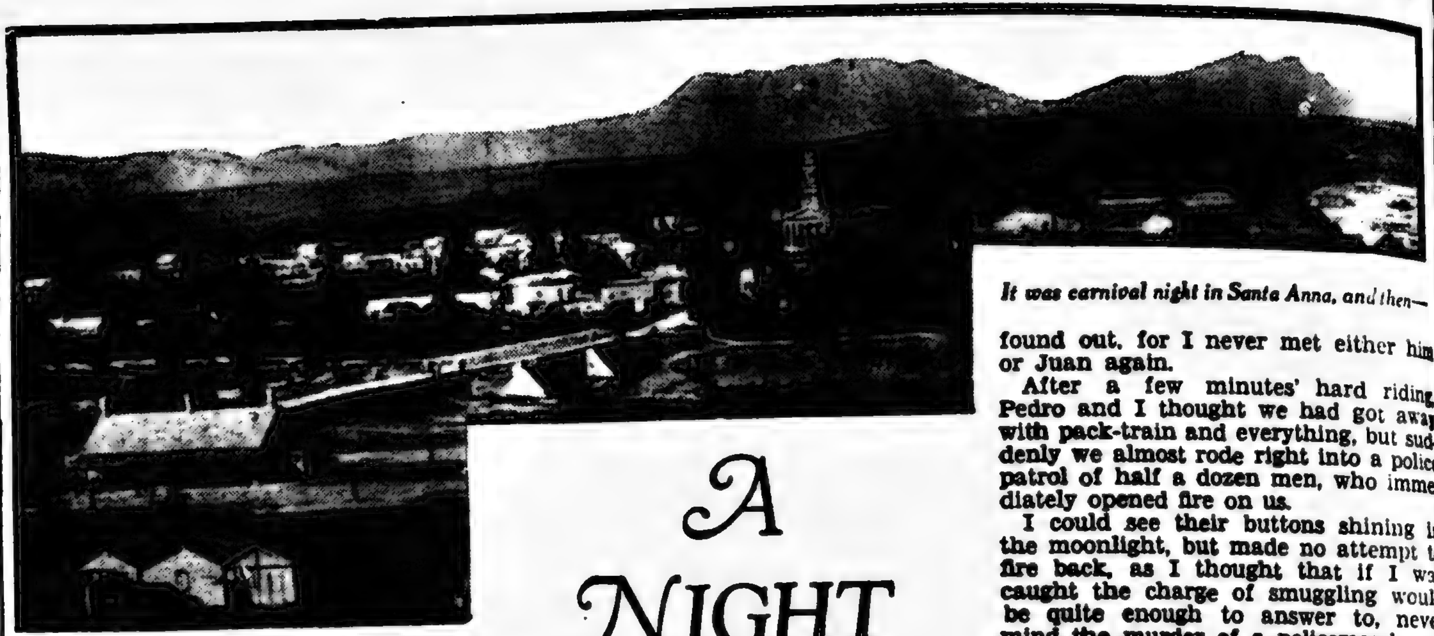

It was carnival night in Santa Anna, and then—

A NIGHT of THRILLS

(Continued from page 26)

of the boxes as he unloaded them again. A few minutes later we led the horses and mules to the water, and with Juan leading swam them across.

More loading on the far side and once again we were ready for the trail. Ximenes thanked us profusely for the half-dozen tins of tobacco we gave him, and warned us that a police patrol was supposed to be in the neighbourhood of a place called Paso de las Piedras, where we had to make another river crossing, which, however, would not oblige us to unload as the water was shallow.

With "Chico" riding some 600 yards ahead of us, we continued our journey.

The moon was rising now, and I started suddenly as from the side of the trail came a pack-train—*caña* smugglers returning with empty kegs to Brazil. Luckily "Chico" had recognised their leader, otherwise we might have shot at each other without asking questions.

WE changed two tins of tobacco for a bottle of excellent *caña*, and after exchanging compliments each party continued on its way. The *caña* smugglers had not seen any signs of police patrols in the vicinity of Paso de las Piedras, but warned us that we might come across them further south.

Somebody started singing, and Pedro cursed him elegantly. It was Pat—he had taken too much *caña* and it had gone to his head.

I kept my eye on him for a while and noticed that he swayed considerably in the saddle—I felt rather uneasy about it.

Soon we came to a vast swamp where the trail wound in and out, so that although "Chico" was still a long way in the lead there were times when he appeared to be only a few yards away; but between us there was a deep, rush-bordered stream that prevented our travelling straight ahead.

We wound on and on, in and out, and finally came to the plains again. Away in the distance I could see a belt of trees, which marked the next river, and —Paso de las Piedras.

Paso de las Piedras had an evil reputation among the smugglers. Once a party had arrived there on a moonless night and in the inky darkness it had made for the ford.

In South America there are rivers that rise 20 ft. or so within half an hour and for no apparent reason—this had happened on this occasion and the whole party was drowned.

There had also been several police ambushes there, as owing to the narrowness of the ford and the lack of cover on the far side the smugglers were entirely at their mercy.

PAT was swaying still more, and I began to wonder how he managed to get so drunk. Gaucho reins are nothing more than two leather strands and are unjoined. Pat let one of them fall, and in his effort to regain it toppled over head downwards.

Pedro cursed again and reined in his horse. Together we secured the Irishman's mount again and held it while he clumsily pulled himself into the saddle.

Now we arrived at the ill-famed Paso. The river was low and the water rippled pleasantly about the animals' legs as they slowly plashed across the ford.

On the far side there was a steep bank, and one had to grip pretty firmly to avoid slipping out of the saddle—even though it was a high-back. I hoped my girth-band was good and tight and urged my horse forward.

Suddenly, just as I had reached the top of the bank, I heard a commotion behind me, and on turning saw that Pat had again fallen from his horse and the animal had turned back towards the ford, thus preventing the pack-train from crossing.

"Oh, d——!" roared the Irishman. The next minute I heard the crash of several rifles and my horse went down on its knees, shivering—shot.

"Chico," who had crossed with me, gave a cry and turned his horse to the bank again. "Take cover behind the bank, Don Guilhermo!" he cried.

I unlimbered my rifle and slid down towards the river, but then seeing the flash of a gun further up stream and apparently from the same side, I made a grab for a horse—Pat's—and almost galloped through the water to the other side.

I HEARD Pedro calling to me and hurried in his direction. He was heading north again, driving the panic-stricken pack-train before him.

"Chico" came galloping hard behind us, when I heard him give a grunt and his horse turned off in another direction —"Chico" had been shot. I called to Pedro and told him, but his reply was a laconic "*Cada uno para si*" ("Every man for himself"), and left his brother to die on the plains.

Where the Irishman had got to I never found out, for I never met either him or Juan again.

After a few minutes' hard riding Pedro and I thought we had got away with pack-train and everything, but suddenly we almost rode right into a police patrol of half a dozen men, who immediately opened fire on us.

I could see their buttons shining in the moonlight, but made no attempt to fire back, as I thought that if I was caught the charge of smuggling would be quite enough to answer to, never mind the murder of a policeman!

I remembered Pedro's "*Cada uno para si,*" and turning west, spurred my horse like a fiend. I had no idea of where I was headed for; my only idea was to *escape*, and escape without any .38 holes in my hide.

Save for one or two shots, the police made no attempt to get me, but evidently concentrated on rounding up the pack-train, which meant money to them while I only meant the possibility of getting shot.

I heard some shooting behind me, but judged that Pedro's avariciousness had got the better of him and that he had stayed to shoot it out with the police.

AFTER a while I came to a swamp, and giving my horse his head allowed him to find his own way along.

When we got to the plain again I pulled up, and after hobbling the animal lay down to await the dawn. Once the day broke I knew that I had no need to worry about being captured by the police, as they would never attempt to arrest an Englishman on mere suspicion of being concerned in a smuggling expedition—one had to be caught with the goods!

At dawn I spotted a ring of trees up on a neighbouring hillside—that meant a house, and I made my way there. The farmer gave me a meal and put me on the road for a town, where he informed me there was an English gold-mining company.

Three days afterwards I got to the mine. A bluff Yorkshireman asked me a hundred questions about running a core-drill, and being satisfied with my answers promptly took me on at a good salary.

It did not need pay-day to convince me that working for an English mining company was infinitely more profitable than smuggling Brazilian tobacco into Uruguay.

◆

NEXT WEEK: *A reader, recalling his experiences as a railwayman, tells a thrilling story of a "Real Life Ghost Train."*

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

Real Hardship

Rosie: evil days for her

A QUIET little girl who loves going to school is Rosie, who has just turned five. She and her three brothers, aged twelve, eight and seven years, and her three-year-old baby sister have been trained to quietness.

"When I have been bad, or daddy bad," said her mother, "I have had to ask them to keep quiet."

Last Christmas, Rosie's ex-Service father, suffering from asthma and bronchitis, was sent for eight months to hospital, followed by three months in a sanatorium, as he developed tuberculosis. Now he is back again in hospital.

Previous to his entering the hospital, for about two months his wife did not know what a night's sleep was, having to look after him.

Because these are evil days for Rosie's mother, "now and again," she owned, "I get depressed and cry a bit, and that makes me look thin and haggard in the face."

It certainly isn't a laughing matter to have to maintain herself and her five growing kiddies on 29s. a week, which is all she has coming in. To keep up her rent of 8s. a week she has had to pawn her belongings.

"The children have been glad to get up and dress, as in bed they were so cold," she said.

After her application to the fund for help, the children didn't know what to make of it, because "Mum went singing about her work."

That songs may take the place of sighs in this sad household, we ask our readers to send donations earmarked "Rosie." These and subscriptions for the fund generally should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office. A copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

We gratefully acknowledge the special gift sent anonymously for "Beatrice" and "Bobby."

UNTIL THE BAD WEATHER IS OVER

AND YOU CAN EXERCISE YOUR DOG AGAIN, KEEP HIM FIT WITH BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS.

MUCH as *you* dislike cold, wet weather, your dog has even more reason to dread it. Bad weather means lost exercise for him, and if you are not safeguarding his health with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, loss of exercise will soon mean loss of condition, too.

Food impurities destroy winter fitness

Food impurities are continually entering your dog's bloodstream. When he misses his usual run these impurities accumulate, infecting his whole system, because there are no pores in his skin to carry them away. That is why some neglected dogs, who are not given a blood corrective regularly, are gloomy and miserable, suffering from a sour stomach and a sluggish liver whenever bad weather keeps them indoors. Keep *your* dog healthy and happy this winter by providing him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which clear every impurity from the bloodstream, and in this way prevent (and quickly cure) all disorders due to poor blood condition, such as *listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, dull or loose coat, continual scratching, eczema and swellings between the toes.*

Mrs. George, of 54, Streatham Vale, London, S.W.16, writes:—"My dog 'Nigger,' who is 12 years old, owes his healthy and happy life to Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which he has had two days a week regularly all his life. In fact, I call Mondays and Tuesdays his 'powder days.'"

Regular conditioning—the only way

The *correct* way to keep your dog fit is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders three times a day on two successive days in every week. Whatever methods you have used in the past, follow this plan from now on. By his cheerfulness, jaunty bearing and alert manner, your dog will show you how much better he feels when you condition him in this way. And his coat will take on that lovely lustrous "bloom" which distinguishes the well-conditioned dog and is the surest sign of perfect health. Start NOW to keep your dog in good health always—condition him TO-DAY.

You can buy Bob Martin's Condition Powders in **1/-** boxes of **21** powders, and **6d.** packets of **9** powders, from your nearest dog biscuit shop, chemist or big store.

E.W.R.6

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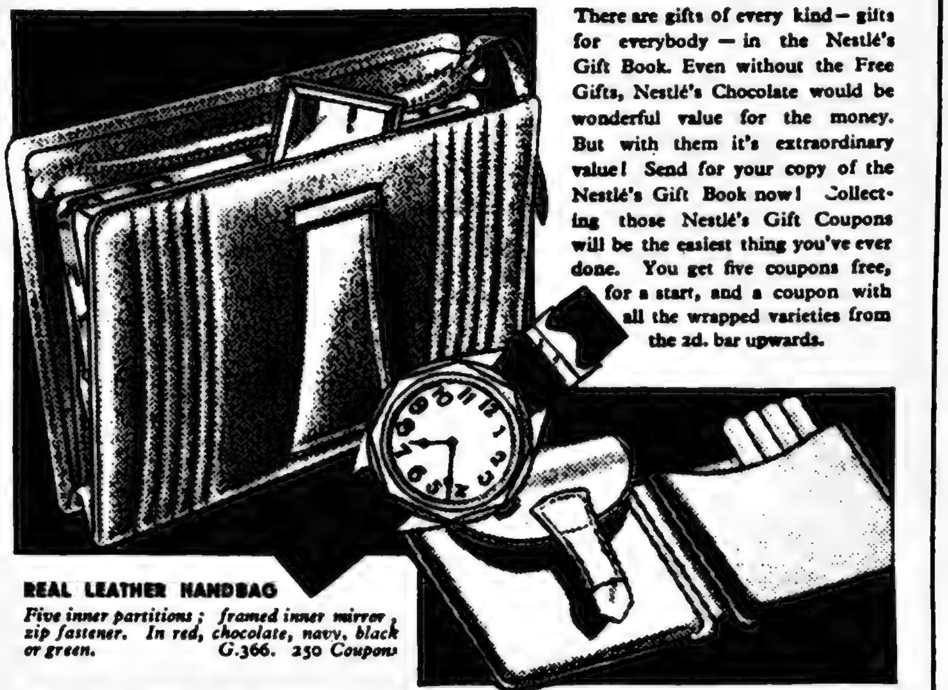

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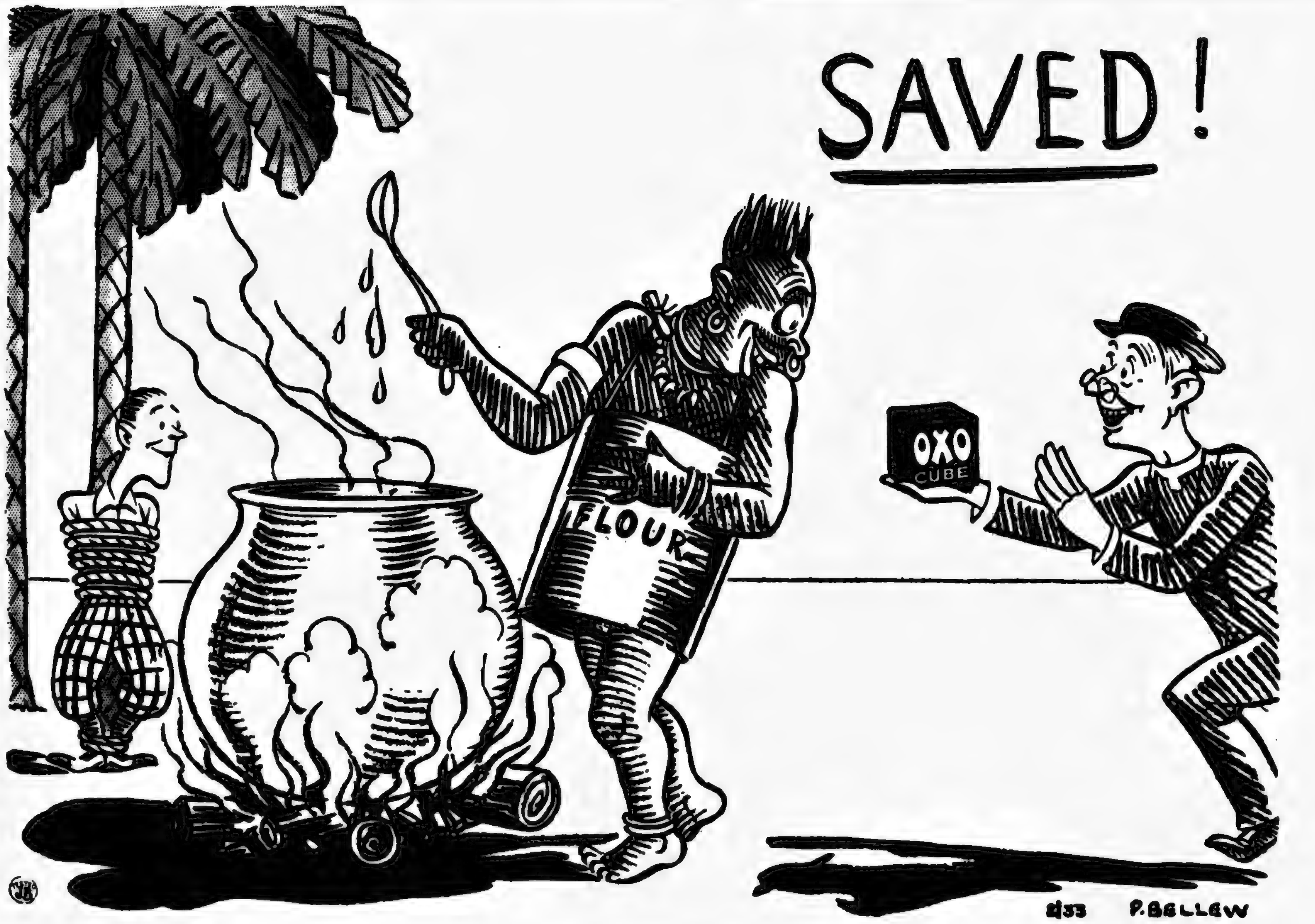

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TAKE the RISK!

Home o' dreams—but it will need courage to make the dream come true

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Probed by

PHILIP INMAN

LIFE is comparatively simple for some folk. They are able to keep what sailors call an "even keel." One day is like another day. Nothing exciting or untoward ever happens to them. They are never called upon to make a decision of any kind. They just go sailing along over life's untroubled sea.

There are others who are very differently placed. They don't get far on the journey of life without reaching a cross-roads. Then the question arises—which way to take? It is at such a time that independent advice can be very helpful. And HUMANIST is often asked to decide problems of this character.

Here is a case in point. A young married couple in their early twenties write to tell me that they are living in a house which is old-fashioned, very damp and has no garden. But the rent is not excessive and they can live there quite comfortably and save a few shillings a week for a rainy day.

"Two miles away," the letter goes on, "there is a house to be sold in a good healthy district with every modern convenience and a large garden. We both feel that we should like to buy it, and we have saved sufficient to pay the amount required for the deposit. But the extra outgoings every week would swallow up the money we are now able to save

"In other words, if we remain where we are for a few years, we should have quite a decent sum in the bank, whereas, if we move, our only possession will be a mortgaged house.

"I have a good and regular job, and my wife says that by having a garden we should not only save on our own vegetables but very likely be able to make a bit as well. We should so greatly value your opinion, as we have no parents to help us to decide."

AS an immediate decision was necessary in this case, I sent the reply by return of post. And this is what I said:

"Dear Mr. ——, your letter has interested me very much, for most of us have to face a problem of whether to take a chance or not in our lives, and it is as well to face the question from every angle. I know it is a big decision to make, and I can quite understand you feel you would like advice upon it. For it not only means parting with your savings but mortgaging them for the next few years as well.

"You tell me, however, that you have a steady job, and that both you and your wife are young, so that this is all in your favour. Your present house is damp, and as good health is, or should be, the first consideration, and dampness leads to rheumatism, bronchitis and a host of other ailments, I think, for this reason alone, you should certainly make the move.

"After all, what is the use of saving up money and then spending it in doctor's bills and medical treatment? You might just as well have the comfort of your new house, your garden and the more healthy surroundings of which you speak. Then, again, although you will not have the money, you will have the house itself, and in an emergency a loan can always be raised on property.

"If, therefore, you are sure that the house is worth the money and there is no uncertainty about your work, I think you would be justified in taking the plunge. The building societies nowadays make their terms so easy that it should not be difficult for you to find the balance you require. My advice, therefore, is—go ahead! And I am sure you will never have cause to regret such a decision."

There are many people who, though dissatisfied with their present work, are terrified of making a move for fear they might jump "out of the frying-pan into the fire." And my next problem is one of that kind.

This is the question I am asked: Is it wiser to stay in a sure position, even though the prospects are poor, or to take a chance in the hope of bettering one's self?

In this case the letter comes from a wife who tells me that her husband has worked for many years in the central branch of a multiple stores. Just recently he has had an offer to join a rival concern at five shillings a week more than he is receiving at present, and, if his work is satisfactory, he will get another increase with a possibility of a manager's position in a few years. My correspondent goes on:

"In his present job he is just a lackey. If a difficult customer is causing trouble, he is expected to patch things up. When there have been vacancies at near-by branches other men have been given them, although they started with the firm long after he did.

"Only recently a branch not far from here lost its manager. My husband has always acted for him during holidays and stock-taking, and everybody thought that he would get the post. Yet when he asked his present boss about it, he was told that they did not want to lose him from the central branch.

"Now that they have treated him so meanly and this other offer has come his way, my husband is worried as to whether to take it or stay where he is. If he does the latter, he has a regular job for life, but evidently very little chance of improving himself."

MY correspondent calls her husband a "lackey." But obviously a very useful lackey to his employers. He is expected to patch up troubles with difficult customers. He is sent to relieve managers at holiday time and stock-taking. He is so useful at the central branch that his boss doesn't want to lose him.

And for all these services, how is he treated in return? Very shabbily, I fear.

It is possible to stay in a post so long that the employer begins to take everything for granted. This man has every reason, therefore, for feeling dissatisfied with his present work.

And now has come the opportunity to make a change—a beneficial one, too, from his standpoint. It will mean an increase of five shillings a week, with a prospect of better things to follow. I think he would be foolish not to accept it. There is just one qualification I would make. He must, of course, satisfy himself that his new job is likely to be a permanent one.

Now, how much do you consider an educated young fellow of eighteen ought to be earning? Surely more than 16s. 10d. a week? And yet that is the salary paid to my third correspondent. He writes a very good letter in quite a good hand and he tells me that he passed the School Certificate examination when he was sixteen. For nearly two years he has been employed as a clerk by a young accountant who is "working up a practice." The office is four miles away and it costs my correspondent four shillings a week in fares.

"Now my position is as follows," continues this young man. "My mother has had so much family trouble owing to the unemployment of my father and brother that she has run into debt—not recently but gradually, especially during the last year or two. I am anxious to help her more than I am able to at present. Is there anything I can do?

"I suppose, as things are, I am lucky to have a job at all. Though the wage is poor, there are certain advantages in my present post. The boss is a likeable man and would, I am sure, not wish me to leave, although he has told me that there is not much hope of my ever receiving more than a very small increase in salary once a year.

"Please will you give me your advice? I may add that I have a good general knowledge of accountancy."

NOW this young man is like a good many other people—he wants more money. And for a very laudable object. He is anxious to help his mother to pay off the debts she has accumulated.

And yet, as things are, he must be adding to these debts instead of reducing them. For, when his fares are deducted, he is only taking, at the most, 12s. 10d. a week into the home. That, surely, is not sufficient to pay for his keep. And it certainly leaves no balance for clothes, holidays and the like. Nor are his prospects any too rosy.

I think his best plan would be to point out to his employer that he can't possibly continue as at present. My correspondent says his boss is a likeable man. Though he probably does not desire this young man to leave, he surely would not stand in his light, but rather assist him to get something better.

Then this clerk tells me that he has a good general knowledge of accountancy. He might turn that to advantage in his spare time. He might insert an advertisement in the local paper offering to keep tradesmen's accounts, send out doctors' and dentists' bills or, by making himself proficient in income-tax questions, undertake work of that character. He could follow this up by writing a letter to any likely people, stating his qualifications for such work.

In one of these ways he might add to his present meagre income.

Philip Inman, JOHN BULL's "Humanist," will gladly help you with your difficulties. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

"—my face told everyone my age"

"Tired out—no one was interested in me"

"Now—I look years younger! HOW I DID IT—"

"We have a grocer's shop and live in 5 rooms above with kitchen and bathroom. I have to help in the shop, as well as running the home. Last winter I let myself get shockingly tired and run down. I felt weak and nervy.

"The worst of it all was that tiredness and nerves made me look old. Even when I wore my best dress my face told everyone my age. Then my sister told me how Hall's Wine strengthened her after her illness. I started, and the very first bottle put my nerves right. It tastes lovely too.

"I can't tell you what a difference 3 glassfuls a day regularly has made. I feel a new woman, as full of life as a girl. By looks alone I'm years younger, all the tiredness gone from my face after taking your splendid Hall's Wine." *(Mrs.) A. M. Goulbourn*, 126 *Seabank Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.*

A YOUNG MOTHER'S LETTER

Mrs. George, 11 *Talgarth Road, London, W.*14, *writes* :— "My baby is a year old today, so happy with all his toys in his pram. After baby came Hall's Wine put me on my feet again. By the time he was four months I felt as well and strong as ever."

DELICIOUS TONIC

Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

It doesn't pay any woman to look older than she is. Tired nerves make unhappy marriages, too. Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, Hall's Wine is recommended by the British Analytical Control Ltd. It has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic will give you. Thousands of letters prove it. Hundreds of letters from nurses (letters open for inspection) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Company, Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

SUN-STARVED!

"He went down winter after winter—I couldn't think why"

"When George started school he was a fine sturdy lad. One term he nearly won the boxing championship. Then he started to spring up, and lost his strength. In winter he got run down and caught almost everything. We were so worried," *writes Mrs. G. Mills, 9 Dereham House, Brockley, S.E.4.*

"Then a doctor gave him a thorough overhaul. He said growing children need sunshine to keep well—that's why illness doubles in winter. So we put George on Scott's Emulsion. The *difference* it made! After only one bottle he put on weight. Now he is like the old George again—strong as a horse all the winter."

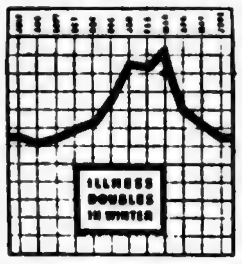
YOUR CHILD NEEDN'T BE ILL!

Winter colds, coughs, 'flu *can* be prevented. Specialists know each tablespoonful of Scott's has the health-giving value of 2 hours summer sunshine. Builds bone and flesh. Feeds the blood. Actually *prevents* illness. Start with Scott's *now.*

"Do other girls change so quickly?"
asks *Mrs. NESTA JUDGE,*
41, Bryanston Square, W.1.

"Before I started Mary on Scott's she was pale and thin—always poorly. After 3 months she put on 12 lbs. She's got her colour back too. Never has even a cold! The difference is wonderful. Do other girls change so quickly?"

TWICE AS MANY CHILDREN ILL IN WINTER



This chart shows there are twice as many children ill in winter due to lack of sunshine. Keep your child safe—one tablespoonful of Scott's has the health value of 2 hours strong sunshine.

Scott's Emulsion

Does what the Sun does

Our Mellowdrama

The heroine's brother, FFAUNTLEROY,
Is a mischievous lad, but his mother's joy.
On wintry days she makes the boy

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES

2½D. Per ounce
In flat tins 3d. & 6d.

Zubes guard the youngster's throat & chest

VAPEX
INHALANT
For relief from COLDS and CATARRH breathe the germicidal vapour frequently. A drop on the handkerchief by day and on the pillow at night give comfort and protection
2/- per bottle All Chemists 3/- double size

Feeling **Worried?**

Worry "gets at your nerves."

If your nerves are weak, they cannot resist constant strain or anxiety. Don't run the risk of nervous breakdown—build up new nervous energy and do it the best way of all—with Sanatogen. Every spoonful of Sanatogen actually increases nervous energy. For Sanatogen feeds the debilitated nerve cells with phosphorus, nature's own building material of nerve strength.

Sanatogen quickly restores both health and energy. Decide at once to give it a trial — start a course to-day. You will soon notice its marvellous results in your own regained good health.

SANATOGEN

The True Tonic-Food

At all Chemists from 2/3 to 19/9.

Manufactured by GENATOSAN LTD., Loughborough.

The best

BATTERY

for your

WIRELESS SET

is used by

9 out of 10

British ships

Exide

And it is fitted by most famous set makers.

For high tension ask for Drydex Dry Batteries

From Exide Service Stations and all reputable dealers

Not One NEW Penny for CHRISTMAS

HALF A MILLION coins a day. That's what the Royal Mint can turn out. That, approximately, is what it makes every week-day the whole year round.

Yet it isn't going to turn out a single bright new penny for Christmas.

And so the scores of thousands of children who expect to find an orange, a bun, and a penny with the lustre of a new sovereign in their stockings this Christmas are going to be disappointed as far as the coin is concerned.

As a matter of fact, the Royal Mint has been nothing of a Santa Claus of late. Ever since the early summer of 1932 it has never turned out a copper coin for British children, despite the fact that its chattering machines utter a thousand coins a minute, polished, counted and stacked.

Those idle pence

It seems stupid on the face of it, the penny being the most popular of British coins. But actually there's nothing stupid about anything the Royal Mint does.

While there are millions of pennies lying idle all over the country, mouldering in vaults because they are surplus to requirements, it says that it won't issue another until those stocks have disappeared.

The Mint keeps in touch with the currency demands of the country just as a village grocer keeps in touch with the changing tastes of the people in his district.

It's strange how suddenly a shortage of particular coin can become a surplus, or vice versa. It would be quite possible, for instance, for the present stocks of pennies to run out and the country to be asking for more within the space of a few weeks.

It happened a few months ago with threepenny bits, when there arose a sudden and overwhelming demand for hundreds of thousands of them.

The reason? A change in the rates of pay in an important industry. Cashiers found they had to put an odd fourpence in the majority of their pay envelopes, and threepenny bits were at once requisitioned from the banks.

Story of the coins

In 1931 a change in the rates of unemployment pay led to a similar demand. The banks suddenly set up a cry for millions and millions of our smallest coins in point of size.

The Royal Mint can almost read the story of wage changes in the fluctuating demands for different coins. What more obvious, for instance, that if £3 1s. 8d. was to become the basic wage in, say, Northampton's leading industry, a demand for both shillings and sixpences should come from that quarter—if £3 2s. 8d., for half-crowns, and if £3 2s. 2d., for florins?

At the Mint—bright new pennies after their final wash—but not this year!

Even farthings, too. It may seem absurd to make coins of such small value, especially as the average child to-day regards them as too small for spending money.

But the Royal Mint knows what happens when the price of some popular article like the loaf of bread is fixed at an odd farthing, even in one area only. It knows it has often been called on to make five million farthings or more in a hurry, and that every one of them has really been wanted.

You never see a five-shilling piece nowadays, do you? But don't form the impression, from that, that everybody regards them as big, clumsy, useless coins as you do.

The Royal Mint discontinued making them twenty-five years ago, when there seemed to be sufficient on the market to last for a long time.

Year after year they became fewer and fewer, until people began to think we were finished with them for ever.

But not so. The Royal Mint was aware of a demand for them all the time. And two or three years ago, finding that at last there were too few to meet requirements, they began making them again, dropping the design of St. George and the Dragon for that of a crown.

Superstition's ban

The demand for five-shilling pieces would be far bigger if it were not for a superstition persisting among certain girl workers, particularly in the North.

That is the idea that if a girl should accept a five-shilling piece over the counter she will lose her job for some reason beyond her control within a few weeks.

It seems a ridiculous thing that a superstition should change the balance of the currency of a country like ours. But if you knew what a great difference even the "drapers' farthing" makes, when a town starts or drops the idea of charging an odd farthing for goods, you would cease to be surprised at it.

It is changes—in wages, in taxation, in the cost of different commodities—that keep the Royal Mint busy as far as British currency is concerned. But don't think that if there were no sudden demand for a particular coin the Mint would have nothing to do.

The British public has never realised that its Mint makes the coins for every country in Europe with the exception of France and Germany, and for scores of more distant countries as well.

A change of régime—a new King crowned, or an old King fleeing the country—means a lot of work for British men following the legitimate work of coining.

Short life

The return of Carol to Rumania gave the Royal Mint work that kept the biggest part of it going for eight months. Other single orders from abroad have included 5,500,000 fifty-dinar pieces for Yugoslavia, part of a total order of 16,000,000 coins from that country.

You would think, if it could do that, the Mint would make bright new pennies for Christmas. But have you thought what would happen if it did?

The children who received them would spend them at the sweet shop, the sweet shop would send them to the bank, and the bank would push them down into the vaults to moulder with the other millions of unwanted pennies.

So that really the Royal Mint knows what it is doing. It always does.

The Human Machine

Driving the Machine

HUMAN beings are so complex, and so compounded of an almost infinite range of feelings and emotions, habits and tendencies and potentialities, that it is well-nigh impossible to pick out any one of these and say, "Here is the key to character."

But for all that, there is one thing that everyone must have who is to live life as it should be lived, and who wants to achieve and reach out to better things instead of remaining in the rut—and that one thing is self-control.

Success is often achieved more by a man's control of his temper than by his abilities, and genius will not always carry a man as far as sterling character. The most ingenious machine ever invented still needs a driver to make it work efficiently. We are fortunate, in that we can drive ourselves.

"In the supremacy of self-control," said that great thinker, Herbert Spencer, "consists one of the perfections of the ideal man. Not to be impulsive, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost—but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom the every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined. . . ."

That, doubtless, is a counsel of perfection, but that is what we want to achieve. We must learn to be under constant discipline—not discipline imposed from outside, from a desire to retain our own self-respect and from a knowledge that there is nothing at all to be proud of in being the slaves of our whims and inclinations.

No one ever achieved anything worth while who was not constantly under this self-reliant, self-governing discipline.

It is the only way in which a man can learn his own strength.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT BRINGS LASTING HAPPINESS

THE MORE YOU STUDY THE PROBLEM of Christmas Gifts the more clearly the wisdom of giving a Berkeley Superlax stands out. Here is a real gift—comfort and happiness—a gift which lasts for years and years—a handsome gift. No other gift can compare with it for lasting service and satisfaction.

The Berkeley Superlax is a chair that has all the beauty of modern design as well as homely comfort. It takes up any position you want AUTOMATICALLY—without any adjustments on your part. In its NORMAL POSITION the Superlax is exactly right for sewing, knitting or just a quiet talk over the tea-cups. Then in its RESTING POSITION this wonderful chair is marvellously comfortable for reading or listening to the wireless.

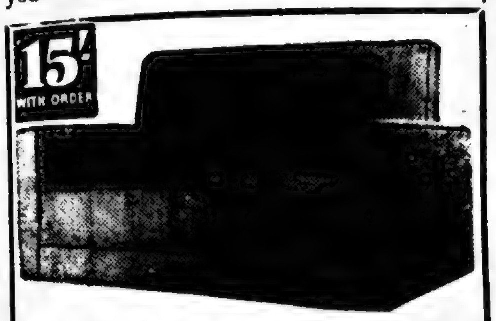
In its LOUNGING POSITION it is perfect for a man and his pipe after a long day's work. Ideal, too, for that rest in the afternoon that every woman loves.

And what amazing value this new Berkeley production offers! The materials and workmanship are of the highest quality. The seat is not only perfectly sprung, but is ALL-HAIR stuffed. The back is also sprung and deeply upholstered. Both back and seat are quickly detachable from the main frame, which makes for very easy, thorough cleaning. Coverings are the very latest and most fashionable designs in multi-coloured Repp in a variety of shades. Other Coverings are Damask, Tapestry, etc. Fitted with concealed castors which raise the chair 1½ ins. from the floor. On point after point the Superlax is unequalled for value, comfort and beauty. *Send Coupon for Catalogue giving full details of all Models and Patterns from which to choose your own Coverings.*

IN B QUALITY COVERING.

CASH PRICE

62/6 or 65/-:— 10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly



The **Berkeley**

SUPERLAX SETTEE

This beautiful Settee incorporates all the comfort features of the Superlax Easy Chair. It is not, however, made self-adjusting, the seat and back being fixed in position. The seat and back are readily detachable for cleaning. This Settee provides ample accommodation for two persons and will enhance the appearance of any room. Fitted with concealed castors.

IN B QUALITY COVERING.

CASH PRICE **£5:2:6** or £5:7:6:—15/- with order & balance 15/- mthly.

The **Berkeley**

SUPERLAX SUITE

Comprising SETTEE and TWO EASY CHAIRS.

IN B QUALITY COVERING.

CASH PRICE **£11:5:0** or £11:15:0:—25/- with order and balance 25/- monthly.

GUARANTEE. *We deliver soon after Receipt of First Payment with Order, and if the value of any Berkeley Model does not come up to your expectations you may return it within seven days AT OUR EXPENSE and we will refund your money in full.*

DELIVERED FREE in England, Wales and Scotland.

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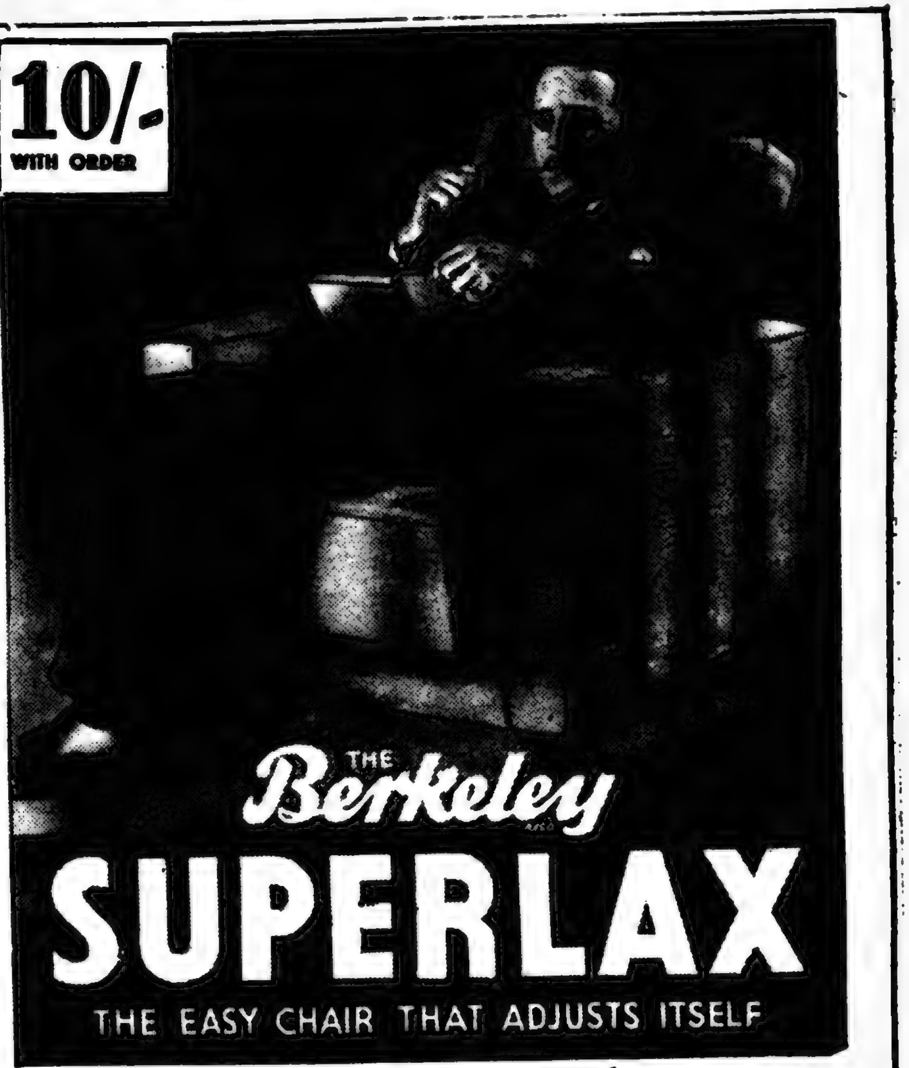
70-78, OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.1
Showrooms: 133, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1; The Arcade, High Street, Croydon; The Parade, Watford; 149, Becontree Avenue, Chadwell Heath; 85, New St., Birmingham; *and* 71, Deansgate, Manchester.



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Please send me your illustrated Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

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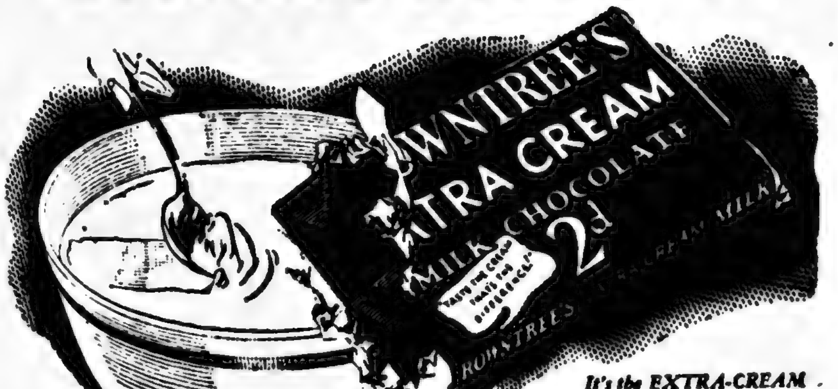
NORMAL POSITION

Prov. Patent No. 9361/33

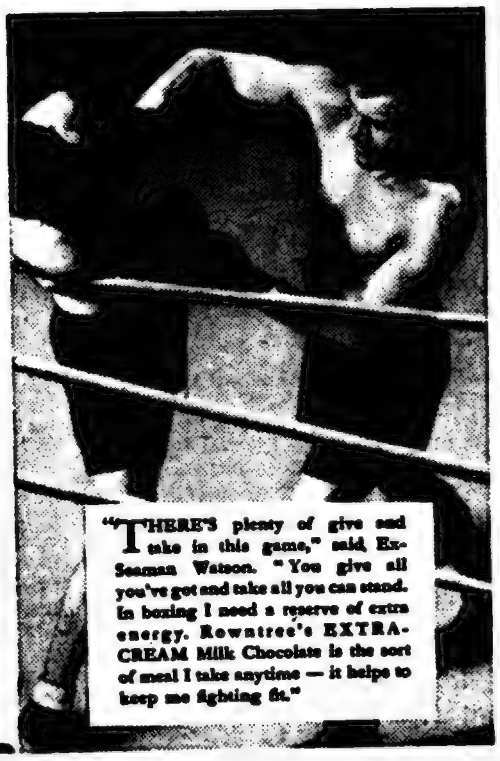
Now *proof* of the EXTRA ENERGY



It's the EXTRA-CREAM added to the rich Full-Cream Milk that gives real EXTRA ENERGY and a delicious flavour

in Rowntree's Milk Chocolate *made with* EXTRA-CREAM

Most people buy chocolate for flavour alone. That's why there are record sales of this new milk chocolate. The rich, British milk and EXTRA-CREAM have made this milk chocolate first in national tasting tests. But there's another reason why it's liked so well. Chocolate, as you know, is nourishing. Energy is the result. Scientific tests have proved that there is *extra energy* in Rowntree's Milk Chocolate made with EXTRA-CREAM—it braces you up to meet hard work and play. Sold everywhere in big 2d. bars and blocks, and in ¼-lb. and ½-lb. sizes.



"THERE'S plenty of give and take in this game," said Ex-Seaman Watson. "You give all you've got and take all you can stand. In boxing I need a reserve of extra energy. Rowntree's EXTRA-CREAM Milk Chocolate is the sort of meal I take anytime — it helps to keep me fighting fit."

"IT'S no joke," said Clapham (or was it Dwyer?). "From Birmingham to Bournemouth and on to Broadcasting House — that's the sort of thing we do. We miss our meals to catch our trains. Then out comes Rowntree's EXTRA-CREAM Milk Chocolate — and the situation's saved again."

SC 21-137

URGENT!
THERE'S STILL TIME TO GET THIS XMAS WONDER-BOOK!

3,000 FACTORY GIFT BARGAINS, & PRIZES! FREE

It will only take a moment to send a postcard to H. Samuel. But it brings you this NEW BIG BOOK OF BARGAINS. Beautifully illustrated and filled with Gifts of amazing value. Diamond Jewellery, world-famous Watches, Plate, Cutlery, Clocks, and a hundred and one articles suitable for Xmas Gifts. Selling to millions of customers direct from factory enables H. Samuel to offer you Gifts that bring lifelong joy at prices that save you enormously! SEND A POSTCARD NOW!

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MONTH'S FREE TRIAL

WRIST WATCH FOR MEN

This handsome Shock Proof Watch, Nickelled Case, Splendid Timekeeper, Strong and Reliable. Amazing Value!

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DIAMOND SET RINGS

Buy direct from the craftsman's bench and save money! All latest designs. Fine diamonds set in platinum on 18 ct. gold.

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Write now for Big Book of Wonder Bargains in Watches, Jewellery and FREE PRIZES.

Dept. 199, MARKET ST. MANCHESTER

HOW TO AVOID INFLUENZA.

Influenza's victims are nearly always those who have let themselves get run down.

So, now, when influenza is about, you want to be very careful if you have been working hard or going through a lot of worry. And the simplest, nicest, surest way is a way doctors have been recommending for nearly fifty years—the Wincarnis way.

Just take a glass of Wincarnis three times a day, and soon, very soon, you'll be safe against the 'flu. In fact, the very first glass will do you good. You will actually feel new life and new vigour stealing through your veins. You will sleep better and wake up refreshed and reinvigorated. You will grow brighter, tire less easily.

Try Wincarnis to-day. You will find its delicate flavour delicious, and remember we have actually over 20,000 recommendations from medical men for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, and all sorts of run-down conditions.

EXCRUCIATING PAIN AFTER EATING

10 Years' Suffering Cured at Once

Every stomach sufferer ought to read the remarkable experience of Mr. McL. of Aberdeen. This is what he writes: "For the last ten years I have suffered from an ulcerated stomach and was simply afraid to eat. For hours after I would suffer excruciating pain. I tried every known remedy but they all proved useless. My case seemed hopeless, but a friend told me of his complete cure with Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I tried it and immediately felt better. After my first two bottles I could eat without the slightest pain. Now I enjoy everything and feel quite a new man.

"Only this week I purchased a bottle from a firm who stated it was the genuine Maclean's. But it had no signature and though I tried it, I found it was *quite useless*. So one has to be careful to see the signature 'Alex C. Maclean.' I have recommended your powder to scores of people and each one has had the same reply, 'Completely cured after first bottle.'"

Have *you* discovered the relief which Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will bring you? Go to your chemist and get a bottle to-day. Be sure to get the genuine Maclean Brand with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

A Famous Comedian's Greatest Hour

The LION thought me a JOKE!

by Sidney Howard

THE first tragedy of being a comedian is that the public is inclined to regard all one's experiences as humorous experiences. And the second tragedy is that most of one's really dramatic experiences definitely are humorous—even when they place one in danger of death.

The dramatic adventures of my own life have always contained a humorous element; and the most dramatic of all—the experience which stands out in my memory as my "greatest hour"—was one in which I thought I was pursuing death, but found that in reality death was pursuing me.

That, to me, was not only dramatic, but also profoundly humorous—afterwards.

It happened in Rhodesia a long time ago, when I was young. I was trying to be an actor, and I had joined a touring company that had been booked to travel through Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Rhodesia, Egypt, and so home.

The great adventure

To a youth of twenty-five, as I was then, it proved a great adventure. For the first time I was seeing the world. I was like a puppy newly released on life.

I was absorbing all the sights and sounds and smells of the new world through which I was travelling; tasting every new experience with zest; seeking every kind of adventure without fear of consequences.

I had escaped from the rut of a north country village, and I was determined to enjoy the world.

The adventures that befell me on the way are not relevant to this story. The really dramatic adventure did not happen until I was playing with the touring company in Bulawayo, Rhodesia.

It was from here that, playing for a few weeks in a queer theatre made of corrugated iron, upon which the rain pelted with such violence one night that our voices could not be heard by the audience, I set out on what was to be my greatest hour.

The local authorities invited the company to join in a lion hunt which was to take place the following morning.

Just harmless cats!

We were to meet at the theatre, travel on horseback to the lion scrub, and, with the aid of native 'beaters," rout out a group of lions which, by their over-bold behaviour, had been causing a good deal of trouble in surrounding villages. They had killed cattle, they had prowled round human habitations, they were a nuisance

Just a nuisance! It sounded such fun. I had always thought of lions as rather dangerous animals; but to hear them talked about as just a minor nuisance in life made me think of them as little more than harmless cats.

We travelled what seemed to me hundreds of miles on horseback; for I had never ridden a horse before, and I found it a trying and tiring experience.

We reached a district which must have been about twenty miles from the town, dismounted, and tethered our mounts inside a stockade, and set off—nearly thirty of us—into the scrub where the lions had been located by the natives.

We were all so quietly happy. Even the experienced hunters were jocular. It was like a picnic. A picnic with guns.

I had never handled a gun before, except at a rifle range in Manchester; but that didn't worry me. To me a gun was a gun, whether it was an elephant gun or a rifle-range weapon used for shooting balls off water fountains.

The negroes made a wide detour, and we passed along a narrow pathway through the scrub. We were making direct for the place where, according to native information, the lions had their home. The armed natives were to encircle and enclose us with the lions.

We reached the spot and found that there were no lions. For some reason best known to themselves, the lions had heard of our approach. They had run away. This further confirmed the poor opinion of lions which I had already formed as a result of the light manner in which they were treated by the experienced hunters. Lions, apparently, just ran away from one.

A conference was held, and Captain Arnold Rogers, who was in charge, decided that we should break up into parties and follow the various pathways that led off the main track in search of lion spoors.

Presently I found myself with two other members of our theatrical company, plus one experienced hunter, walking quite happily along a track through six-foot scrub. The picnic was still in progress, it seemed. We found no spoors for a mile or so.

The accident

Then suddenly the leader bent down in excitement, examined the ground, and called us to follow. The spoors had come out of the scrub and continued up the pathway we were following.

A sudden cry from the far distance ahead excited the leader even more.

"Sighted," he cried, and, waving us on, set off at the double.

We caught his excitement, and would have followed him anywhere if one of my colleagues in the touring company had not then tripped and fallen. He rose and limped—with a sprained ankle. We went on slowly for a while.

The leader was out of sight, following the "cry," which was repeated at intervals. Then, as my colleague's ankle grew excruciating, we stopped and rested him. We realised that for us the lion hunt was over; we would have to assist him to the stockade.

We put down our guns, took his arms round our necks, and "tried." We found we could get on quite well. We had gone perhaps twenty yards when my colleague remembered the guns. "Better have them," he said. "In any case, they aren't ours to lose."

We turned. Sixty or so yards away on the track stood a lion. It just stood. It might have been a stuffed lion, for all the movement it made. It was watching us.

I have often been afraid in my life. But I have never been so afraid as I was then. I dare not—neither of us dare—go back for the guns. We stood petrified.

I felt helplessly incompetent. I felt—and this is what I think is so humorous in this situation—exactly as I used to feel as a schoolboy when I was caught by the headmaster in some forbidden prank. The same kind of curdling in the pit of the stomach. The same sort of electric thrill that ends in a weakness of the knees.

I don't know how long we stood there, terrified, discussing in whispers what we should do. Eventually we decided to continue our way, walking backwards.

What an hour!

We tried this for a time. It was difficult work for our injured colleague. We had not gone twenty paces, slowly and painfully, before the lion began to follow—slowly, deliberately.

We who had been tracking a lion were being followed by one. When we stopped the lion stopped. When we went on, the lion followed.

As we struggled backwards, keeping our eyes on the animal, I forgot all the theories I had formed about lions being mere cats.

Yet, as we continued our painful way, and my mind grew calmer as nothing drastic happened, I began to see the lion as a less harmful creature. Apparently it had no angry intent. It seemed more curious than savage. It waited for us to progress many paces, I noticed, before it took half a dozen steps.

So eventually, after what must have been an hour of painful backward progress, we decided to turn forward, with frequent glances over the shoulder.

Watching, I observed that the animal did not accelerate its pace. That seemed to definitely explode the theory that wild animals attack when the back is turned.

We had not gone far before we heard four gun reports in rapid succession. I looked over my shoulder.

The following lion, hesitating a moment, turned and quietly disappeared into the scrub that bordered the pathway.

It was absurd. Just a timid cat, after all! Courage came back, as it always does when the danger is past. Nevertheless, we went on hurriedly after that, and half a mile further we came upon a dozen of our party, standing round a group of natives who were already skinning the bodies of two lions that had been shot.

Looking back now, it was humorous; then, it was my greatest hour—that in which we walked backwards through the Rhodesian scrub, terrified of a lion, which apparently regarded us merely as curiosities of the desert.

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With advancing years the menace of constipation is apt to become more and more real to you. Keep the vitality and energy of your youth by seeking relief from such troubles in nature's way!

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Buy a red-and-green packet from your grocer and start a sequence of healthier, more *delicious* breakfasts. No cooking required.

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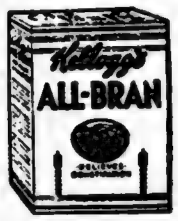

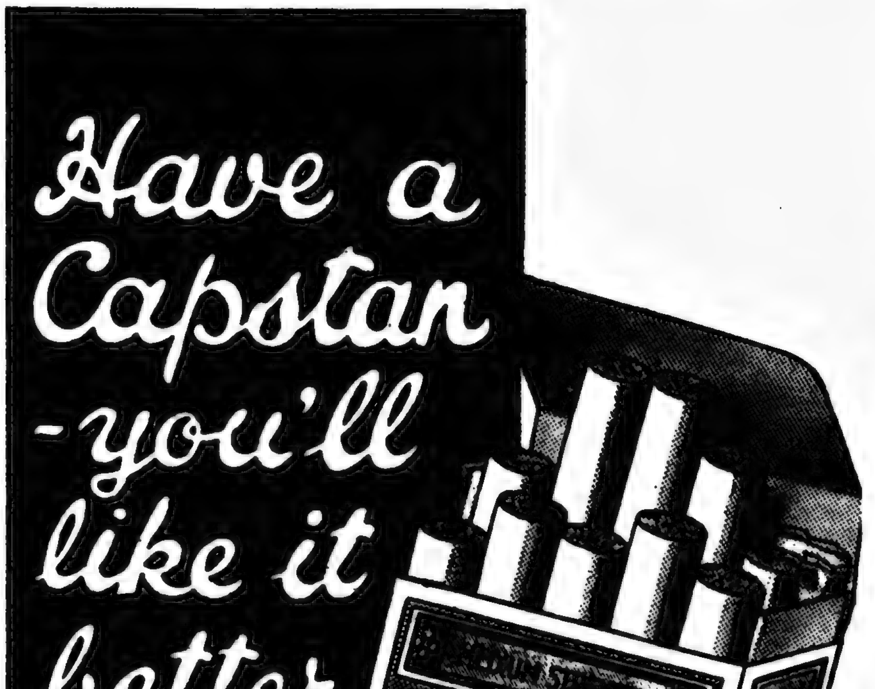

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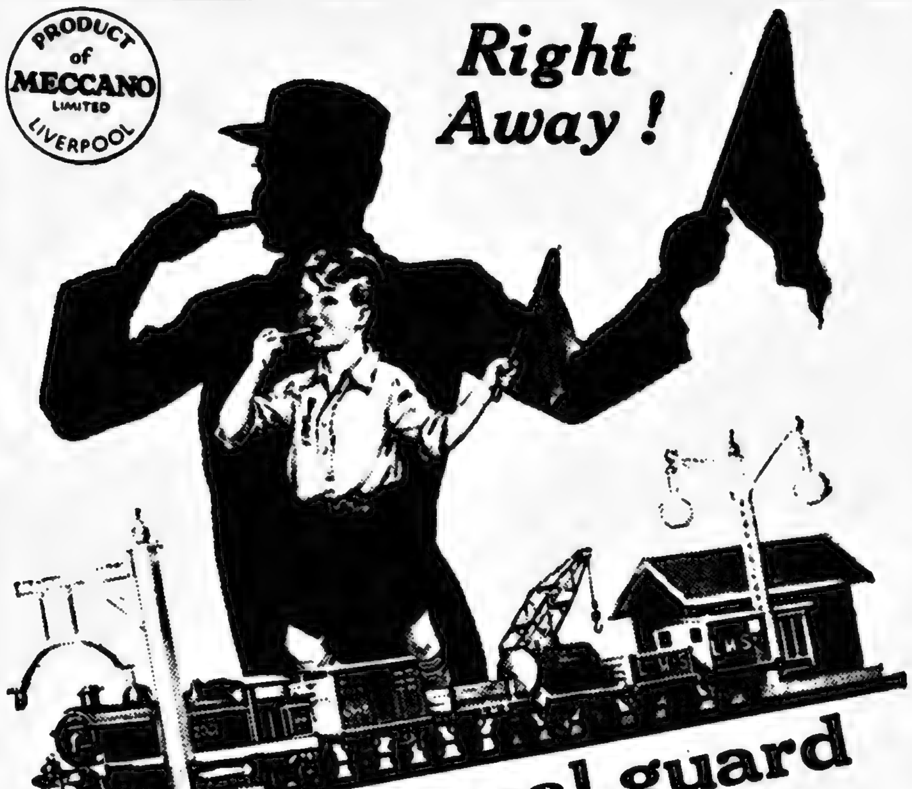

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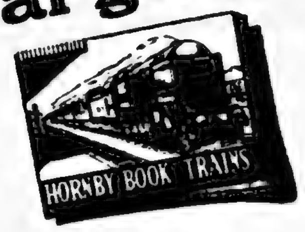

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A HAIR Cream which not only "fixes" the Hair, but actually has a Tonic effect upon every Hair Root and Shaft is to-day made available by the introduction of "HARLENE" HAIR CREAM. Just send 4d. stamps for postage and packing to Edwards' Harlene Ltd. (C.802), 20/26, Lambs Conduit Street, London, W.C.1, and you will receive a

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This new combined Dressing and Tonic will be welcomed by all Men who wish to appear well-groomed. Just a little rubbed into the hair when dressing will keep it in position all day. At the same time, the health of your hair will benefit, it will improve in many ways, and be protected against many common hair troubles. "HARLENE" HAIR CREAM is obtainable from all Chemists and Stores price 1/1½ and 2/-, or direct (POST FREE) upon receipt of Price.

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BACKACHE, urinary disorders, getting up at night, and rheumatic complaints frequently follow a cold or influenza attack. At such times an excessive strain is thrown upon the kidneys, but prompt treatment with Doans Backache Kidney Pills will avert worse troubles. This special kidney tonic brings relief in long standing cases, but it is wiser to prevent rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and renal dropsy by taking Doans Pills, now.

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On 12th November, 1913, Mr. W. J. Luxford, 6, Cradley Road, London, S.E.9, said:—" A severe chill settled on my kidneys and I began to suffer from terrible pains across the small of my back. My eyes were puffy and I felt miserable. The kidney excretions were unnatural and caused a burning pain.

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(*Signed*) W. J. Luxford."

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Backache Kidney
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NEURITIS

"I found it absolutely wonderful, having at the time a nasty attack of neuritis. It certainly did give me relief."
C.C., Dartford.

Neuritis is one of those nerve pains, excruciating, persistent, which seem sometimes as though they would baffle the physician's skill. Yet its causes are known and once a suitable treatment is found, the cure is often easy. Neuritis is the result of congestion followed by inflammation—and though drugs may deaden your power to feel the pain they do little to remove the actual cause of it. To get rid of the congestion which is at the root of neuritis warmth is necessary, but though this is well known, many forms of treatment fail because the needful warmth is applied only for short periods with long gaps between. The advantage of " Thermogene " brand of Medicated Wadding is that it brings warmth to the painful limb, *and keeps it there*, hour after hour, day and night. Under this steady gentle stimulation, the blood flows more freely, the congestion grows less, and less, the torn and tortured nerves are soothed—and the pain disappears. So, in the [illegible] and most natural way " Thermogene " relieves many a pain that seemed to defy all other remedies. Be wise and keep a supply always in the house. 1/3 a packet (triple quantity, 3/-) is the price anywhere in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Sermons in Signs

—the Church's Strangest Congregations

"As he talks with his hands he speaks noiselessly with his lips as well"—the pastor of St. Barnabas Church, Deptford, delivers a sermon to his deaf-and-dumb congregation

AT Acton, on the western fringe of London, there is a church so beautiful that architects have come from places as far distant as Norway specially to see it.

Its red-brick exterior, designed with the utmost simplicity, is yet the most modernistic of any church in Great Britain. When it was opened, nearly ten years ago, many who looked up wonderingly at the bright-hued timbers of its roof were apt to regard it as a very daring experiment.

But there are things still more unusual than its design about St. Saviour's Church, Old Oak Road, Acton.

There is no organ because no one of the regular congregation could sing to it, and no sounding-board over the pulpit because nobody who goes there could ever hope to hear the preacher's voice

There are hymn-books and hymn-boards. But their presence would puzzle you if you entered the church at any other time than when a service is in progress.

For never a note is sung in this unusual church, never a word spoken. And even when the congregation rises to render that most ringing and stirring hymn "Fight the Good Fight," the only sound that breaks the silence of the service is the flutter of hundreds of fingers and the occasional scrape of a chair.

St. Saviour's Church, Acton, is an unusual church only because it has an unusual mission. It is, in effect, the Cathedral of the Deaf and Dumb People of Britain.

Pastor, guide, friend

The Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb has ten churches for the afflicted people it serves in and around London, staffed by twelve clergy and a number of lay workers, and this is the mother-church of them all.

It is no easy task looking after five thousand people completely lacking the power of speech or hearing, as these ten churches must do. For one thing, attending to the spiritual needs of these afflicted people is only a part of the work.

If they seek work, it is the vicar who takes them from employer to employer, because employment exchanges have no means of notifying deaf and dumb people of vacancies, sending them round for interviews, or ascertaining their special needs.

Without his help in telling employers that their disability might be a help rather than a handicap in certain jobs, and in protecting them against sweat-shop employers always keen to exploit the deaf and dumb, their position would be hopeless indeed.

It is the clergyman who must translate to them what the doctor says when they are ill, who must persuade them to go to hospital, ask the hospital to expect them, and keep their friends and relatives informed as to how they progress.

It is he who must tell the deaf-mute father "It's a boy" and congratulate him in sign language when the baby arrives. And later in the day he might be at another house telling a family, in that strange language of hands, that the doctor says all hope has gone.

The silent world

It is essential that a clergyman ministering to the deaf and dumb should be able to hear and speak. Without him as a link between their world and the world of normal people their isolation would be tragic indeed.

So the Royal Association chooses its men, sends them to King's College, pays for their training until they are ordained and sees that they understand that strange world of silence in which the deaf and dumb must live before allotting them to a church.

Think of some of the earliest problems that confront the new clergyman in such a church.

In every congregation there are people suffering from the three afflictions of deafness, dumbness and blindness—people who would be locked away entirely from the world if it were not for the normal people determined to reach them.

In every congregation, too, there are the older deaf mutes who cannot understand the sign language and have no hesitation in "saying" that they "aren't going to learn at my time of life." They, too, must be reached.

Then there are the people who "speak" the sign language that the new clergyman has been taught. Yet they present a difficulty as well.

They have learned certain movements that convey whole phrases instead of single letters of the alphabet, a sort of shorthand of the sign language, without which church services would be very slow and laborious affairs.

It is the deaf and dumb world's own Biblical language, and it seems to have borrowed something from the beauty of the Bible.

Spot-lighted pulpit

The movement of one clenched fist round the other "speaks" the gospel phrase "life everlasting" or the Lord's Prayer phrase "for ever and ever." The movement suggests drawing in an endless chain; a good way, the deaf mute thinks, of suggesting eternity.

To convey "our Lord Jesus Christ," or "our Saviour Jesus Christ" the worshipper touches each palm in turn with the tip of a finger. He has touched the points into which the nails were driven. That, he thinks, is all that is necessary.

And what is more appropriate to suggest the House of God than building up a roof with the two open hands.

All these different types of deaf mute the new clergyman must study. And before long he is preaching, praying and "singing" in such a way that all are suited.

He stands spot-lighted throughout the service, so that every movement is clearly seen by every member of the congregation, except those who are blind.

As he talks with his hands, he speaks noiselessly with his lips as well, so that the lip-readers who know nothing of the sign language understand all he wishes to convey.

At the same time he must act, too, so that the old people who know nothing of lip-reading or the sign language will know something of the service.

And as for those of the congregation who are blind as well as deaf and dumb. . . .

Beside each he must place a worshipper skilful at reading his signs quickly and conveying them direct to the hands of these worst afflicted of all people. They do this by holding the wrist of the deaf-dumb-blind person and "talking" in sign language on his fingers with their other available hand.

It is difficult work, looking after deaf and dumb congregations—made more difficult because lack of contact with the world makes them grow up as big, unsophisticated children.

They're so talkative!

They don't want to go home when a church service comes to an end because, Nature having made deaf and dumb people the most talkative folk in the world when once they learn a means of expressing themselves, they won't move while there is an audience available.

Oh, the tact many a clergyman has had to display to get his church closed for the night at all!

But in their unwillingness to go is the greatest tribute of all to the churches that look after these unutterably lonely people.

Going home from service means going out into a world that can't understand them, and which they can't understand. Every step that carries them away is another step between them and the vicar who is their only link with the big world.

Perhaps the churches catering for normal people could learn a little from these churches that must look after the people who are denied some of God's greatest gifts.

A Request

Our great Christmas Gift Offer, which takes the form of 2s. 6d. and 5s. Vouchers acceptable as cash in part payment of JOHN BULL Writing Sets, has this year proved more popular than ever.

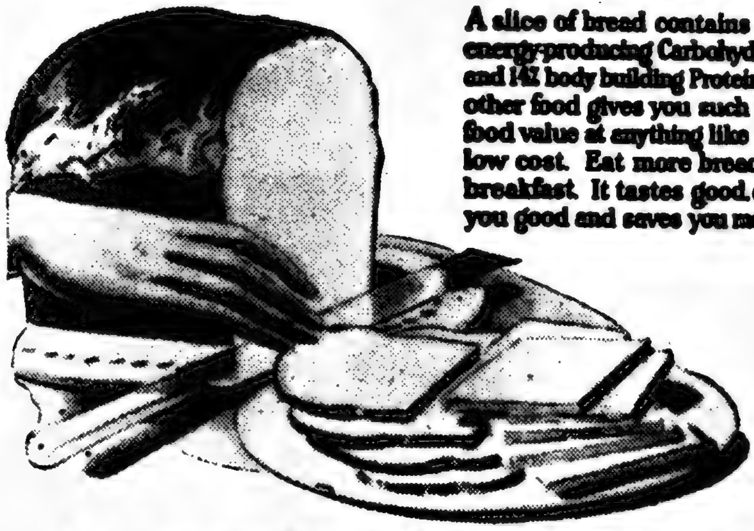
A special staff is dealing with the flood of applications to ensure prompt despatch. Readers who have not yet availed themselves of our offer are urged to make early application in order to avoid the rush of Christmas traffic.

The gift vouchers appear on page 6.

You get more nourishment from a slice of

BREAD

than from any other food at an equal cost



A slice of bread contains 72% energy-producing Carbohydrates and 14% body building Protein. No other food gives you such high food value at anything like such low cost. Eat more bread for breakfast. It tastes good, does you good and saves you money.

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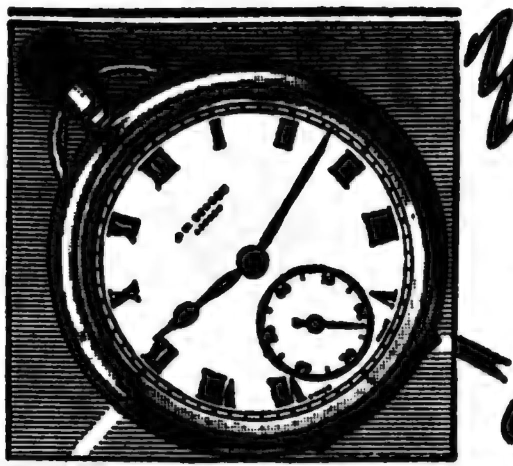

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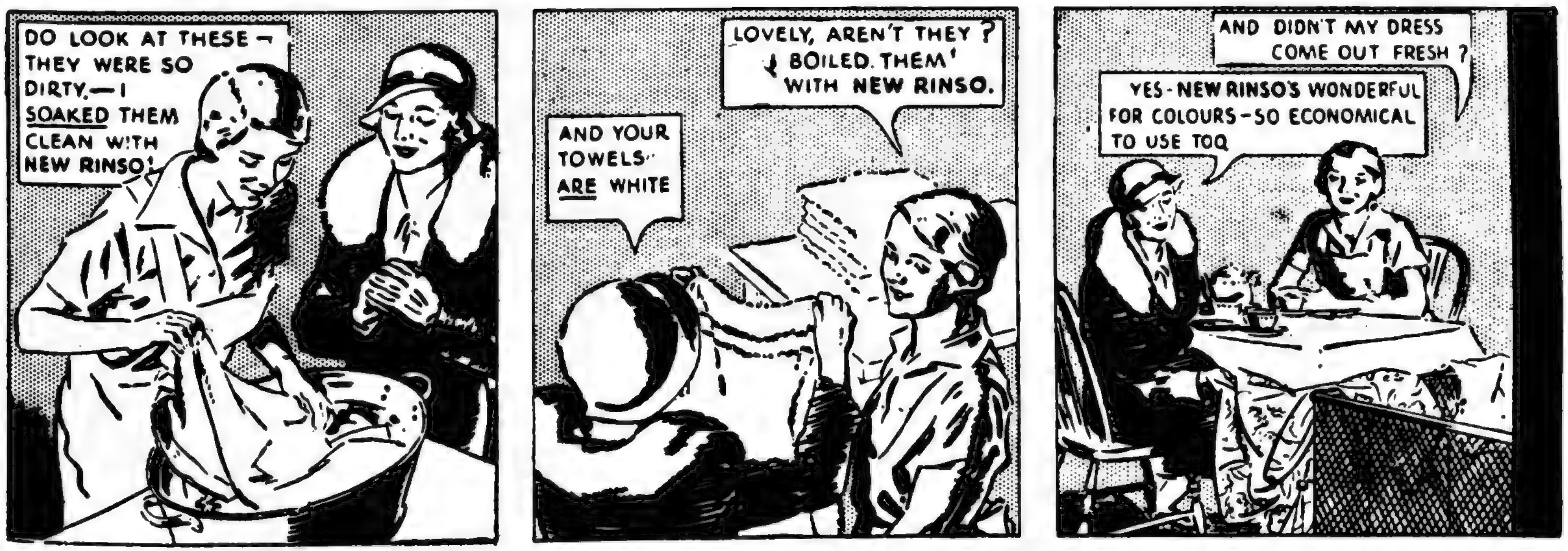
"MY WAY TO A WHITER WASH"


DO LOOK AT THESE – THEY WERE SO DIRTY.—I SOAKED THEM CLEAN WITH NEW RINSO!
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Mrs. M. F. WEBB, 15 Leigham Terrace, The Hoe, Plymouth, says: "Washing is easy when you have Rinso to help. To *loosen* dirt just *soak* with it — it gets coloured things and woollens so fresh. And now hear this! Boiling white things with Rinso gets them whiter than one ever thought possible!"

Mrs. WEBB says what hundreds in *your* town say too. Are *you* using New Rinso for boiling? See how much whiter it will make your wash. No harmful chemicals in New Rinso — *whitens* clothes by getting them *really clean.* Loosens dirt by *soaking.* Makes rich lather — washes colours and woollens *safely.* See how good it is for washing-up too. Ask your grocer or dealer for New Rinso.

Rinso
NEW RINSO

NEW RINSO — best for boiling as well as for soaking and washing. 3½d. 6d. 10d. a packet

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Soon be making for
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Says the waiter ....
Sharp's the word
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Physician's Prescription
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Entirely different from any other indigestion remedy. An original prescription of the celebrated Dr. Jenner. Over and over again on the advice of eminent specialists, Dr. Jenner's lozenges are prescribed for acidity, heartburn, pains after food, full-up feeling, flatulence. Relief in a few seconds even for chronic sufferers. Yet Dr. Jenner's are perfectly harmless, contain no bismuth or magnesia, may be taken after every meal. Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenge Brand Digestive Tablets. Boxes 1/3, 3/-, all chemists or post free from Savory & Moore Ltd., Chemists to the Medical Profession, 143a, New Bond St., London, W.1. (28)

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Why buy a second-hand piano when for as little as 14/6d. a month you can possess a Boyd? Boyd pianos have been famous for 60 years and each model carries the actual manufacturer's guarantee. Over 50,000 satisfied customers. Initial payment secures delivery.
Write or call for catalogue.

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B34

Dangerous Friendship CIRCLES

IMMEDIATE steps should be taken to curtail the mischievous activities of the many so-called "correspondence" clubs, circles and associations that are now springing up in different parts of the country.

Their advertisements, calculated to appeal to "lonely," friendless and adventurous people, offering promiscuous introductions, are an undoubted menace.

Again and again the public receives a forceful reminder that such introductions constitute a real peril; yet nothing is done.

Rogues exploit these correspondence circles to the full, as witness the case of Frank Kettleborough, of Claverton Street, London, who robbed nearly a hundred women whose acquaintance he first made through one of these doubtful agencies.

That Kettleborough is now serving a sentence of five years' penal servitude is poor consolation to his dupes, most of whom were induced to part with their life savings.

Another rogue who obtained his victims in the same way is William James Caldwell. He corresponded with more than a hundred women, eventually defrauding a typist of £600.

He is now serving a sentence of twenty months' hard labour, but not a penny piece was recovered by his victims.

Caldwell has a terrible record.

It's money they want

He had been twice convicted for conducting disorderly houses, and he had been sentenced at the London Sessions for theft Yet he had no difficulty in persuading correspondence clubs to accept him as a client.

Experience shows that most so-called "friendship" circles and correspondence clubs are conducted by individuals whose primary concern is the gathering of fees.

There is a great temptation for a lonely person to respond to advertisements which promise congenial companionship —but it is also very dangerous

In any case, it would be quite impossible for them to satisfy themselves as to the integrity of each and every client.

Those who bring strangers of opposite sexes together should consider the grave responsibility they are assuming.

Who, and what, for instance, is Mr. Frank Brooks, of Holland Road, Kensington, London, who advertised for "lonely" people, saying that "the friend you seek is seeking you"?

Letters addressed to "Frank Brooks" have failed to produce response, whilst a call at the house reveals that no person of that name has stayed there.

The correspondence is collected by a person who called herself a "private secretary."

In the same way, the "Friendship Circle" of High Holborn, London, W.C.1, is run in hole-and-corner fashion.

The "Friendship Circle" is described as a means by which lonely people may make congenial friends, and it is prepared to circulate your "desires and wishes" to other members "over a number."

The qualifications for membership are limited to the payment of a fee of half-a-crown, and the supplying of particulars relative to age, sex and occupation.

Fostering mischief

Typed at the foot of the literature distributed is the name "H. Bower," but a visit paid to High Holborn yields no information concerning the "Friendship Circle" or "Bower."

There is merely an accommodation address.

Yet among those said to be seeking to receive letters from unknown "friends" are "country gentlemen," "ladies of independent means," widows, and persons interested in art.

It is impossible to estimate the extent of the mischief fostered because of the ease with which respondents with evil bent are enabled to find ready victims.

An advertisement offered to a newspaper recently held forth the prospects of week-ends in a country cottage at Ripley, in Surrey—*a real change.*

An advertisement, which has lately appeared in a country newspaper with a considerable circulation, reads: "Friendships quickly formed through the U.C.C."

The readers of this newspaper are advised to write in confidence to the secretary at Cambridge Street, London.

And by the U.C.C., we can reveal, is meant the Universal Correspondence Club, founded by a Mr. Clare, whose activities we have condemned before.

Then there is another queer organisation, known as "The Penship Club," of Fleet Street, London.

A Dublin man, who wrote to three unknown "friends" introduced to him through this medium, now complains that they have all simultaneously ceased writing to him.

He might as well wonder why these "pen" friends ever entered into correspondence with him at all.

Two other concerns that specialise in bringing strangers together are the Friendship Bureau, of Lupus Street, London, and the Friendly Pen Club.

Some of these introductory clubs claim to encourage correspondence among members of either or both sexes in all parts of the world.

Curb them!

One of these is the International Friendship Club, of Rodney Court, London, which sets forth its aims and objects upon a very neatly-printed card, intended for the sole use of its members.

The promoters may be mainly concerned with the collection of the stipulated fee of five shillings from each correspondent; but the dangers of introducing people of opposite sexes are obvious.

Legislation is badly needed that will effectively curb all agencies and clubs of the kind here denounced.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Money-Spinners

I HAVE been reminded by several correspondents that I have not yet put up my half-dozen National Hunt performers likely to earn their corn this winter.

I left this matter over for a while as I wished to see how some of them had "summered." Anyway, here they are: Hurdlers: Free Fare, Wenceslas and Tuppence. 'Chasers: Kilcash Hill, Brienz and Pelorus Jack.

In Kilcash Hill, Frank Hartigan has a likely Grand National winner. A young 'chaser, "Kilcash" is very speedy between the jumps, and he showed at Aintree, when winning the "Sefton," that the big obstacles have no terror for him. Brienz, third in Trigo's Derby, has a touch of class, and Pelorus Jack is one of the "safe" brigade.

Free Fare was very unlucky not to land the Manchester November Handicap Code tip for me, but I think he will make amends over the minor obstacles.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 7, to Wednesday, December 13.

P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M
V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

BEXLEY HEATH OBSERVER:—"Bexley Fire Brigade were called to an outbreak of LAND."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"—— HISSED a chance of an equaliser."

YORKSHIRE POST:—"Prophesying that in years to come she would become a REAR star."

LIVERPOOL POST AND MERCURY:—"Apparently some workmen ran out at some critical moment and frightened the BUS."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Earl Buxton, one of the few survivors of MRS. Gladstone's Government."

YORKSHIRE GAZETTE:—"She wore a dress of lemon silk morocain and a CU of the same material."

FOOTBALL ECHO:—"The Scot has done his share of ROARING since he left his native Ayrshire."

MAIDENHEAD ADVERTISER:—"National Rat Week.—Two poisons are used, one of which is a special preparation, only harmful to RESIDENTS."

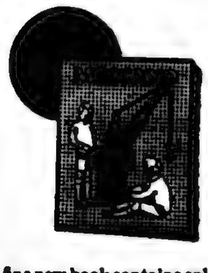
HERTFORDSHIRE EXPRESS:—"The School Managers were very sorry to lose Mr. —, but they felt he was going to BURY himself."

GLOUCESTER CITIZEN:—"Lord and Lady Sempill have received a reassuring BULL from Chicago."

"Look at this fine model I've built!"

"A fine Meccano Model of an Automatic Grabbing Crane"

SEND FOR THIS NEW MECCANO BOOK NOW—IT'S FREE



This fine new book contains splendid illustrated articles dealing with many of the world's greatest engineering feats. In addition, it describes and illustrates the full range of Meccano Constructional Outfits, Hornby Speed Boats, and the wonderful new Kemex and Elektron Outfits.

We will send you a copy, post free, in return for the names and addresses of three of your chums. Write your own name and address clearly, and add number 20 for reference. A postcard may be used with a penny stamp, but if you send a letter it requires a three-halfpenny stamp.

MECCANO LIMITED (DEPT. 20),
BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13.

"Of course it works. It's a real crane!"

That is the fascination and delight of building models with Meccano. There is no need to pretend or make-believe, for Meccano is real engineering in miniature and Meccano models work exactly as their prototypes in real life.

The Meccano system is composed of a series of perfectly finished steel and brass engineering parts in miniature, with which practically any mechanical movement may be reproduced in model form. There is no limit to the number of engineering models that can be built with Meccano, and the system is so simple that any boy can commence building as soon as he gets his Outfit home.

If you have never built models with Meccano, you have missed one of the greatest thrills of your life. There is nothing like it for boys who are keen on creating, inventing and building.

See the complete display now being shown at all good toy shops and make up your mind now to get Meccano for Christmas.

PRICES OF MECCANO OUTFITS.

Outfit				*Price*
No. X1	*Builds*	70	*models*	1/3*d.*
No. X2	,,	96	,,	2/-
No. 000	,,	162	,,	2/6*d.*
No. 00	,,	189	,,	3/6*d.*
No. 0	,,	343	,,	5/-
No. 1	,,	573	,,	10/-
No. 2	,,	629	,,	16/-
No. 3	,,	687	,,	27/6*d.*
No. 4	,,	753	,,	52/6*d.*

Other Outfits up to 415/-

Wear a "Meccano Engineer" Badge, obtainable from any Meccano dealer, price 2d.

MECCANO

ARE *YOU* IN PAIN?

For
PNEUMONIA
BRONCHITIS
RHEUMATISM
NEURITIS
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
COLDS
And all forms of PAIN.

All bodily pain instantly banished by Wincapcine—the new QUILTED Medicated Wool. Easy to cut and "thin out." Unseen under the lightest clothing. FREE bottle spirituous fluid with every packet. Get a 1/3 packet from your Chemist or any of Boots Branches. In case of difficulty write to address below.

Wincapcine BRAND
MEDICATED WOOL

(Dept. J.B.)
BOND PRODUCTS, Ltd., 7, Field End Parade, Eastcote, Mdx.

NICE ON THE PALETTE!
NUTTALL'S
MINTOES
PER QR 4d

£1,050 and Giant Hampers Won in Crossword Competition No. 238.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £850 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £425 will be sent:—

E. G. Francis, 54, Hulse Avenue, New Barking, Essex.
F. Flower, 80, Welbeck Street, Whitwell, Nr. Mansfield.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post Tuesday, December 12, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between thirty-three competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3 0s. 6d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above cash awards, the two competitors sharing the First Prize and each of the 33 sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive shortly before Christmas an extra award of a Christmas Hamper.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 236. Four Hundred and Seventeen competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of 4s. 10d. will be despatched accordingly.

"JOHN BULL'S" RECORD 3-IN-1 XMAS CROSSWORD OFFER. Turn to Page 44 for full details and enter for these magnificent must-be-won prizes NOW.

Never miss reading "Small ads. worth watching" See page 7.

The Spectre of Baldness — — — — Banished

DID you see the Spectre of Baldness confronting you in the mirror this morning? It's menacing presence was betrayed by the hair which came out in your comb. Are you troubled with dandruff, and is its presence indicated by unsightly white scales on your clothing?

Do not neglect these warnings which nature gives to induce you to protect her valuable gift: an abundant, healthy hair growth.

You must realise that dandruff and falling hair indicate that your hair roots are impoverished, and your system is not supplying them with sufficient nourishment. The hair gradually becomes thinner, and the lost hair is not immediately replaced by new growth.

It is obvious that the hair roots can only be restored to their former activities by a substance composed of constituents similar to those of the hair.

This substance has long been sought for by scientists of all countries. Eventually, after many years research it was discovered by the famous biologist, Dr. Weidner. There is no secret about it. It consists of living hair cells, which Dr. Weidner isolated from healthy human hair and brought into a stable solution called Silvikrin.

A few drops of Silvikrin contain millions of living hair cells.

Silvikrin conveys natural growing energy to the hair forming tissues, restores their normal functions. It performs a real miracle on your scalp. Dandruff is removed almost over night, falling hair is rapidly stopped, and bald patches are soon covered with new hair.

If, therefore, you are not satisfied with your hair, whether you suffer from dandruff or falling hair, do not wait until it reaches an advanced stage endangering the delicate hair roots.

ABSOLUTELY FREE TRIAL

You owe it to yourself to learn what this invention will do for you. The booklet "Your Hair" contains full particulars of Dr. Weidner's invention and valuable advice on the care and preservation of the hair and scalp. Doctors say that if people followed this advice, there would be no more hair trouble.

Do not send any money or stamps.

Fill in the coupon and post it to-day. We will send you free and post free a copy of this booklet together with a generous sample of a Silvikrin preparation.

9c

★ **Silvikrin has been tested in Hospitals and Universities of many countries on most hopeless cases. The results obtained were previously considered impossible and caused a real sensation in the medical world.**

Many thousands of people owe to Silvikrin the abundance, health and beauty of their hair.

Please write in block letters, and post in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp.

COUPON

Silvikrin Laboratories,
165, Sydney Rd., King's Parade, London, N. 10

Please send me free and post free: 344.

1. The Booklet "Your Hair."
2. A sample of a Silvikrin Preparation.
3. Opinions of the Medical Profession.

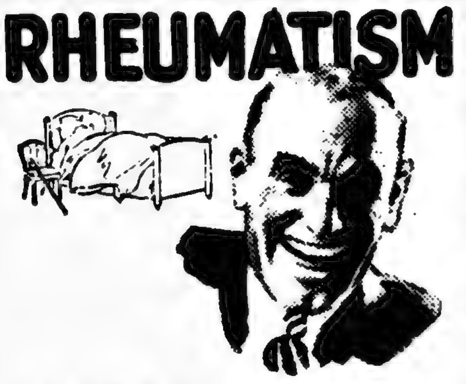
Name ....

Address ....

J.B. ....

Silvikrin

goes to the root of hair trouble



RHEUMATISM

He feels 20 years younger

"I am 69 years of age. Four years ago I had a severe attack of Rheumatism and lumbago which continued for 6 months, and for some time I was quite unable to dress myself or rise up from my back without assistance. After reading about Kruschen Salts I commenced taking a half-teaspoonful of Salts in a glass of hot water first thing in the morning for about 3 weeks, and I began to improve. Afterwards I took a small dose, enough to cover a sixpence, every morning in my first cup of tea, and in a month's time I felt quite well and have not since had an ache or pain, and feel 20 years younger. I am still keeping to the small dose in the tea every morning."

H. H., Bolton, Lancs.

It is common knowledge that rheumatism and lumbago are caused by needle-pointed uric acid crystals getting lodged in the muscles and joints.

Kruschen Salts dull the sharp edges of these crystals and then dissolve them away altogether. Afterwards Kruschen flushes the system clear of every trace of these dissolved crystals. Furthermore, Kruschen prevents uric acid from ever forming again. How? Simply by assisting the body to expel every day all undigested food which produces uric acid and other body poisons.

Tasteless in Tea.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/–, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow.

CHAPPED HANDS COLD SORES & Chilblains

Wonderful HERBAL Ointment

That Soothes & Heals The Skin

Immediately your skin feels rough, sore, or chapped, or you have chilblains or cold sores, apply Zam-Buk. This refined herbal ointment supplies the skin's shortage of natural oil—it soothes smarting, stinging pain, allays inflammation and irritation, reduces swelling, and grows new, healthy skin.

Mrs. N. Wellings, 109, Halesowen Rd., Old Hill, Staffs, says: "I suffered a lot with chapped hands. The skin was rough and painful and the cracks bled. I tried many useless things before I got Zam-Buk. This soothed and healed the cracks and made my hands smooth and healthy."

ZAM-BUK OINTMENT BRAND

Of all Chemists and Stores 1/3 or 3/- box.

after SMOKING

Soothe tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.

VICK BRAND LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

INDIA Calling British Isles . .

This is the receiver specially designed for community village use in India. Here it is being demonstrated to Indian students in London

BRITISH wireless listeners will have a new thrill next Wednesday when, for the first time, they will hear a voice from far-off India announcing a programme from the Bombay studios.

But there will be more in the occasion than the mere thrill of listening to voices and music across nearly five thousand miles of space. It will be an event of first-class historical importance to Britain and the Empire.

India has always been the Cinderella of the wireless world. And no wonder.

In this country, if a few knob twiddlers living near John O' Groat's fail to get the London programmes with a crystal set and an aerial tied to the bedpost, they write furiously to the B.B.C. about it and the B.B.C. erects them a nice new £50,000 regional station. And, when there are still more complaints, as there are bound to be, the B.B.C. feel very hard done by about it. *We* are the spoilt darlings of wireless.

But consider India. There they have only two stations, Bombay and Calcutta, to serve a country as big as the whole of Europe and containing 360 million people. They started on the job in 1927 when the Indian Broadcasting Company came into being.

Three years later the company failed and since then the two stations have staggered on under Government auspices putting out occasional programmes which for entertainment value would make our fat stock prices seem like a hilarious revue.

But now India is staging her come-back on the ether. "Bombay calling the British Isles . . ." on December 13 is her way of showing it. She is coming back because there are great things afoot.

Medley of tongues

The first broadcasting experiment in India went smash because the problem it had set itself was too gigantic for solution.

But it was not just the bigness of India which defeated the broadcasters. It was the extraordinary nature of the country, the character and mixture of the population.

In the first place they had to cater, or attempt to do so, for a country where 200 totally different languages and dialects are spoken and where there are hundred of different castes and creeds all savagely separate from one another.

In the second place, only about sixty million of India's population live in towns, the rest live in some of the 500,000 villages scattered the length and breadth of India's coral strand.

And the overwhelming percentage of those are illiterate, slaving a lifetime through to keep body and soul together. Their one thought if they succeeded in saving some money would be to buy a piece of gold for the wife's nostril, not a wireless set speaking in a language they could not understand.

So the broadcasting company went into liquidation. It failed for the all too common reason that it could not pay its way. It had to live on licences and not enough people bought them. After three years' work there were only about 4,500 receiving sets in all India. To-day there are only 7,000.

In every village

But all that is now to be changed by the work of a few voluntary bodies, notably the Indian Villages Welfare Association, of which Lady Irwin, wife of the ex-Viceroy, is President.

The Bombay and Calcutta stations are to go on serving those towns, but for the villages hundreds of small regional stations are to be built, each with a range of about twenty-five miles and *with announcers who will use the speech of the locality.*

In every village there will be one wireless set and loud-speaker, permanently tuned to the local station and under the charge of the village schoolmaster or headman, who will keep the switch key.

So the language difficulty will be solved.

The financial problem will be solved by taxing the villagers about one penny per head per year for their communal listening.

At least £1,000,000 a year should be forthcoming from this source, amply sufficient for erecting and running the stations and installing sets. A small station can be put up for about £1,500 and the village sets would cost about £15 each.

Bombay and Calcutta will be parent stations; sometimes when the material is suitable, the tiny regionals will pick up the main programmes and relay them to the villages.

But most of the programmes will be compiled on the spot. They will consist of local news, produce prices, national news, and other matters of practical interest to the villagers. There will also be musical entertainment.

Somehow these voluntary workers who are installing this radio network in India have got hold of an idea which is likely to do more real good for India's population than all the Round Table Conferences, Royal Commissions, Committees and all the rest of the Governmental mumbo-jumbo which have been wrestling for years with the obscure and complicated affairs of that distressed country.

Wireless can do more in a few years for the education and enlightenment of India's vast illiterate millions than all the other educational systems could do in generations.

The wireless will be used to teach them the elements of sanitation and hygiene, saving the lives of many of the countless thousands who die in India every year of disease.

By information and warning it will do much to break the power of the usurer, India's other great scourge. Millions of villagers are in bond to moneylenders from almost their first breath to their last.

Out of every rupee they earn throughout their lifetime, as much as nine-tenths goes into the pockets of these Shylocks.

Peaceful revolution

It will also warn them and serve to protect them against flood, drought and famine, thus taking a lot of labour from the shoulders of overworked officials during those times of peril.

The loud-speaker outside the headman's house will take the place of the holy man beneath the banyan tree, the better for India's health and prosperity.

The steps to bring this peaceful revolution about are now under way. One of the technical missions leaves for India this month and in a very short time the network will begin to spread across the country.

That is the great idea behind "Bombay calling the British Isles" on December 13. For the first time, but decidedly not for the last.

CONTINENTAL CHARMER

A HANDSOME, dark-skinned rogue, with charming manners and an accent that is a pleasing mixture of French and English, is carrying out a very successful campaign of fraud in different parts of the country.

He calls himself Paul Delahaye, and, fashionably dressed, poses, among other things, as an author, a touring official of a French banking institution, an actor and a lawyer.

Hotels and first-class men's wear shops are his chief attractions, however, and he descends upon them with all the dignity of a foreign visitor of note.

So charming is he that suspicion as to his real character is never aroused until after he has departed.

* * *

He walked into a provincial hotel the other day and booked a suite of rooms. He was very lavish with his requirements, as he explained that three very distinguished friends had come with him from abroad on an important business trip and he wanted to make them as comfortable as possible.

He seemed a little agitated, and explained that his touring car had broken down just outside the town, and, continuing the journey alone by taxi, he had left his friends to be towed into a local garage for the car to be repaired while he came on to arrange their hotel accommodation.

He ordered a good dinner for four, and then departed. Just prior to going he turned and asked the manager to do him a favour.

He wanted one of his bank drafts cashed, and handed over a foreign-looking cheque of quite an impressive kind.

Such was his force of personality that his request was met without suspicion.

But the draft proved to be a worthless document. Several similar scraps of paper are in existence, and complaints are now rife about this suave visitor from abroad.

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE *YOU!*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

A Wonderful
NEW TABLET TREATMENT
THAT WILL SAVE YOU
POUNDS

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by the Wonderful New Biological Treatment—Elasto.

LEG pains are soon forgotten when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins vanish and veins become normal, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, rheumatism disappears and the whole system is braced and strengthened This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What Other Users of Elasto Say :—

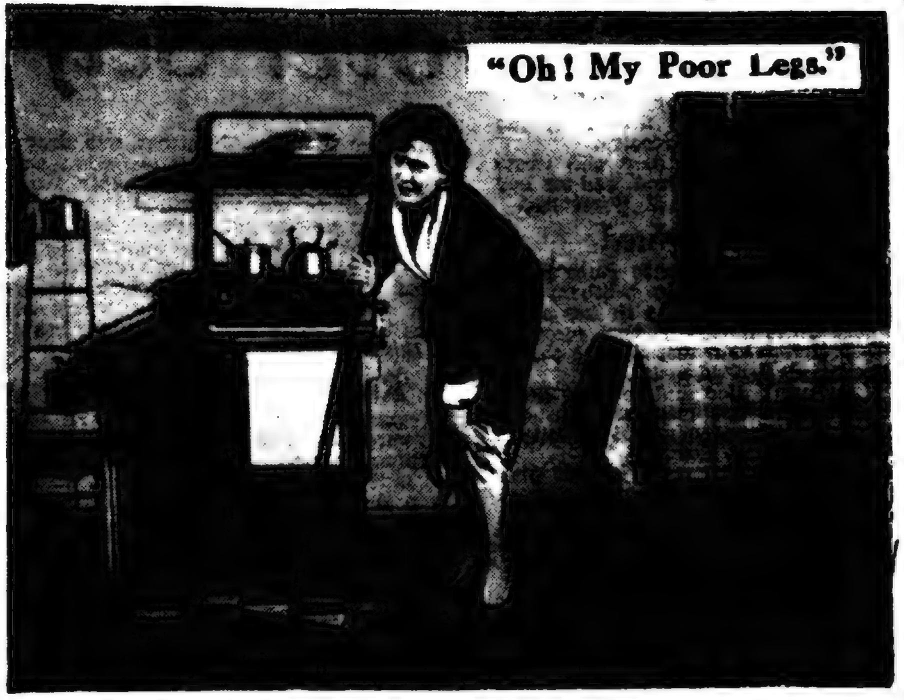
"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active at 80."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins completely gone."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"I would like to recommend Elasto to all sufferers."
"Had rheumatism so bad I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

These extracts from testimonials are typical of the general chorus of praise which has greeted this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto.

Elasto
REMEDY
ELASTO

In Tablet Form. Dissolves On Tongue.

We claim full Proprietary Rights in this Preparation. There are no Substitutes for Elasto.


"Oh! My Poor Legs."

"For years I have suffered with swollen legs and ankles, and at different times they have turned to nasty ulcers, and I have been unable to walk about, being in such agony. I had tried all sorts of ointments, etc., and had spent a lot of money trying to get my legs well again. Then I saw your Elasto advertised and decided to try it, and after taking this pleasant treatment for a time I am pleased to say that my legs are quite well again. I can now get about freely and do all my work and feel fine; it is such a relief to be free from constant pain.

"I hope other sufferers will see this and try Elasto for themselves, as it is really wonderful."

B.1099. *Mrs. M——— B———*

Elasto Will Save You Time and Worry, Suffering and Expense.

You may not be aware that you are suffering from varicose veins, but, remember, it is not always the surface veins merely that are affected; as a matter of fact it is often internal (and invisible) varicose veins that are the most painful and frequently lead to ulceration, setting up those distressing ailments known as bad legs. These conditions will not respond to ordinary treatment; to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, whether local or general, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. This Elasto does with results that often appear positively miraculous. Be wise in time; get rid of those leg pains now, before the trouble becomes more serious. Accept this free sample offer below.

What is Elasto?

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose ailments, rheumatism and leg troubles generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases;* that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological treatment which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming diseased conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing.

What Elasto Does!

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Banishes

Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Eczema, Bad Legs, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Rheumatism, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Muscular Weakness, Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries and Glands, Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and All Relaxed Conditions, no matter where they occur.

Elasto also has a splendid bracing effect upon the whole system and quickly banishes depression and "out-of-sorts" feeling.

We invite you to test Elasto Free! So don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it. Send the Coupon below!

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto.*

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto Treatment cures through the blood.

NAME ....
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS..

My Ailment is.................................. "John Bull" 9/12/33

FOOTBALL
GET THE "BIG TWO"
CHALLENGER FOOTBALL LISTS
NOTHING BARRED
NOTHING STARRED
SIX LEAGUES TO CHOOSE FROM
LONG ODDS NOW FOR THE ENGLISH CUP
Send for Price List
THE SAME GENEROUS TERMS
OVER THE STICKS
as for the Flat.
NO LIMIT—WIN or PLACE
WINNINGS BY RETURN
Any amount from 1/- may be invested by letter in accordance with rules.
Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than set time of any race will be on at FULL STARTING PRICE. Registered Letters must be posted overnight.
Fill in this Coupon for particulars of FREE WRITING SET.
Name ....
I am over 21
Address ....
Town ....
County ....
POST NOW TO
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
217 BATH STREET GLASGOW, C.2
BIG TWO

BACKACHE THROUGH KIDNEY TROUBLE.
Have You Tried This Recipe?
If you suffer from backache, whether it is a constant, ever-present nagging pain, or sudden stabs of agony, here's a recipe you ought to try. Doctors will tell you that backache nearly always comes because your kidneys aren't working properly, and there are few things so good for the kidneys as this simple recipe.
Just get an ounce of ordinary Carmarole Compound at the chemists and take eight or ten drops in a teaspoonful of water after meals. If you prefer tablets, it is just as good if you get it in tablet form.
Carmarole Compound is simply wonderful for all who suffer from backache or kidney or bladder trouble, as it stimulates these organs to healthy action and clears them right out. It gives you long nights of peaceful, undisturbed sleep, and you wake in the morning fit for anything.
You really ought to try this recipe. Just ask your chemist for Carmarole Compound to-day, and you will end all your pain. Don't forget. He is almost sure to have it in tablets, too.
JB

SAFE! SAFE! SAFE!
Every man, every woman of every age, can be safe from Rheumatism. . . . Urace tackles the root of the trouble! Mere deadening of pain is not enough; temporary relief is useless. Urace dissolves the needle-sharp Uric Acid crystals . . . in a way that prevents any more forming. 1/3, 3/-, 5/-, from your chemist.
FREE SAMPLE—for limited period only!
URACE
BRAND TABLETS—FOR
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, KIDNEY TROUBLE, BACKACHE
Urace Laboratories, Dept. 45,
33 Banner Street. London, E.C. 1
JB

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

My Biggest Triumph over Self

SOME years ago I was a candidate for a certain post and with excellent qualifications I was almost certain of obtaining it. My greatest rival was a man who had married the girl I was once engaged to. Naturally I was elated to think that I was going to have my revenge.

We met a few minutes before being interviewed, and then he told me that that morning he had become a father and that the post would help him considerably.

Murmuring "Good luck," I left and he got the post.—*Tyke, Yorks.*

Winning Wait

Five years ago I was happily engaged, but my doctor, suspecting lung trouble, advised me to break it off. I explained this to my sweetheart, and, although my heart was breaking, offered him his liberty.

He scorned the idea, and offered to marry me there and then. I was so touched by his constancy that I was tempted to agree, but I feared for the future and clung to my resolve.

Now, after five years' care and treatment, I am completely cured, and my boy is coming back to me.—*E. E., Wimborne.*

Wrong Righted

I was my aunt's favourite since babyhood. Somehow, my two brothers and sister never gained a place in her affections, and, quite naturally, they resented auntie's preference for me. In the course of years, we all drifted apart.

Then my aunt died and left me £400. The others were not mentioned in her will. I wanted the money, but I thought of my brothers and sister.

After a struggle, my sense of fair play triumphed. I sent each of them a cheque for £100.—*N. S., Newcastle.*

Holiday Saved

Through ill-health I was at Llandudno, and one day I found a bag on a seat. I took it to my room and found about £40 and three return tickets to London in it.

I reported my find, and found that it belonged to three teachers who had just started on their holiday. I shall never forget their faces when I told them what I had found.

The ten shillings they gave me was nothing to the good I felt in doing the right thing when I wanted money so badly.—*A. E. Palmer, Birmingham.*

My Lost Goal

Could I get the all-important goal? What fame if I did! What glory! More important, probably a future assured! Dare I take the risk? For risk there was. Ought I to pass to the unmarked centre-forward? A goal meant nothing to him. It meant everything to me—a raw beginner. But I managed to put self last.

The back was upon me. As he rushed in to tackle, I slipped the ball into the middle. The centre-forward steadied himself, and—we'd won the cup!—*G. F., London, S.E.*

Her Christmas Present

I was a heavy drinker, a widower with a little daughter, of whom I was very fond. Once, when Christmas was drawing near, I asked my little girl what she would like as a present. Her reply came as a shock to me, for she said quietly, "A father who is not a drunkard."

The look on her face, half-sad, half-contemptuous, shamed me utterly. I vowed I would never touch strong drink from that day, and—though it has at times been a hard struggle—I never have.—*"Cymro," Treharris.*

Ran Away—Returned

Working with a companion at the top of a warehouse I was startled to see smoke creeping through the door. Realising that the building was on fire I dashed madly down the stairs blind to the fate of my mate, and intent only on self-preservation.

I reached the lower floors, and then my sanity returned. Retracing my steps through the crackling flames and smoke, I reached my mate, who was unconscious, and dragged him to safety.

I was amply rewarded by the tears in his wife's eyes when she thanked me.—*"Funk," London, S.W.*

Gripping Fever

The gambling fever held me firmly in its grip. Eventually I became penniless—in fact, badly in debt, absolutely down and out.

It was then I vowed to give it up. What a struggle it was—temptation and the crowd of "sharks" were always present. Time after time I almost broke my resolution.

Now, after twenty years of triumph, thoughts of gambling never enter my head, and, consequently, I possess a nice bank balance.—*W. D., Congleton.*

A Gentleman Still

I was unemployed, in desperate straits, my wife and kiddie being ill, and was contemplating burglary to supply them with necessities.

Night came and I went out with one object—by some means I intended to bring back those necessities.

Slouching along, I suddenly became master of myself and drawing myself to my full height, turned round and strode home again with military step.

My biggest triumph over self was caused by seeing officers of my old company step into their car. I had been an officer, and, I hope, a gentleman.—*Ex-Officer, Staffs.*

Hat for Yacht

BY saving and scraping, at last I had enough to buy a dinky little hat I had long wished for. Going along to buy it, I noticed a youngster looking longingly at the display of toy ships, motor-'buses, &c., in a shop.

I had, many years since, experienced his same longing, and knew how he felt. I sacrificed my new hat, while he went away joyously with a model yacht.

The other girls twitted me about my old hat, but the gratitude expressed on that boy's face made up for my sacrifice.—A. A., Manchester.

Nothing Doing

I was a lowly paid private secretary. He was a wealthy stockbroker. We were travelling alone in the same compartment. In my official capacity I was one of a very few who had access to information concerning impending legislation.

My companion offered me £1,000 if I would impart the information, and thus enable him to make ten times that amount by speculation.

Nobody would have been the wiser if I had told. I was hard up and in debt, as I had been keeping up appearances by living beyond my means.

I merely changed the subject.—*"Budget," West Ewell.*

* * *

I had a beautiful doll, dressed like a baby, and it was my greatest pride. Next door the little girl was dangerously ill. She had seen my doll and was crying for it. Her look of delight when I placed it in her arms was enough to compensate me.—*Pearl Heaton, Manchester.*

My father, dying, asked me to promise to look after my mother, who was an invalid. I settled down to the job, and her dying "God bless you" showed my biggest trumph over a naturally selfish character.—*"Ino," Hockley.*

At sixteen I struggled with shorthand, but an inward voice said, "You will never master it." At twenty I made another effort and became a "registered and competent teacher." When I gaze on my diploma I realise my triumph over my inner self.—*Journalist, Wisbech.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, December 12.

The Thrill I Get Out of Christmas

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on December 9

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Sunderland v. Arsenal.
(2) LEICESTER v. W.B. Albion.
(3) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Newcastle.
(4) ASTON VILLA v. Derby.
(5) Chelsea v. MANCHESTER C.
(6) HUDDERSFIELD v. Middlesbrough.
*(7) LIVERPOOL v. Wednesday.
(8) PORTSMOUTH v. Everton.
(9) Sheffield U. v. Leeds.
(10) Stoke v. Blackburn.
*(11) HOTSPUR v. Birmingham.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) MANCHESTER U. v. Notts.
(2) WEST HAM v. Bradford C.
*(3) BRENTFORD v. Millwall.
*(4) BOLTON v. Swansea.
(5) Bradford v. Fulham.
*(6) BURNLEY v. Lincoln.
*(7) GRIMSBY v. Southampton.
(8) Forest v. Blackpool.
(9) OLDHAM v. Bury.
(10) PLYMOUTH v. Port Vale.
(11) PRESTON v. Hull.

ENGLISH CUP—Round II.

(1) WALSALL v. Orient.
(2) Northampton v. Torquay.
(3) Boscombe v. TRANMERE.
(4) Accrington v. Bristol R.
(5) CHARLTON v. Gillingham.
(6) Bristol C. v. Barrow.
*(7) GATESHEAD v. North Shields.
*(8) Q.P. RANGERS v. N. Brighton.
*(9) CARLISLE v. Cheltenham.
*(10) STOCKPORT v. C. Palace.
(11) Rotherham v. COVENTRY.
(12) HALIFAX v. Hartlepools.
(13) Sutton v. READING.
**(14) SWINDON v. Dartford.
(15) SOUTHEND v. Chester.
(16) Workington v. NEWPORT.
(17) Gainsborough v. ALDERSHOT.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) EXETER v. Luton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Darlington v. YORK.
(2) Mansfield v. CREWE.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) MOTHERWELL v. Ayr.
(2) St. Mirren v. Partick.
(3) THIRD LANARK v. Hibernian.
(4) AIRDRIE v. Cowdenbeath.
(5) Clyde v. KILMARNOCK.
(6) Dundee v. Celtic.
(7) FALKIRK v. Queen of South.
(8) Hearts v. Aberdeen.
(9) RANGERS v. Queen's Park.
(10) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Hamilton.

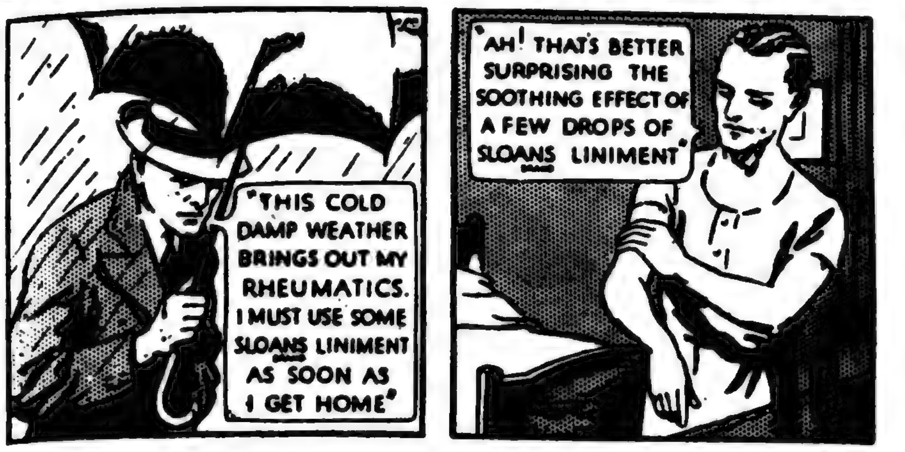
SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—11 (*H*); Div. II.—3 (*H*); English Cup—14 (*H*); Northern Section—2 (*A*); Scottish League I.—(*H*) would indicate Hotspur, Brentford, Swindon, Crewe and Motherwell.

A copy of the simplest and most comprehensive football chart specially designed by the *Sporting Life* for pool enthusiasts will be sent on receipt of a postcard to "Sporting Life" (Dept. J.B.), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C. It is part of a unique how-to-win service appearing daily in the *Sporting Life*.

RHEUMATISM


"THIS COLD DAMP WEATHER BRINGS OUT MY RHEUMATICS. I MUST USE SOME SLOANS BRAND LINIMENT AS SOON AS I GET HOME"
"AH! THAT'S BETTER SURPRISING THE SOOTHING EFFECT OF A FEW DROPS OF SLOANS BRAND LINIMENT"

Stop Rheumatic Pains This Way

If changeable weather causes excruciating twinges of Rheumatic Pain in joints or muscles—use Sloans Brand Liniment without delay. Apply gently. Instantly you feel the penetrating warmth as the liniment acts on throbbing nerves and aching tissues. Relief quickly follows and your pain dies away.

The first application of Sloans Brand Liniment brings relief. No rubbing—no waiting. That is why millions of people keep a bottle handy, ready to kill rheumatic aches and pains and give welcome relief to stiff joints and aching muscles. Get a bottle to-day—see for yourself how quickly and surely Sloans Brand Liniment kills pain.

Use Sloans Brand Liniment for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Backache, Sprains, Bruises, all Muscular Aches and Pains.

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"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, **Proprietors of "John Bull."**

Just a minute, please !

That's all it will take of your time to read one or two of "The Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 7. You're bound to find something of interest or value there.

GRAVES

SMART WINTER COAT produced in a cosy and durable cloth with chevron weave effect, tastefully cut, & carefully tailored. Bold revers, newest fashion shoulders and sleeves, stylishly designed back and an all-round belt of self material, finished with neat slide. The garment is fully lined with super quality Art. Silk Mixture Twill and has a lovely Lamb Collar of good depth and excellent quality. In Brown, Grey, Wine, Lido and Black. Busts: 32, 34, 36, 38in. Lengths: 44 to 50in. 5/6 monthly. No extra charge for Easy Payments.

5/6 NOW

87/6

PATTERNS POST FREE. Every lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Fashions which includes Coats, Costumes, Frocks and Robes for all occasions, all offered at keenest money-saving prices. In your own interest write now, stating the style of garment you require. Samples of the actual materials will be sent you together with self-measurement form, & all necessary information; also Catalogue of Ladies' & Children's Wear.

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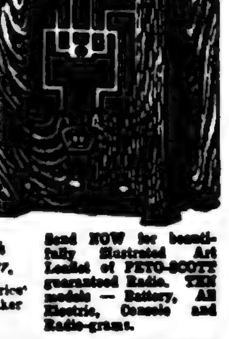

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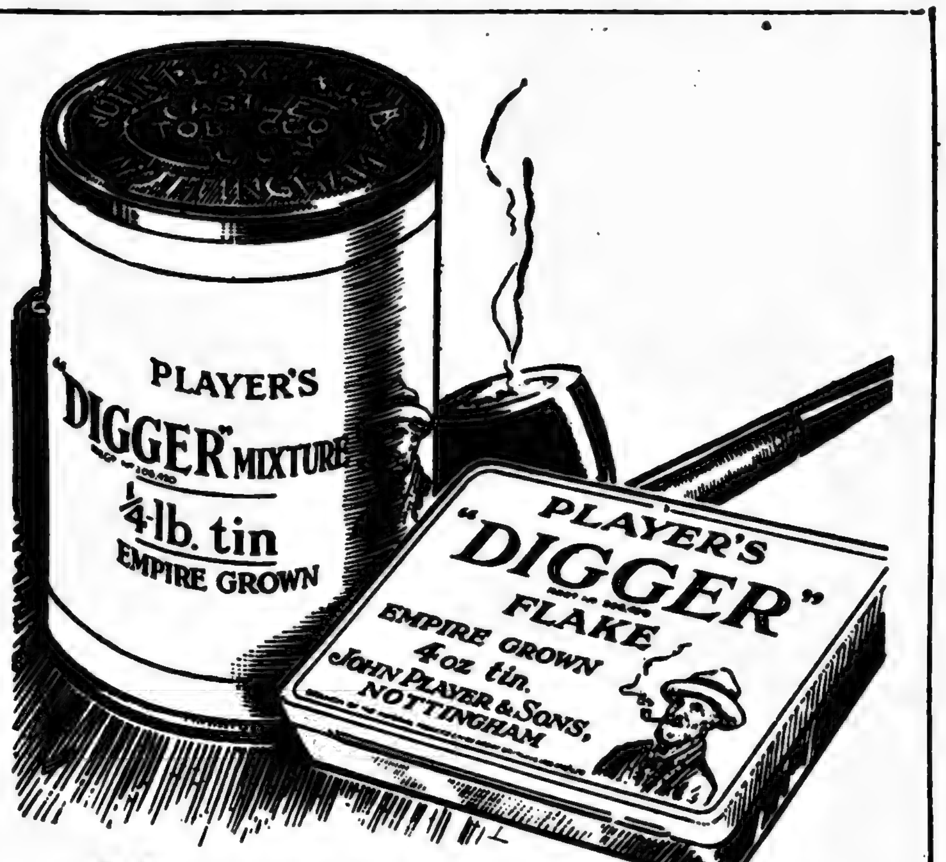

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His present need not be costly to be good. Player's Digger is the most successful tobacco made from Empire Leaf. Being so popular with many smokers it forms a splendid yet economical gift.

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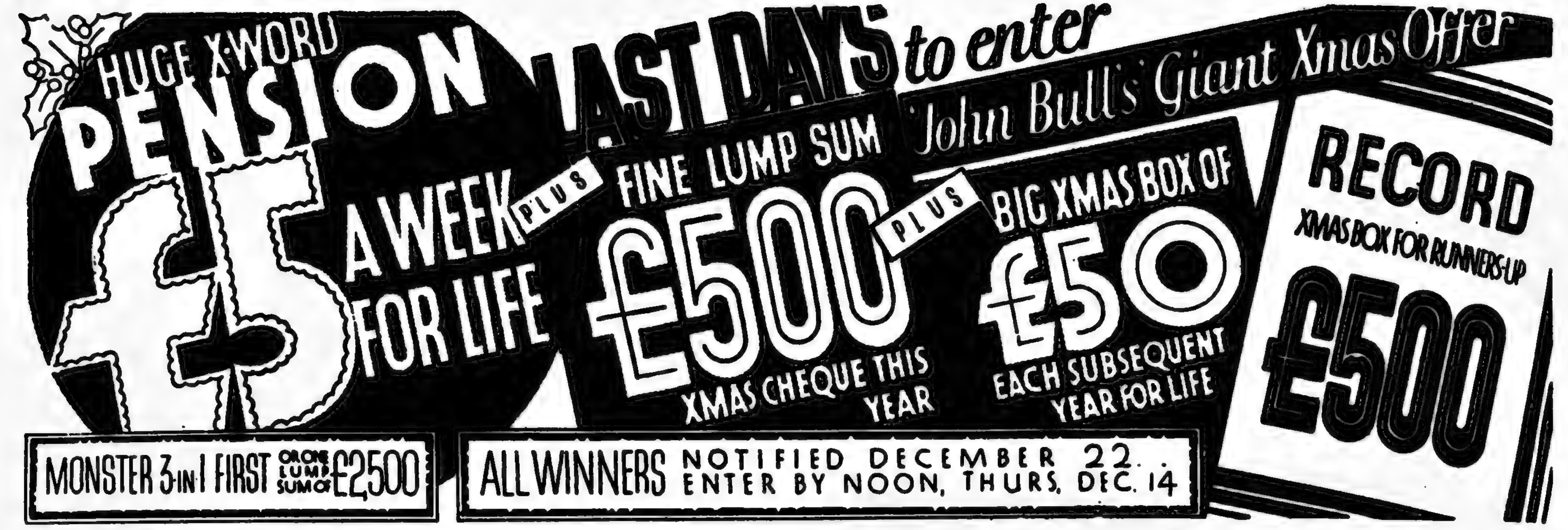

HUGE X-WORD PENSION
£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE
PLUS
FINE LUMP SUM £500 XMAS CHEQUE THIS YEAR
PLUS
BIG XMAS BOX OF £50 EACH SUBSEQUENT YEAR FOR LIFE
LAST DAYS to enter John Bull's Giant Xmas Offer
RECORD XMAS BOX FOR RUNNERS-UP £500
MONSTER 3-IN-1 FIRST OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £2500
ALL WINNERS NOTIFIED DECEMBER 22. ENTER BY NOON, THURS. DEC. 14

EVERYBODY is thinking of Christmas and of the joys it may bring. But you must think quickly if you hope to receive that thrilling Christmas Crossword message from "John Bull" on Friday, December 22.

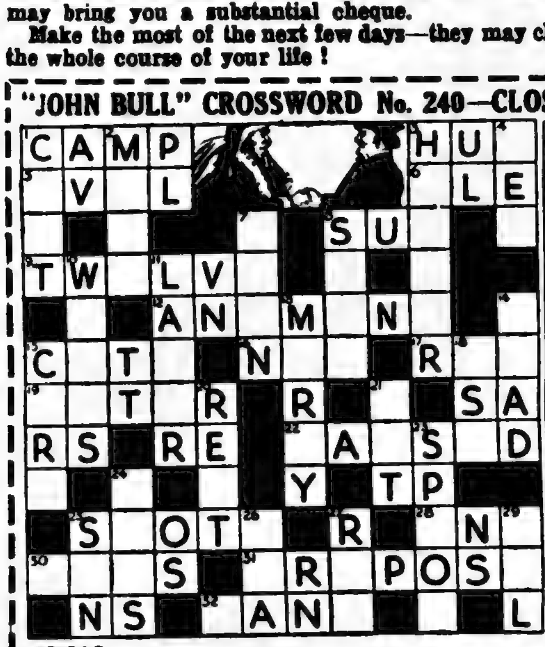
You know how you need that great 3-in-1 Prize of £5 a week for life, a £500 cheque this year and an additional £50 every future Christmas. So see that your solution to the bright Puzzle below with the Common-sense Clues is in our hands by noon, Thursday, December 14.

Even if you miss this wonderful First Prize, there still remains the Record Runners-up award of £500 which may bring you a substantial cheque.

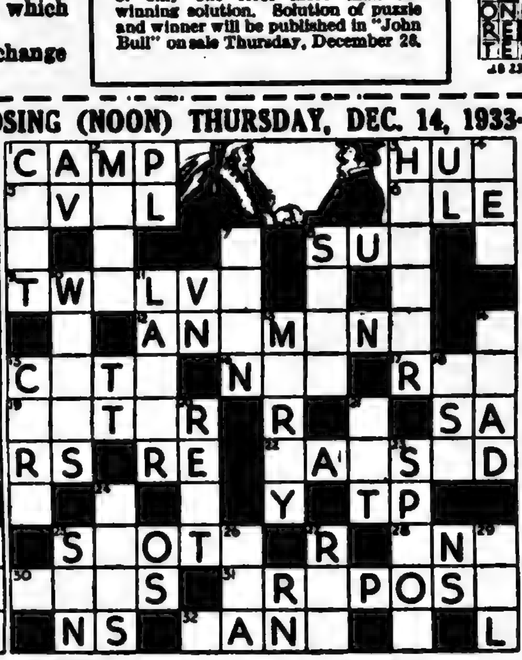
Make the most of the next few days—they may change the whole course of your life!

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £5 a week, a Christmas Cheque of £500 this year and £50 each subsequent Christmas for life (or a lump sum of £2,500) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £500 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 28.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 240—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, DEC. 14, 1933.



J.B 240



J.B 240

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose P.O. value.........No........ Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares **6D.**

SIGNED...

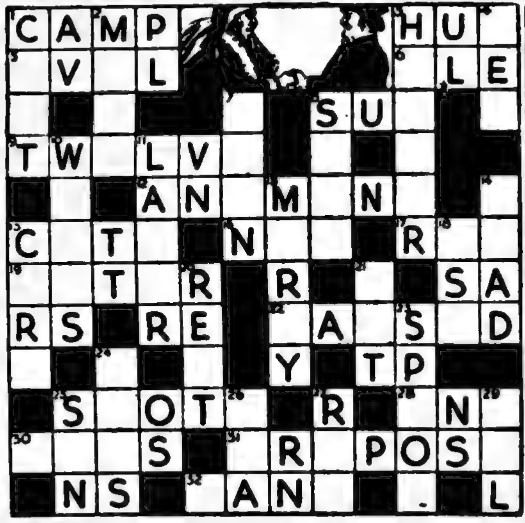
ADDRESS...

....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 240—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, DEC. 14, 1933.



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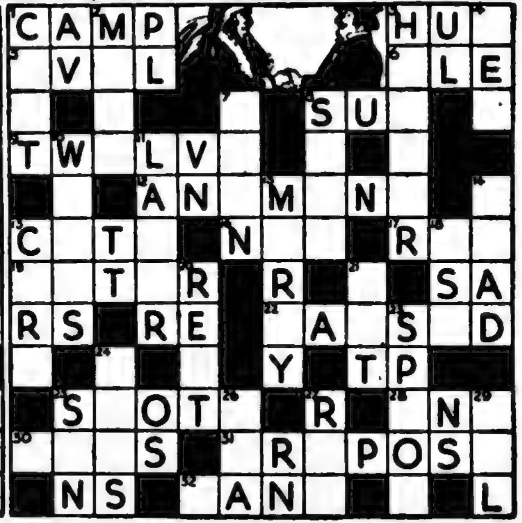


J.B 240

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose P.O. value.........No........ Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares **1/-**

SIGNED...

ADDRESS...

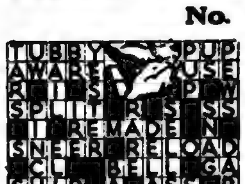
....

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE
Other squares appeared in last week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY postcard, to *Crossword Gazette* Dept., 30, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, stating number of 6d. entry forms required

ADDRESS ENTRY,
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD
No. 240, 57, Long Acre, London,
W.C.2. (Comp.)

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word, No. 239



J.B 239

Winners in 238 on page 39. Result of 239 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 239 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Cluster of tents
3. Part of a wheel
5. Egg-shaped
6. Popular drink
8. Quantity of money
9. Number of the next clue
12. Bright-coloured flower
15. London is Britain's biggest
16. What the year is in January
17. Regret
19. Animal accustomed to water
22. Hats are, when King passes
25. They love haggis—and bagpipes!
28. First number
30. Husbands often need white ones at dinner
31. What she hopes some young man will do
32. What every builder needs

DOWN

1. One judges the price by examining this
2. A Briton should take a British one
3. Helps when preparing the Xmas display
4. Some people do this when they go to the dogs
7. Wise shopkeeper's prices are usually this
8. Is made for Christmas shoppers
10. They won't annoy you if you pay up
11. Cake often has one of icing
13. We hope your Christmas will be this
14. Wise one often wins the game
15. Used for carrying purposes
18. Put to some purpose
20. You need this to be ready for Monday
21. It helps to swell theatre profits
23. Commonly put in where light is dim
24. Are usually kept till the end of the game
25. Clergyman warns us against
26. Health resort
27. What angler uses
29. This fish has wriggled in again!

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address, and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, December 14.

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winners of this contest will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, December 28. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, January 2, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £500 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared £2,500 will be paid instead of dividing 3-in-1 Prize.

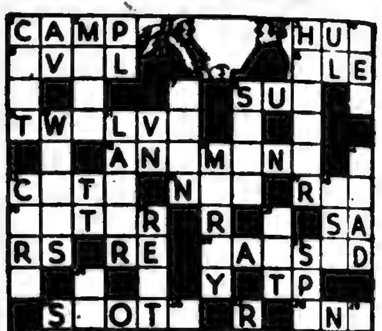
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press, Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



J.B 240

J.B 240

J.B 240

J.B 240

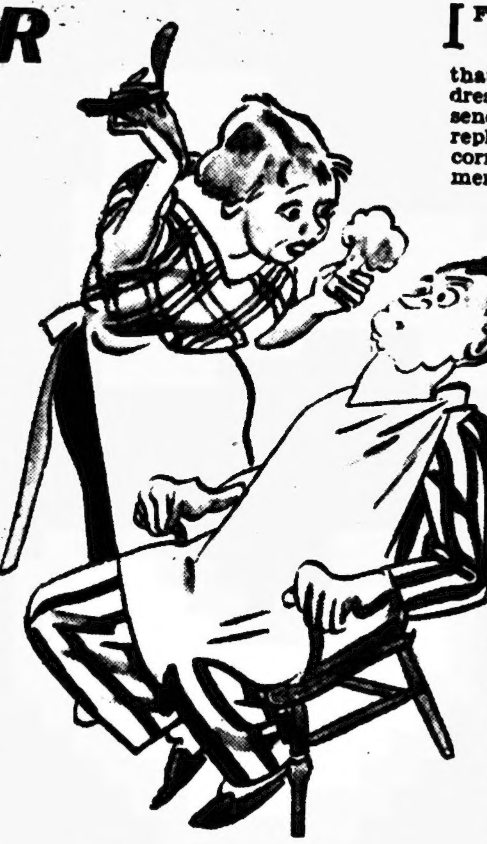
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

Look out for next week's

GREAT NEW X-WORD OFFER!

The EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.



R. M. (St. Neots).—"In parts of India a wife shaves her husband every morning." We are afraid that in this country the wife would be apt to ask for a new hat with the gleaming razor poised menacingly above her hapless victim.

MABEL B. (Bristol).—"He has taken to drink since I refused him." Celebrating?

F. M. (Bootle).—"Is truth stranger than fiction?" Naturally, it is not told so often.

D. B. (Capel Court).—"Borrowers are finding money very tight." And that sobers them?

BETTY (Orpington).—"After seeing my photo, what do you think my age?" One you cannot possibly look.

CRITIC (Barnwell).—"Cannot one safely say that most film stars are but minor actresses?" Not in their hearing.

S. W. (Chepstow).—"Playgoers won't queue nowadays to see a silly, pointless production." They won't stand for any nonsense.

WORRIED (Waltham Cross).—"Do you think I am wise to make sure whether I am sure or whether I am sure I'm not sure?" Sure!

M. M. (Philadelphia).—"A humorous magazine produced by American railwaymen is called 'The Luggage Rack.'" For light articles only.

GEORGE (Dundee).—"There is too much lip-stick in modern musical comedy." Yes, and not enough slap-stick.

J. C. M. (London, W.C.).—"Many defrauders are good men gone wrong." Or bad men found out.

A. A. N. (Grantham).—"Who is behind the Brown Shirts, Green Shirts, Red Shirts, and other movements?" Probably the dye manufacturers.

A. G. (Ruislip).—"My friend says that he learned to speak Spanish fluently in three weeks. I can't understand it." Nor, most likely, would the Spaniards.

THRILLER WRITER (Chelsea).—"Can you think of anything more alarming than just missing drinking a glass of sulphuric acid?" Yes, drinking it.

F. R. (Ealing).—"What, exactly, is a pessimist?" An optimist who has received his income-tax demand.

TENOR (Cardiff).—"What do you think my singing master said when he heard my top C?" Come off it!

AMY (Mayfair).—"Mud baths give the skin a delicate, fair, peachlike bloom." Now explain away the skin of a hippopotamus.

NON-SMOKER (Norwood).—"Can you give for any one year the number of cigarettes smoked by you?" Certainly; 1870—none.

T. R. (Cromer).—"Thousands of herrings were dashed against the cliffs here during the rough weather." There must have been a lot of bones broken.

FRED (Tooting).—"Ice-skates which cannot overbalance have been invented for beginners by a London rink attendant." The kill-joy.

R. L. (Richmond).—"Houses are springing up in all districts, and the building trade is booming." There is also a feeling of confidence in the burglary profession.

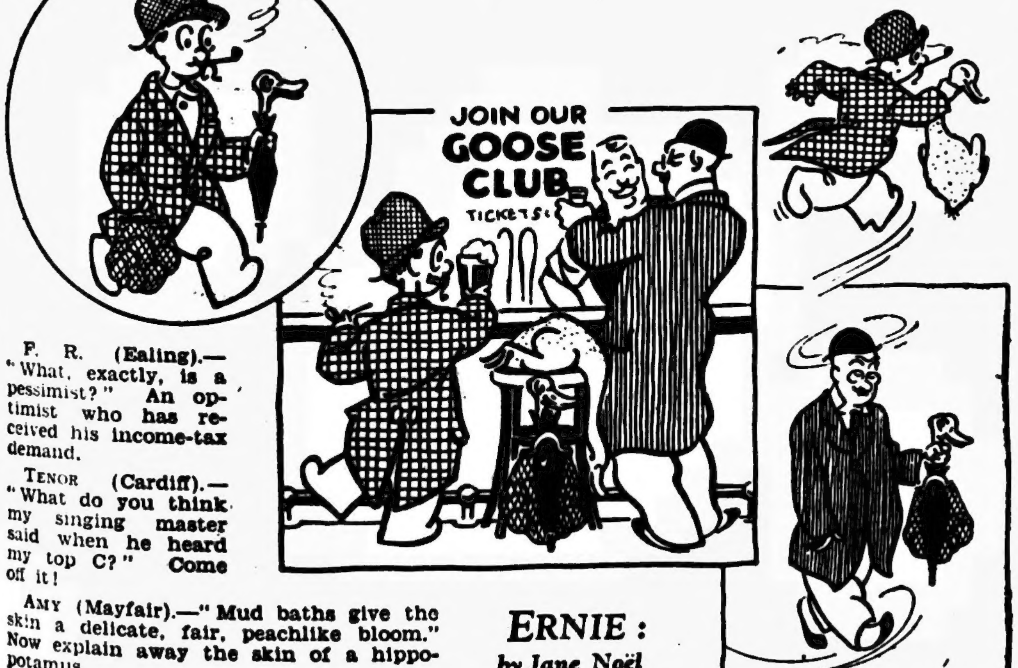
S. F. C. (Eccles).—"Can Nature make mistakes?" Possibly, but she never arranges the bloom of youth near the nose on one side and close to the ear on the other.

T. W. B. (Smethwick).—"Marriages are made in heaven." But most of the preliminaries are arranged in motor-cars.

D. F. (Dover).—"I am not worried unduly by my enemies." No; usually it's one's friends who give most of the trouble.

OLD SOLDIER (Aldershot).—"In the Great War we fought for dear life, and what have we got for it?" What you were fighting for.

POLITICIAN (Westminster).—"We are still turning the corner." What a deuce of a hairpin bend this Prosperity Corner is!



ERNIE:
by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

MOTORIST (Knighton).—"My car crashed right through the doorway of a public-house and out through the back." You have never been in and out of a bar so quickly?

MISS C. (Nottingham).—"I have no words to express my opinion of this man who kissed and told." Still, the five-hundred you wrote have given us a pretty good idea.

TOM (Colchester).—"What is better in the evening than to sit in front of a nice fire with a book about a beautiful heroine?" Sitting with the beautiful heroine.

GRACIE (Sheffield).—"According to an ancient local belief, when ink is spilled it is a sign that somebody is going to leave the house hurriedly." Probably the poor worm who spilled it.

B. J. (Ware).—"What can be worse than an aching tooth?" Two.

SCEPTIC (Margate).—"What possible good can come of fasting?" An appetite.

P. S. (Windsor).—"A fool is born every minute." But the motor-car evens things up a bit.

B. K. (Durham).—"I'm reminded of the time . . ." So are we, and we have no more to waste.

BASHFUL (Frome).—"If a faint heart never won a fair lady, what am I to do?" Court a brunette.

R. B. (Crewe).—"Slimming shortens a person's life." It would be hard to convince a turkey of that.

A. B. (Dover).—"What happens when an irresistible woman meets an irresistible man?" She never does.

B. N. (Hampstead).—"Our old sergeant is giving us skating lessons." Does he still command, "Fall in"?

MRS. B. (Halifax).—"When my baby cries I simply hush him off to sleep again." We detest hush-hush policies as a rule, but we do approve of this one.

D. M. (Norwood).—"Why do doctors ask patients what they eat? Does it help in diagnosing ailments?" It often helps them to fix their fees.

H. S. H. (Stamford Bridge).—"Germ-carriers must be stamped out." Serve the little beggars right when they have to walk.

OPPORTUNIST (Warrington).—"We should all profit by our mistakes." In that case a lot of people would be millionaires.

MISS T. (Reading).—"What is the most unselfish remark you have ever heard?" That of the spinster who said she would try hard to get her mother a son-in-law

F. S. C. (Hull).—"I have longed to own a really good wireless." Don't long any longer. Get along and win one of this week's 100 Sets on page 47.

G. H. J. (Hornsey).—"Being a man with a peaceful disposition I always make a point of not treading on other people's toes." What an ideal strap-hanger you must be.

W. B. (Bury).—"First I held her hand, and then she held mine." It sounds like a couple of misdeals.

MRS. D. (Exeter).—"My husband is learning to knit." He means to get his own back before Christmas?

SPINSTER (Largs).—"How is it that widows usually succeed in remarrying?" Because dead men tell no tales.

T. H. M. (London, E.).—"I am in a terrible hole—I cannot pay the rent." Do you have to pay rent for it?

GEORGE (Smethwick).—"My wife comes from a very large family." You're lucky. Some wives bring theirs with them.

L. M. (Preston).—"I spent a lot of money on a turkey last year." We bet the turkey wasn't a bit grateful.

J. C. (Aldershot).—"Distance lends no enchantment." Especially when one runs out of petrol on a lonely road.

DREAMER (Southampton).—"What type of man most yearns to get out into the wide, free country?" A convict.

M. Q. (Waterford).—"Do you think the modern kinema owes its success to wise publicity?" No, rather to keeping it dark.

L. E. R. (Huddersfield).—"I believe in helping children in their ambitions. But my boy says he wants to be a pirate. What should I do?" Buy him a taxi-cab and give him a start.

FASHION (Deal).—"Three million reptiles were used last year for women's shoes and handbags." We suppose the reptiles merely murmured, "Yes, my dear," and signed the cheques.

N. F. D. (Hillingdon).—"My father, who is a City Alderman, has a great scheme of social reform and, what is more, has the corporation behind him." How funny he must look having it in that position.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

INDIGESTION
New-Principle Remedy Ends Serious Danger!

BE WARNED BY TERRIBLE
AFTER-MEAL PAINS

Have you come to fear meal-times, hardly daring to eat, dreading the awful after effects? Suffocating stuffiness, heart palpitation, flatulence, heartburn, griping pains, all tell of acid stomach or some form of digestive trouble. Are you risking the development of more serious trouble such as ulceration, gastritis, colitis?

Go to your chemist now and get a supply of the new, perfectly balanced, scientific remedy for indigestion—De Witt's Antacid Powder. Take a dose after meals, see how quickly your digestive worries go.

STOPS AWFUL PAIN AT ONCE

The quick, sure action of De Witt's Antacid Powder is three-fold.

Firstly, the bismuth, colloidal-kaolin content soothes and strengthens the digestive organs.

Secondly, an important ingredient actually digests your food, thereby taking an enormous strain from the weakened stomach and enabling you to get the full nourishment from your food.

Thirdly, this remedy builds up within the body an alkaline resistance, so that acidity, which leads to burning, griping pains and ulceration, is eventually overcome.

Don't wait for your indigestion to get worse. This new remedy can, and will, benefit you. Ask for, and see you get

DeWITT'S
ANTACID POWDER

FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION 1/6

If you would like to try before you buy, fill in and post the coupon below

FREE GIFT COUPON
To E. C. De WITT & Co. Ltd.
(Dept. RH.1.), CROYDON, Surrey.
Please send me, free and post paid, a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder.
Name ....
Address ....
....
Tuck in envelope flap and use ½d. stamp.

FREE
TO
"JOHN BULL"
READERS
THOUSANDS of FREE GIFTS
VALUE 25/- EACH
AND £100 IN CASH PRIZES

P. D. ARMOUR, the great meat magnate, was once asked by a young man what kind of business he should go into. Armour replied: "**SELL SOMETHING THAT EVERYBODY NEEDS.**" We go further than giving advice; we give our Club Agents, free of all charge, sufficient stock to enable them to start and maintain their own business.

10 lbs. of SA-TA Digestive Tips Tea, packed in 40 quarter-pound packets, value 25/-, is yours —FREE—if you post the coupon below.

The 10 lbs. of Tea is YOURS to do as you wish —to USE or to SELL. If you decide to become a SA-TA TEA AGENT you will receive a commission of 6d. per lb. on your sales.

You can easily add £1 to £2 per week to your income, because SA-TA TEA IS "SOMETHING THAT EVERYBODY NEEDS!" Why stop at TEA? Everybody NEEDS—Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Furniture, Blankets, Bedding, and all Household Goods.

As a GOLDEN CLUB AGENT—YOU can sell ALL these goods and your income will increase by leaps and bounds.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to obtain 20 of your friends to pay 1/- per week for 20 weeks and your GOLDEN CLUB is formed.

You will collect 20/- each week and remit to us. In return we shall immediately despatch the goods ordered to the customer—whose address you give us.

At the completion of your Club, value £20, YOU will receive a CASH COMMISSION of 32/6 (including postages)—OR—GOODS to the value of 40/-, PLUS a Profit-sharing Voucher, value 10/-. A combination of a SA-TA TEA AGENCY —AND A GOLDEN CLUB AGENCY will guarantee a regular income for you in your OWN business. Furthermore—ALL CLUB AGENTS participate in our £100 FREE PRIZE SCHEME held TWICE YEARLY!

WE WANT TO SEND YOU YOUR FREE GIFT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE—therefore POST THE COUPON TO-DAY so that we may send you immediately our mammoth Catalogue, Collection cards and full Club literature. Immediately your Club is working we shall send you FREE OF ALL CHARGE, as an absolute gift, 10 lbs. of Tea, value 25/-.

SELL GOODS THAT EVERYBODY NEEDS. Become a GOLDEN CLUB AGENT, obtain your FREE GIFT OF STOCK. START YOUR OWN BUSINESS AND EARN BIG MONEY REGULARLY.

DO NOT DELAY. POST THE COUPON TO-DAY!

--------COUPON--------

FORM OF APPLICATION. Please enrol me as an Organiser of The SARTOR GOLDEN CLUB. 14 days after my Club is formed I am to receive a gift of Tea—value 25/- ABSOLUTELY FREE of all charge. In addition, on completion of my Club, I am to receive CASH to the amount of 32/6 (including postages) or GOODS to the value of 40/- PLUS a Profit-sharing Voucher value 10/-. Please send me the necessary stationery and outfit to enable me to start at once.

NAME..

ADDRESS.......................................

....

Post in unsealed envelope—½d. stamp—to:
The Sartor Manufacturing Company, Dept. J.B.1, Derby Street, MANCHESTER 8.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD
FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.
Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Chromium Plated, All Accessories. Lady's or Gent's, Carriage Paid £3:17:6 No charge for easy terms. 5/2 now and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6, 6/6 monthly. CATALOGUE of Ladies', Gent's, Juvenile's Cycles, Tandems, Racers, &c., free.
SEND 5/2
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

A FREE CATALOGUE
of the latest Berkeley model, the Superlax Chair, offered on p. 33 together with free patterns of coverings and full particulars of Easy Monthly Payments of only 10/- can be obtained by filling in the Coupon in the advertisement.

Face Powder Facts.
SCIENTIST TELLS OF AMAZING NEW RECIPE

Extraordinary laboratory tests made with a new face powder formula have definitely proved that any woman can now obtain a beautiful, youthful complexion and entirely banish shiny nose, blotches and the worst complexion defects.
The ingredient which makes this remarkable difference is called mousse of cream. It makes the powder stay on all day long even in windy or rainy weather, and in spite of perspiration while dancing or playing games.
The entire world's rights to this amazing new formula have been acquired by Tokalon. Mousse of Cream is now scientifically blended in exactly the right proportions by a patented process with the finest air-floated powder in Poudre Tokalon. Try a box of Poudre Tokalon, the only Mousse of Cream face powder to-day. The immediate and tremendous improvement in your appearance will be the admiration and envy of your friends. 6d. and 1/- a box.

ASTHMA
Why strangle with Asthma? You can have safe, speedy relief by simply swallowing RAZ-MAH Capsules. No smokes, sprays, snuff. No dangerous or habit-forming drugs. RAZ-MAH breaks up the dreadful mucus gatherings. You breathe normally; sleep well. Stocked by Boots, Timothy Whites, and all Chemists and Stores at 3/- and 5/- the box. **Guaranteed relief from Asthma and Chronic Bronchitis or money refunded on two 3/- boxes or one 5/- box.**
FREE TRIAL from Gilmour Templeton Co., Ltd. (Dept. E.21), 80, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

A Free Hair Offer.
Every man and woman whose hair growth is in any way failing should fill in the coupon in the "Silvikrin" advertisement on page 39 for a free sample of this new preparation, and a free Booklet

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value
Guaranteed British-made Oak Table Grand Gramophone or Leather-cloth Covered Portable Model with 12 Ten-inch double-sided fixed price Half-Crown Records, complete & carriage paid, Price 58/- or 4/- monthly. No charge for easy terms.
4/- NOW
Each Gramophone is fitted with perfectly adjusted, powerful worm drive smooth running motor, newest improved type natural tone reproducer, 10-in turntable, new speed controller. Send 4/- to-day, stating which instrument you prefer, and we will despatch the machine & records safely packed & carriage paid on 7 days' approval. If entirely satisfied, you complete purchase in monthly payments of 4/-.
CATALOGUE POST FREE.
Table, Pedestal, & Portable Models a 1 on Easy Terms.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD
WRITE NOW
12 RECORDS (24 Selections) 12 RECORDS

Never miss reading
"SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING"
See page 7

His £300 Hit *at Agitators*

WHEN a young Liverpool shipping clerk was called to the telephone the other Friday afternoon, he almost scoffed at the message which, his sister assured him, had just arrived from JOHN BULL.

He could not see for himself the telegram in her hands. But he had to believe his ears when she gave him its actual words and he heard again a *Bullet* he had made, a four-word dig at leather-lunged shouters.

"You have won the First Prize of £300 in *Bullets* Competition No. 915," it ran. "Your winning effort was—SHOUTING—IMPRESSES WEAK—EXPRESSES WEAKNESS."

That was how the news which every "Bulleteer" is waiting for came to Mr. W. W. Harrison, 13, Wasdale Road, Liverpool. And, we learn, the ringing of that telephone on which he heard of his success may soon be echoed in the steeple of a church.

This young bachelor, you see, may soon be a bachelor no longer, thanks to the £300 cheque which he paid in at the bank last week.

"It still seems astounding to me to jump from 2s. 6d. to the First Prize," Mr. Harrison told us a few hours later, when he had begun to recover from the welcome shock of his big success.

* * *

Next to Mr. Harrison in this prize-list came a retired bank cashier, Mr. M. Soulsby, 13A, Ken Road, Southbourne, Bournemouth. What a tonic for a man recuperating from an illness to learn that he has just won £50 for a few words!

From his pen came that seasonable *Bullet*, NEARER AND NEARER—"SANTA'S" VISIT—CHANCELLOR'S "CALL." And now neither the expenses of the coming Christmas nor the Chancellor's demands in January need any longer worry him—and the doctor's bill resulting from his daughter's illness has lost its terrors.

* * *

Whilst on holiday this summer, Mr. W. Connold, 30, Bourne Road, Colchester, was struck by the quaint name of a seaside bungalow he noticed—"Two Views."

"I thought of these two words in the broader meaning," he tells us, "considering how much more satisfactory it is to view matters from another's position besides one's own."

That was how this 25-year-old assurance agent came to fit together his simple and effective *Bullet*, ALWAYS PAYS—TO VIEW TWO VIEWS, which secured him the Third Prize of £25 in Contest No. 915.

"I find that entering regularly gives one greater satisfaction," remarks Mr. Connold, adding that this substantial success has followed many minor prizes and one £5 cheque.

* * *

If a young shipping clerk, a retired cashier and an assurance agent can make *Bullets* worthy of big prizes, so can you. A record array of 100 Cash-plus-Radio awards awaits you on the opposite page, but this huge opportunity is yours for a few days only.

ALL THESE WINNERS

had "*Bullets*" *Bulletin's* free aid each Thursday—secure your supply with coupon on opposite page. Let us help *you*!

1,750 CHRISTMAS PRIZES WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION NO. 916.

Mr. G. W. SCRAGG, 314, Smithdown Road, Liverpool.

Example:—IN THE FADING LIGHT
Bullet:—"THE BOOK'S" BROUGHT NEARER.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. G. FRANCE, 77, Dickson Road, Blackpool.
Example: Good Sign
Bullet: Doesn't "Squeak" When "Windy."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. E. CRUICKSHANK, 48, Kent Road, Acton Green, W.
Example: Hope's Lantern
Bullet: Timid Dim It.

10 PRIZES OF £5:

H. W. BOND, 25, Kedleston Road, Leicester.
One False Step And—Heaven Forbidden? Heaven Forbid!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

J. H. DOW, 21, Mount Street, Levenshulme, Manchester.
To Avoid Bloodshed—Fight The God *Might*.

Miss K. HEATH, 1, Burrows Road, Willesden, London, N.W.
Spoilt His Evening—Overhearing "Had His Day."

W. C. HOLLIS, 2, Joyce Close, Sherwood, Nottingham.
Her View—Unobstructed—I'm "Little Gentleman."

Miss O. JAMES, 22, Hollies Drive, Wednesbury, Staffs.
In The Fading Light—"Green Hill" Overshadows "Valley."

A. R. MACMILLAN, 11 Minto Street, Glasgow.
Hope's Lantern—Forbids Mere Morbid Fears.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

A. G. MEDLAND, "High View," Stoke Row, near Henley-on-Thames.
One False Step And—You're "Through"—It's "Rotten."

E. NICHOLL, Calverhall, near, Whitchurch Salop.
Thinking Of Christmas—Made Careless Pedestrian "Mincemeat."

Mrs. J. O'KELLY, 76, South End Close, Pond Street, N.W.
Back In Harness—"Whip" Beats Unemployment's "Scourge."

E. G. ROCK, 22, Montgomerie Road, Southsea.
If Dad Had His Way—About Farming—See Garden!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.

Miss ADNEY, Brecon, South Wales.
Spoilt His Evening—Waiting—Her's, Dressing Hurriedly!

W. S. J. CLOSE, 5, Council Houses, Debden, Saffron Walden.
To Avoid Bloodshed—Cut That Bellicose "Vein."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

Miss A. COCKER, 14, Livesey Street, R[illegible].
People May Laugh, But—Lover Only Sees Smile.

F. J. FALLWELL, 92, Chaldon Road, Caterham.
A Soft Job—Getting Possessor Out, In.

G. FORBES, 56, Stoneybank Crescent, Musselburgh, Midlothian.
People May Laugh, But—"Funny Things" Do Happen.

Miss L. HOLDEN, 29, Bryan Road, Blackpool.
At Our Skating Rink—Carnival, Father Represented Windmill!

W. KIRBY, Hailgate, Howden, Yorks.
Hope's Lantern—Isn't Providing "Warmth." Ramsay!

V. LEWIS, 3, Norfolk Road, Newport, Mon.
Britain's Recovery—Startles World—Starts World's.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

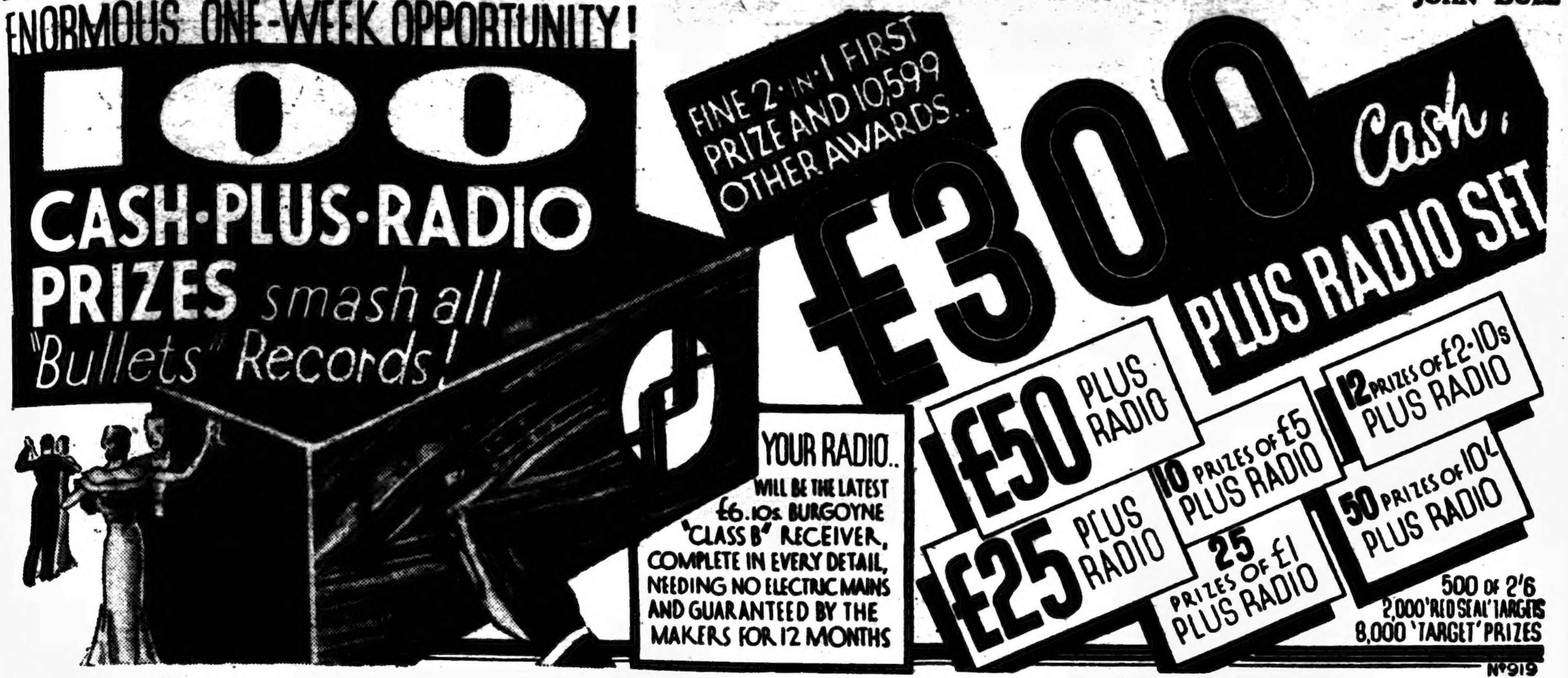
F. A. SCRIVENER, 85, Tuddenham Road, Ipswich.
Remember, Parents—"Example" Suggests Youth's "Line."

J. WORTHINGTON, 8, Beaumont Street, Moldgreen, Huddersfield.
Remember, Parents—"Chick" Is Also "Parrot."

A list of 100 Turkey, 200 Cake, 200 Surrey Fowl and 1,250 Surprise Parcel Winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

9 JAN 34



ENORMOUS ONE-WEEK OPPORTUNITY!

100 CASH·PLUS·RADIO PRIZES smash all "Bullets" Records!

FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE AND 10,599 OTHER AWARDS..

£300 Cash, PLUS RADIO SET

YOUR RADIO.. WILL BE THE LATEST £6.10s. BURGOYNE "CLASS B" RECEIVER, COMPLETE IN EVERY DETAIL, NEEDING NO ELECTRIC MAINS AND GUARANTEED BY THE MAKERS FOR 12 MONTHS

£50 PLUS RADIO

£25 PLUS RADIO

10 PRIZES OF £5 PLUS RADIO

25 PRIZES OF £1 PLUS RADIO

12 PRIZES OF £2·10s PLUS RADIO

50 PRIZES OF 10/- PLUS RADIO

500 OF 2/6
2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

Nº 919

Record Radio Offer Closes Saturday, Dec. 16

ALL JOHN BULL's giant Wireless offers of the past are swept aside by this week's 100 opportunities to win a Cash-plus-Radio prize.

With one of *Bullets'* 100 cheques in your pocket and one of the 100 "Burgoyne" Receivers pouring out melody from the ether in a corner of your room, you would feel well repaid for a half-hour with the *Examples* now before you.

When you realise that even *Bullets*, King of Competitions, has never before given more than 50 radio prizes in one Contest, you will appreciate this fact. *Here is by far the greatest opportunity yet known to equip your home for a thousand nights or more of kaleidoscopic entertainment, turning your fire into footlights and your armchairs into front-row stalls.*

Remember, though—a few days only and the 100 opportunities in this giant one-week offer will have flown. Make sure your entry is in by Saturday, December 16.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, carefully read over the *Examples* and mark those which appeal most to you. Jot these down on a sheet of paper, leaving space for these rough thoughts of yours which you are going to develop into *Bullets*.

Now, bearing in mind that a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link aptly with the *Example* to form a neat and original comment, weed out the superfluous words in your rough jotting and improve on its phrasing until your completed phrase is as good as you can make it.

You might, for instance, select the *Example*, BABY 1934. Down might go as your rough note, *Followed In By Tax-collector.* From that beginning you could readily arrive at the finished *Bullet*, BABY 1934—STARTS TAX-COLLECTOR "HOWLING."

For further guidance before you start on your *Bullets*, study the winners on the opposite page. Then make a start on your own efforts and there is no reason why one of them should not land you amongst the 100 winners of this week's Cash-plus-Radio prizes.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BABY 1934
RESTLESS WORLD
MAN IN THE CROWD
ECONOMY EXPERT
HIS RESOLUTION
DARING
KING RADIO
IN THE AIR
WISE STATESMAN
SAVED THE SITUATION
IN DAD'S DIARY
UNPAID BILL
MY CASTLE
NEXT TO NOTHING
AUNTIE ARRIVED AND
CHILLY RECEPTION
MADE HER CRY
PILLAR OF SOCIETY
TIRED BUT HAPPY
MUSSOLINI AND HITLER
PLAYING WITH FIRE
THE ASSASSIN
HUNTING
AT A SAFE DISTANCE
TOO OFTEN
LULLED TO SLEEP
SNOWED UNDER
HER FATE
QUIET LIFE
WORTH KEEPING
JUDGING BY HIS FACE
NEEDS MORE
FREEDOM
TO RELIEVE THE MONOTONY
IDLE TALK
GIVES ME A PAIN

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Couplets Courier.*

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Post to.—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 915 will be displayed by Mr. J. Jones, Orrell Park Station, L.M. and S. Railway, Liverpool.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 919 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(919) Closing SAT., Dec. 16

P.O. No. ____________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ____________

Address ____________

Bullets must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(919) Closing SAT., Dec. 16

P.O. No. ____________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ____________

Address ____________

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(919) Closing SAT., Dec. 16

P.O. No. ____________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ____________

Address ____________

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(919) Closing SAT., Dec. 16

P.O. No. ____________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed ____________

Address ____________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 919, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

HUGE NEW XMAS HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

AMAZING PROOF OF THE BENEFIT

EFFECTED BY THE WONDERFUL

DR. SINGHA TREATMENTS

FOR ASTHMA AND CATARRH

ASTHMA CAN BE BANISHED

This marvellous remedy of an Indian Doctor was discovered by a British Missionary, who gave it to his wife, a martyr to Asthma. She was completely cured, and the doctor was thereupon persuaded to disclose the formula for the benefit of sufferers all the world over. Since its introduction into this country thousands have shared the relief of the missionary's wife.

YOU TOO CAN PROVE THAT ASTHMA CAN BE CONQUERED

Read the letters below and judge for yourself. You can sense the gladness and relief that this great discovery has meant to men and women **like you.** Believing that their asthma might at last be banished, they sent a coupon like the one below, and after complete and lasting relief, wrote us their whole-hearted praise. In fairness to yourself you should learn more about this wonderful remedy. What we can tell you in this limited space **cannot be so convincing as what ex-sufferers write** about the treatment. Fill in the coupon below and post it to-day for a FREE TRIAL SUPPLY. With this you will receive a booklet giving extracts from thousands of letters written by those who, thanks to the DR. SINGHA (Brand) ASTHMA CURE, are now free from the dreaded scourge. A further book will be included which is a complete treatise on the malady.

READ THESE REMARKABLE TRIBUTES

Completely cured of Bronchial Asthma

Mrs. M., Stratford, E.: "I am writing to tell you I have been completely cured of my bronchial asthma. Mine was a frightfully bad case of many years' standing, having been given up by four doctors. I am most grateful now."

Told he was incurable —now cured

Mr. H. H., Monmouth: "At last I am writing to you re the Dr. Singha treatment. I have been waiting to see if I had any return of the asthma. It is now over 12 months since I felt anything of it, so I consider that **I am cured.** I suffered severely for several years, and was told by three different doctors that I was incurable and would never be any better."

"Your wonderful cure"

Mrs. F. W., London: "I hardly know how to express my gratitude to you for your wonderful cure. Believe me, I did not know what it was to wake up in the night without having to fight for my breath—especially after getting out of bed in the morning. I can now run upstairs without puffing and panting. I wish you every success."

A cure — not merely a relief

Mr. C. E. P., Loughborough: "I am pleased to tell you I am entirely free from asthma. The tablets have been wonderful in the way they have worked. I had tried so many so-called 'cures.' I have proved Dr. Singha Tablets to be **a cure and not merely a relief.**"

Once more read the testimonials (**every one unsolicited**). Then post the coupon. We know that it will be a day you will remember always with thanksgiving.

IF YOU ARE A VICTIM OF EITHER OF THESE DIRE COMPLAINTS

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL SUPPLY

YOU CAN GET RID OF CATARRH

The danger of catarrh is, perhaps, not sufficiently well known. It is so common a complaint in this country that people are apt to regard it as an infliction to be endured each winter, little realising that it frequently leads to Bronchitis, Pneumonia and even Consumption. It pollutes the blood and spreads poison throughout the whole body, lowering the vitality and preparing the system for other infectious germs.

DON'T NEGLECT CATARRH

There is no need to suffer any longer from this dangerous and unpleasant complaint. Those dull, heavy headaches, buzzing noises in the ears; that coated tongue, stopped-up nose and lack of appetite can be quickly got rid of by the new DR. SINGHA (Brand) 2-in-1 CATARRH CURE. This treatment, discovered by the Indian Doctor whose Asthma Cure is so universally successful, goes straight to every catarrh centre in the body and clears away the poison. Lose no time in checking the progressive developments of this dreadful disease. A generous FREE Sample of the treatment will be sent to you on receipt of the coupon below, together with an explanatory treatise on the cause and cure of catarrh.

READ THESE REMARKABLE TRIBUTES

Cleared my nose and throat completely

Mrs. Q., Newbold: "The Dr. Singha Catarrh Cure cleared my nose and throat completely, and I feel absolutely a different person altogether, and think it really marvellous in such a very short time. I used to cough terribly, but that has also mysteriously disappeared. I shall recommend your wonderful cure to everyone that I come across suffering from this distressing complaint."

"A wonderful Treatment"

Mr. J. H., Derwenfa: "Dr. Singha's Catarrh Cure is a Cure in the true sense of the word. It is, indeed, a wonderful treatment, and I am glad to state that my head is now **quite cleared and my hearing better than I can remember it,** as it had been hopelessly bad for many years. I also sleep splendidly now."

Cured after 30 years

Mr. F. H. M., Teddington: "The name 'Cure' is not nearly good enough for this Marvellous Preparation. Even the sample worked wonders in my case of over 30 years' standing. I was Stone Deaf, but now after using the Catarrh Cure for a short time my hearing has wonderfully improved. The preparation is the Best, Cheapest and Easiest to use I have ever known and has done for me what nothing else could."

Marvellous results

Mrs. H. L., Prescot: "I felt a lot better whilst using the sample tube, but never thought it possible to have such remarkable results within such a short time. I feel now **quite cured.**"

Don't wait until the next attack has you in its grip. Send for the trial supply **now** and be ready for the dreaded paroxysms.

To DR. SINGHA ASTHMA CURE CO., (A)
Dept. J.B.5, Caernarven.

Please send me your booklets and Free Trial Supply of Dr. Singha **Asthma** Cure. I enclose 3d. stamps to cover packing and postage.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

Age........................ How long suffered..........................

FILL IN YOUR COUPON AND POST TO-DAY

Please write in BLOCK LETTERS

To DR. SINGHA ASTHMA CURE CO., (C)
Dept. J.B.5, Caernarven.

Please send me your booklet and Free Trial Supply of Dr. Singha **Catarrh** Cure. I enclose 3d. stamps to cover packing and postage.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

Age........................ How long suffered..........................

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